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THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS

A JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS

OF

KING GEORGE IV.

AND

KING WILLIAM IV.

BY THE LATE

CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE, Esq.

CLERK OF THE COUNCIL TO THOSE SOVEREIGNS

EDITED BY

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REGISTRAR OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

IN THREE VOLUMES

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June 20th.—I am going, if not too lazy, to note down the everyday nothings of my life, and see what it looks like.

We dined yesterday at Greenwich, the dinner given by Sefton, who took the whole party in his omnibus, and his great open carriage; Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, Standish, Neumann, and the Molyneux family; dined in a room called 'the Apollo' at the Crown and Sceptre. I thought we should never get Talleyrand up two narrow perpendicular staircases, but he sidles and wriggles himself somehow into every place he pleases. A capital dinner, tolerably pleasant, and a divine evening. Went afterwards to the 'Travellers,' and played at whist, and read the new edition of 'Horace Walpole's Letters

to Sir Horace Mann.' There is something I don't like in his style; his letters don't amuse me so much as they ought to do.

A letter this morning from Sir Henry Lushington about Monk Lewis. He is rather averse to a biographical sketch, because he thinks a true account of his life and character would not do him credit, and adds a sketch of the latter, which is not flattering. Lord Melbourne told me the other day a queer trait of Lewis. He had a long-standing quarrel with Lushington. Having occasion to go to Naples, he wrote beforehand to him, to say that their quarrel had better be *suspended*, and he went and lived with him and his sister (Lady L.) in perfect cordiality during his stay. When he departed he wrote to Lushington to say that now they should resume their quarrel, and put matters in the 'status quo ante pacem,' and accordingly he did resume it, with rather more *acharnement* than before.

Charles Wood came into my room yesterday, and talked of the King's letter, said he understood the Archbishop had imparted it to the seven Bishops who had voted, that nothing would come of it, for it was a private letter which nobody had a right to take up. I see the Government are not displeased at such an evidence of the King's goodwill. The King and Taylor both love letter-writing, and both are voluminously inclined. Wood told me that last year Lord Grey got one letter from them (for Taylor writes and the King approves) of seven sheets; what a mass of silly verbiage there must have been to wade through.[1]

July 3rd.—Nothing to put down these last two days, unless I go back to my old practice of recording what I read, and which I rather think I left off because I read nothing, and had nothing to put down; but in the last two days I have read a little of Cicero's 'Second Philippic,' Voltaire's 'Siècle de Louis XIV.,' Coleridge's 'Journey to the West Indies;' bought some books, went to the opera to hear Bellini's 'Norma,' and thought it heavy, Pasta's voice not what it was.

[1] [This is not just. The published correspondence of King William IV and Earl Grey proves that the King's letters were written by Sir Herbert Taylor with the greatest ability.]

Everybody talking yesterday of Althorp's exhibition in the House of Commons the night before (for particulars of which see newspapers and Parliamentary debates). It is too ludicrous, too melancholy, to think of the finances of this country being *managed* by such a man: what will not people endure? What a strange medley politics produce: a wretched clerk in an office who makes some unimportant blunder, some clerical error, or who exhibits signs of incapacity for work, which it does not much signify whether it be well or ill done, is got rid of, and here this man, this good-natured, popular, liked-and-laughed-at good fellow, more of a grazier than a statesman, blurts out his utter ignorance before a Reformed Parliament, and people lift up their eyes, shrug their shoulders, and laugh and chuckle, but still on he goes.

July 4th.—At Court yesterday, and Council for a foolish business. The King has been (not unnaturally) disgusted at the Duchess of Kent's progresses with her daughter through the kingdom, and amongst the rest with her sailings at the Isle of Wight, and the continual popping in the shape of salutes to Her Royal Highness. He did not choose that this latter practice should go on, and he signified his pleasure to Sir James Graham and Lord Hill, for salutes are matter of general order, both to army and navy. They (and Lord Grey) thought it better to make no order on the subject, and they opened a negotiation with the Duchess of Kent, to induce her of her own accord to waive the salutes, and when she went to the Isle of Wight to send word that as she was sailing about for her amusement she had rather they did not salute her whenever she appeared. The negotiation failed, for the Duchess insisted upon her right to be saluted, and would not give it up. Kemp told me he had heard that Conroy (who is a ridiculous fellow, a compound of 'Great Hussy' and the Chamberlain of the Princess of Navarre[1]) had said, 'that as Her Royal Highness's *confidential adviser*, he could not recommend her to give way on this point.' As she declined to accede to the proposals, nothing remained

[1] See Sir C. Hanbury Williams' Poems.

but to alter the regulations, and accordingly yesterday, by an Order in Council, the King changed them, and from this time the Royal Standard is only to be saluted when the King or the Queen is on board.

Friday, July 12th.—Went to Newmarket on Sunday, came back yesterday, got back at half-past nine, went to Crockford's, and heard on the steps of the house that poor Dover had died that morning. The accounts I had received at Newmarket confirmed my previous impression that there was no hope; and, indeed, the sanguine expectations of his family are only to be accounted for by that disposition in the human mind to look at the most favourable side, and to cling with pertinacity to hope when reason bids us despair. There has seldom been destroyed a fairer scene of happiness and domestic prosperity than by this event. He dies in the flower of his age, surrounded with all the elements of happiness, and with no drawback but that of weak health, which until within the last few months was not sufficiently important to counterbalance the good, and only amounted to feebleness and delicacy of constitution; and it is the breaking up of a house replete with social enjoyment, six or seven children deprived of their father, and a young wife and his old father overwhelmed with a grief which the former may, but the latter never can get over, for to him time sufficient cannot in the course of nature be allotted. Few men could be more generally regretted than Lord Dover will be by an immense circle of connections and friends for his really amiable and endearing qualities, by the world at large for the serious loss which society sustains, and the disappointment of the expectations of what he one day might have been. He occupied as large a space in society as his talents (which were by no means first-rate) permitted; but he was clever, lively, agreeable, good-tempered, good-natured, hospitable, liberal and rich, a zealous friend, an eager political partisan, full of activity and vivacity, enjoying life, and anxious that the circle of his enjoyment should be widely extended. George Agar Ellis was the only son of Lord Clifden, and obtained early the reputation of being a prodigy of youthful talent and information.

He was quick, lively, and had a very retentive memory, and having entered the world with this reputation, and his great expectations besides, he speedily became one of the most conspicuous youths of the day. Having imbibed a great admiration for Lord Orford (Horace Walpole), he evinced a disposition to make him his model, and took pains to store his mind with that sort of light miscellaneous literature in which Lord Orford delighted. He got into the House of Commons, but never was able to speak, never attempted to say more than a few words, and from the beginning gave up all idea of oratorical distinction. After running about the world for a few years he resolved to marry, and as his heart had nothing to do with this determination, he pitched upon a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's, who he thought would suit his purpose, and confer upon him a very agreeable family connection. Being on a tour in the North, he intended to finish it at Badminton, and there to propose to Lady Georgiana Somerset, with full assurance that he should not be rejected; but having stopped for a few days at Lord Carlisle's at Castle Howard, he there found a girl who spared him the trouble of going any further, and at the expiration of three or four days he proposed in form to Lord Morpeth's second daughter, Georgiana Howard, who, not less surprised than pleased and proud at the conquest she found she had so unconsciously made, immediately accepted him. There never was a less romantic attachment, or more business-like engagement, nor was there ever a more fortunate choice or a happier union. Mild, gentle, and amiable, full of devotion to, and admiration of her husband, her soft and feminine qualities were harmoniously blended with his vivacity and animal spirits, and produced together results not more felicitous for themselves than agreeable to all who belonged to their society. Soon after his marriage, Ellis, who had never been vicious or profligate, but who was free from anything like severity or austerity, began to show symptoms of a devout propensity, and not contented with an ordinary discharge of religious duties, he read tracts and sermons, frequented churches and preachings, gave up driving on Sundays, and

appeared in considerable danger of falling into the gulf of methodism; but this turn did not last long, and whatever induced him to take it up, he apparently became bored with his self-imposed restrictions, and after a little while he threw off his short-lived sanctity, and resumed his worldly habits and irreverent language, for he was always a loose talker. Active and ambitious in his pursuits, and magnificent in his tastes, he devoted himself to literature, politics, and society; to the two first with greater success than would be expected of a man whose talents for composition were below mediocrity, and for public speaking none at all. He became the patron of various literary institutions and undertakings connected with the arts, he took the chair at public meetings for literary or scientific purposes, he read a good deal and wrote a little. The only work which he put forth of any consequence was 'The Life of Frederick II.,' which contained scarcely any original matter, and was remarkably barren of original ideas; but as it was a compilation from several very amusing writers, was not devoid of entertainment.[1] Though unable to speak in Parliament, he entered warmly into politics, formed several political intimacies, especially with the Chancellor (Brougham), and undertook much of the minor Government work of keeping proxies, making houses (in the House of Lords), and managing the local details of the House itself. But however contracted his sphere both in literature and politics, in society his merits were conspicuous and his success unquestionable. Without a strong understanding, destitute of fancy and imagination, and with neither eloquence nor wit, he was a remarkably agreeable man. He was hospitable, courteous, and cordial; he collected about him the most distinguished persons in every rank and condition of life. He had a constant flow of animal spirits, much miscellaneous information, an excellent memory, a great enjoyment of fun and humour, a refined taste and

[1] [Lord Dover's volume on the 'Man in the Iron Mask' deserves not to be altogether forgotten, though more recent researches have proved that his theory identifying the 'Iron Mask' with Mathioli, the captured agent of the Duke of Mantua, cannot be supported.]

perfect good breeding. But his more solid merit was the thorough goodness of his heart, and the strong and durable nature of his friendships and early attachments. To the friends of his youth he was bound to the last moment of his life with unremitting kindness and never-cooling affection; no greater connections or more ambitious interests cancelled those early ties, and though he was not unnaturally dazzled and flattered by the later intimacies he contracted, this never for a moment made him forgetful of or indifferent to his first and less distinguished friends.

The Local Courts Bill was thrown out by twelve. His party made the *amende honorable* to Lyndhurst, and went down in a body to back him. He and Brougham each spoke for two hours or more, and both with consummate skill, the latter especially in his very best style, and with extraordinary power and eloquence. It would not perhaps be easy to decide which made the ablest speech; that of Lyndhurst was clear, logical, and profound, replete with a sort of judicial weight and dignity, with a fine and cutting vein of sarcasm constantly peeping from behind a thick veil of complimentary phraseology. Brougham more various, more imaginative, more impassioned, more eloquent, and exceedingly dexterous. Unable to crush Lyndhurst, he resembled one of Homer's heroes, who, missing his great antagonist, wreaked his fury on some ignominious foe, and he fell upon Wynford with overpowering severity. As somebody told me who heard him, 'He flayed him alive, and kept rubbing salt upon his back.' It appears to have been a great exhibition. There was Lyndhurst after his speech, drinking tea, not a bit tired, elated and chuckling: 'Well, how long will the Chancellor speak, do you think, eh? we shall have some good fun from him. What lies he will tell, and how he will misrepresent everything! come, let's have done our tea, that we mayn't miss him, eh?' The truth seems to be that the Bill is not a good Bill, and is condemned by the lawyers, that some such measure is required, but that this is nothing more than a gigantic job, conferring enormous patronage upon the Chan-

cellor. The debate, however, appears to have afforded a grand display of talent.[1]

Macaulay is said to have made an admirable speech last night on the Indian question in the House of Commons. I observe, by the bye, that very few of the Bishops voted the other night, but all who did voted with Government; even Exeter went away before the division, so the King's letter seems to have produced some effect. I have had a squabble with Lady Holland about some nonsense, but she was insolent, so I was fierce, and then she was civil, as she usually is to those who won't be bullied by her.

July 12th.—It is extraordinary how little sensation the defeat of Government in the House of Lords has caused. Everybody talks of the debate, nobody thinks of the event, but I find several people expect that the Church Bill will be thrown out, which would be a much more serious thing. I betted Stanley five pounds to one yesterday that they were not beaten on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill. I have concluded a bargain with Murray for Lewis's journal and sold it him for 400 guineas, the MSS. to be returned to Lushington, and fifteen copies for him, and five for me, gratis.

July 14th.—Wharncliffe told me yesterday that the Duke and the Opposition do not mean to throw out the Irish Church Bill on the second reading. He had been in great alarm himself after the Duke's speech lest they should, but had since heard what satisfied him they would not; he said that Sir John Wrottesley's motion for a call of the House had given them great offence, and was an extreme piece of folly, for it was obviously for the purpose of bullying the House of Lords, who would not be bullied, and this species of menace only increased the obstinacy of the majority there, but that the Duke could command the greater number, and though

[1] [The successful efforts of the Tories to prevent the establishment of a system of Local Courts of limited jurisdiction, retarded for many years that important measure to which we, at last, owe the County Courts—now an institution of the utmost social utility. Nothing can be more characteristic of the blind bigotry of the Tory party at that time, and the party spirit of Lord Lyndhurst; for the measure had no bearing upon politics, and was simply a cheap and easy mode of recovering small debts.]

there might be a division (as some cannot be restrained from dividing) there would be no endeavour to throw it out. Thus it is that one folly produces another: the Duke's silly speech about the Coronation Oath (a piece of nonsense quite unworthy of his straightforward, manly sense) produced Wrottesley's bravado in the other House. But Wharncliffe says he is persuaded nothing can prevent a collision between the two Houses ultimately. There is a great idea that the Government will fall to pieces before the end of this year. Tavistock told me that Althorp would certainly go out in a very few months, and *that he would go on the turf!* Tom Duncombe is found guilty at Hertford (of a libel), and recommended to mercy, to the infinite diversion of his friends.

July 15th.—Yesterday came the news of Captain Napier having captured the whole of Don Miguel's fleet, to the great delight of the Whigs, and equal mortification of the Tories. It appears to have been a dashing affair, and very cowardly on the part of the Miguelites. The day before the news came, Napier had been struck out of the British Navy.

Met Duncannon in the morning, who was very gloomy about Wednesday, at the same time saying he rather hoped the Tories would throw out the Irish Church Bill, for it was impossible to go on as they were now doing; that if they did, two motions would infallibly be made in the House of Commons, an address to the Crown to make Peers, and a vote for the expulsion of the Bishops, and that both would be carried by great majorities. He talked much of the Irish Church, and of the abominations that had been going on even under his own eyes. One case he mentions of a man who holds a living of 1,000*l.* a year close to Bessborough, whom he knows. There is no house, no church, and there are no Protestants in the parish. He went there to be inducted, and dined with Duncannon at Bessborough the day after. Duncannon asked him how he had managed the necessary form, and he said he had been obliged to borrow the clerk and three Protestants from a neighbouring parish, and had read the morning and evening service to them within the ruined walls of the old Abbey, and they signed a certificate

that he had complied with the forms prescribed by law; he added that people would no longer endure such things, that no existing interests were to be touched, and that if remedial measures were still opposed, the whole fabric would be pulled down. He was still persuaded that the Opposition meant to throw out the Bill.

In the evening I dined at the Duke of Richmond's, and found Stanley informed of the result of the meeting at the Duke of Wellington's in the morning, which was decisive on the question. The Duke, after his extraordinary speech in the House of Lords, when he mounted the old broken-down hobby of the Coronation Oath and cut a curvet that alarmed his friends and his enemies, assembled the Tories at Apsley House, and there, resuming his own good sense, though not very consistently, made them a speech, and told them that some such measure must be passed, for nothing else could save the Irish Church: that there were things in this Bill that he did not approve of at all, but he could not resist its going into committee, and he finished by announcing that he should either vote for it or not vote at all, according to circumstances. Lyndhurst goes on the circuit on Wednesday, so that though there will be a division there will be a large majority for the Bill, which is the best thing that could happen. Stanley said there would be a great speech from Lord Grey, talked of his power in that line, thought his reply at five in the morning on the Catholic question the most perfect speech that ever was made. He would rather have made it than four of Brougham's. He gave the following instance of Lord Grey's readiness and clear-headed accuracy. In one of the debates on the West India question, he went to Stanley, who was standing under the gallery, and asked him on what calculation he had allotted the sum of twenty millions. Stanley explained to him a complicated series of figures, of terms of years, interest, compound interest, value of labour, etc., after which Lord Grey went back to his place, rose, and went through the whole with as much clearness and precision as if all these details had been all along familiar to his mind. It is very extraordinary that he should unite so much oratorical and Parliamentary power with such

weakness of character. He is a long way from a great man altogether.

I met the Duke in the evening at the Duchess of Cannizzaro's, talked of Napier's affair, at which he was extremely amused, though he thinks it a very bad thing, and not the least bad part of it that Napier should be lost to the service, so distinguished as he is. It was he who in 1809 was the cause of the capture of a French squadron by Sir Alexander Cochrane.[1] The English fell in with and cleared the French fleet, but Napier in a sloop outsailed the rest, and firing upon the stern of the French Admiral's flagship, so damaged her (contriving by skilful evolutions to avoid being hurt himself) that the rest of the ships were obliged to haul to, to save the Admiral's ship, which gave time to the British squadron to come up, when they took four out of the five sail. The Whigs all talk of this action as decisive of the Portuguese contest; the Duke *says* it *is* impossible to say what the moral effect may be, but in a military point of view it will not have much influence upon it. Lucien Bonaparte was there, and was introduced to the Duke. He laughed and said, 'He shook hands with me, and we were as intimate as if we had known each other all our lives!' He said he had likewise called on Joseph, who had called on him, but they had never met: he added that some civilities had passed between them in Spain. Before the battle of Salamanca he had regularly intercepted the French correspondence, and as one of the King's daughters was ill at Paris, and daily intelligence came of her health, he always sent it to him. He did not forward the letters, because they contained other matters, but he sent a flag every day to the outposts, who said, 'Allez dire au Roi que sa fille se porte mieux,' or as it might be. There was Lucien running downstairs to look for his carriage, one brother of Napoleon who refused to be a king, and another who was King of Naples, and afterwards King of Spain, both living as private gentlemen in England!

[1] [This exploit took place in 1809, and not in 1803 as stated in former editions. Napier was then in command of the 'Recruit.' The event is related in Yonge's Naval History, vol. ii. p. 440–442.]

July 16*th*.—The Cabinet met at the instance of Lord John Russell to take into consideration Lord Hill's *not voting* on Brougham's Local Courts Bill. Nothing came of it, and it is extremely absurd when their own people continually vote as they please—Duncannon, Ellice, Charles Grey, etc. On Sunday I went to hear Mr. Blount preach. He is very popular, and has a great deal of merit, not so clever as Thorpe, not so eloquent as Anderson, but with a great appearance of zeal and sincerity, and he is very conscientious and disinterested, for he refused the living of Chelsea (which Lord Cadogan offered him) because he thought he could not discharge the duties belonging to it together with those of his present cure. Went last night to hear Malibran in the 'Sonnambula,' a fine piece of acting and fine singing.

July 18*th*.—I fell in with Sir Robert Peel yesterday in the Park, and rode with him for an hour or two, never having had so much conversation with him before in my life. He was very agreeable, told me that he had just come from the Police Committee, when a member of one of the political unions had been under examination, who had acknowledged that they were provided with arms, and exercised themselves in their use, to be ready for the struggle which they thought was fast approaching. This evidence will appear in the Report to the House of Commons, but what will not appear is that an attempt was made (by Mr. Charles Buller especially) to prevent its being elicited, and the aforesaid gentleman endeavoured to put down Peel, who drew it out. The room was cleared, and they had an angry discussion, but Peel insisted upon asking his question, and carried his point, even in this Radical Committee. It seems to have been very curious, and the man was nothing loth to say all he knew. Peel thinks very ill of everything. I asked him if there was no way of putting down the Repeal Union. He said none, and that they had found the impossibility of doing so in Ireland, except by investing the Lord Lieutenant with extraordinary powers; talked of the Government and its strange way of going on, spoke highly of Stanley in all ways.

Althorp's retirement seems certain, and if the Govern-

ment goes on Stanley will be leader, but unless he puts it all on a different footing it must break up, and unless the Government people can be brought under better discipline it will fall to pieces, for nobody will support it on that motion of Wrottesley's for a call of the House. Both Stanley and Althorp deprecated it in the strongest way, in the name of their colleagues as well as their own, with whom Stanley said they had consulted, and that they felt it would materially embarrass the Government if persisted in, and after this Duncannon, Kennedy, and Charles Grey voted for the call, Ellice and Poulett Thomson stayed away. The other night (I forget on what question) Ellice voted one way and Stanley the other, and the former said to the latter as he was going out of the house, 'You will see if the boys don't go with me instead of with you.' The vote of the night before last against sinecures was carried in a thin house, only one Cabinet Minister present (Althorp), no pains taken to secure a majority, and he (Althorp) saying that it signified more to the Tories than to him, and they ought to have come down and rejected it. Peel thinks it of great importance, and very difficult to get out of. However, it will be got out of by some particular case being tried, on which Hume, or whoever brings it forward, will be beaten, and then it will sleep for a time; but there stands and will stand the resolution on the journals, and the House of Commons has admitted the principle of dealing with actual vested interests, and not confining their operation to the future.

There seems every probability of Stanley's West India Bill being thrown out. The Saints, who at first had agreed to support it, object to pay the twenty millions for emancipation to take place twelve years hence, and the present condition of the question seems to be that all parties are dissatisfied with it, and there is nearly a certainty that it will be received with horror by the planters, while the slaves will no longer work when they find the fiat of their freedom (however conditional or distant the final consummation may be) has at length gone forth.

July 20th.—I dropped into the House of Lords last night,

and heard the Bishop of London reply severally to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Winchilsea, the first of whom muttered, and the latter bellowed something I could not hear, but I gathered that the last was on the subject of the King's letter to the Bishops. The Bishop made very pertinent answers to both, but the Duke of Wellington got up after Winchilsea, and entreated nothing might be said upon the subject, and put down discussion with that authority which the Tories dare not resist, and which he exercised on this occasion with the good sense and, above all, consideration for public convenience and disdain of party rancour which distinguish him above all men I have ever seen, and which compel one to admire him in spite of the extraordinary things he occasionally says and does.

George Villiers is going Minister to Madrid, instead of Addington, who is so inefficient they are obliged to recall him, and at this moment Madrid is the most important diplomatic mission, with reference to the existing and the prospective state of things. The Portuguese contest, the chance of the King of Spain's death and a disputed succession, the recognition of the South American colonies, and commercial arrangements with this country, present a mass of interests which demand considerable dexterity and judgment; besides, Addington is a Tory, and does not act in the spirit of this Government, so they will recall him without ceremony. There is another Ambassador (Frederic Lamb) whose principles are equally at variance with those of Palmerston, and who is completely be-Metternich'd, but his removal is out of the question; he knows it, and no doubt conducts himself accordingly. George Villiers told me that he touched incidentally one day with Palmerston on Lamb's conduct in some matter relating to Lord Granville, and he found that it was sacred ground, and he only got, 'Ah, aw—yes, *Metternich* is, I suppose, too old to mend now.'

July 21st.—The Duke of Wellington did not vote on Friday night, but he made a bitter speech against Government, and attacked Lord Anglesey very unnecessarily, when Melbourne retorted on him very well. Lord Grey's reply

appears to have been exceedingly good. I met the Duke of Richmond last night, and talked to him about the prospects of Government, and suggested that if Stanley (when Althorp retires) does not make it a *sine quâ non* that better discipline should be observed in their ranks, the Government cannot go on. He agreed, and said Stanley would, but he thought the House of Lords were going on in such a way that before three years there would be none. It appears to me totally impossible for Stanley or anybody to go on without remodelling the Government, and one of his difficulties would be in getting rid of Richmond himself. He is utterly incapable, entirely ignorant, and his pert smartness, saying sharp things, cheering offensively, have greatly exasperated many people against him in the House of Commons, and these feelings of anger have been heightened by his taking frequent opportunities of comporting himself with acrimony towards the Duke of Wellington, though he always professes great veneration for him, and talks as if he had constantly abstained from anything like incivility or disrespect towards him. It is remarkable certainly that his colleagues appear to entertain a higher opinion of him than he deserves, and you hear of one or another saying, 'Oh, you don't know the Duke of Richmond.' He has, in fact, that weight which a man can derive from being positive, obstinate, pertinacious, and busy, but his understanding lies in a nutshell, and his information in a pin's head. He is, however, good-humoured, a good fellow, and personally liked, particularly by Stanley and Graham, who are of his own age, and have both the same taste for sporting and gay occupations. The Tories threaten mighty things in the Committee, but I don't think they will attempt much.

July 24th.—Divisions in both Houses last night. The Duke of Wellington proposed an important amendment (which he would afterwards have withdrawn, but his friends would not let him), and he was beaten by fourteen. A great division for Government *in the House of Lords.* In the Commons 166 minority for triennial Parliaments, and by every

sort of whipping and Billy Holmes's assistance a majority, but only of sixty or seventy; fine work this.

July 25th–26th.—Half-past two in the morning. Just come home, having heard of the division in the House of Lords, in which Ministers were beaten on what they call the Suspension clause by two. Alvanley, Belhaven, and Clanricarde got there too late. Gower could not attend, nor Lord Granville. Lyndhurst came all the way from Norwich (being on the circuit) to vote. The question is, what Ministers will do—go on with the Bill, or throw it up, resign, make Peers, or what? Nothing can be more silly than the amendment, although it may be questioned whether it signifies very materially; but the light in which Ministers see it is this: are they to submit night after night to the vexatious insolence of the Tories, who are constantly on the watch to find some vulnerable point, and without intending or daring to throw over their great measures, to mangle their details as much as they can venture to do, and hold the Government in a sort of subjugation and in a state of sufferance? The Tory lords are perfectly rabid, and reckless of consequences, regardless of the embarrassment they cause the King, and of the aggravation of a state of things they already think very bad, they care for nothing but the silly vain pleasure of beating the Government, every day affording fresh materials for the assaults that are made upon them by the press, and fresh cause for general odium and contempt. The Duke of Wellington has no power over them for good purposes, and they will only follow him when he will lead them on to some rash and desperate enterprise. This event has affected people differently according to their several views and opinions, but all are in eager curiosity to see what the Government will do.

In the House of Commons things are no better than in the House of Lords. Stanley was nearly beaten on the Apprenticeship clause in the West Indian Bill on Wednesday night, Macaulay opposing him; so yesterday morning he came down to the House and gave it up. It is remarkable that he made an admirable speech in defence of his clause.

was unusually and enthusiastically cheered, Macaulay's speech falling very flat, and to all appearance the whole House with Stanley, yet upon division he only carried it by some seven or eight votes. It is said that after the vote he could not do otherwise than give it up, but that if he had taken a higher tone in his speech, and treated it as a compact fixed and agreed upon, which nothing could shake, and to which he was irrevocably pledged, he would have carried the House with him, and have got a larger majority. But the truth is that the House of Commons is in such a state that it is next to impossible to say what Ministers can or ought to do, or what the House will do. There is no such thing as a great party knit together by community of opinion, 'idem sentientes de republicâ.' The Government conciliate no attachment, command no esteem and respect, and have no following. Althorp is liked, Stanley admired, but people devote themselves to neither; every man is thinking of what he shall say to his constituents, and how his vote will be taken, and everything goes on (as it were) from hand to mouth; by fits and starts the House of Commons seems rational and moderate, and then they appear one day subservient to the Ministers, another riotous, unruly, and fierce, ready to abolish the Bishops and crush the House of Lords, and to vote anything that is violent. The Tories in the House of Commons are lukewarm, angry, frightened: they say, Why should we come and support a Government that won't support itself? the Government from weakness or facility, or motives of personal feeling and partiality, suffers itself to be bearded and thwarted by its own people, and does nothing. Duncannon, on the triennial motion the other night, stayed in the House of Lords and would not vote, there are some half-dozen of them whose votes the Ministerial bench cannot count upon. Then it is no small aggravation to the present difficult state of things that Stanley does not appear to be a man of much moral political firmness and courage, a timid politician, *ignarus adversum lupos.* He is bold and spirited against individuals, but timid against bodies, and with respect to results. Labouchere went to him some time ago, and told

him that it was evident a feeling was growing up in the House of Commons against this Apprenticeship clause, and that he had better make up his mind early what course he should pursue, that if he meant to stand to it they would support him, but if not, he had better give it up early and from foresight rather than from necessity at last, but above all not to drag them through the mire by making them support him and then throwing them over. He declared he would stand to his clause. They supported him, and he threw them over. This will not do for a man who aspires to be leader, and Sandon told me last night that men would not be led by him, in spite of his talents, that when Althorp went under Stanley's hammer the friends of Government would not rally. God only knows how it all will end, and out of such a mass of confusion, of so much violence and folly and weakness, and the working of so many bad passions, what will result, but every day the chance becomes less of the elements of disorder being resolved into a state of tranquillity and good government. It is every day more apparent that with such a House of Commons, so elected, so acted upon, no Government can feel secure; none can undertake with confidence to carry on the affairs of the country. It is difficult to describe the state of agitation into which the minds of people of all persuasions are thrown by the continual recurrence of these little events, of the feeling of insecurity, of doubt, of apprehension which pervades all classes. Nobody thinks the present Government can go on, at the same time they can see no party and no individual who could go on as well if they were to retire. The present House of Commons it is found impossible to manage, but it is believed that in the event of a dissolution another would be much worse; in short, all is chaos, confusion, and uncertainty, and the only thing in which all parties agree is that things are very bad, and every day growing worse.

I dined the day before yesterday with old Lady Cork, to meet the Bonapartes. There were Joseph, Lucien, Lucien's daughter, the widow of Louis Bonaparte, Hortense's son,[1] the

[1] [This must have been the Emperor Napoleon III.]

Dudley Stuarts, Belhavens, Rogers, Lady Clarendon, and Lady Davy and myself; not very amusing, but curious to see these two men, one of whom would not be a King, when he might have chosen almost any crown he pleased (conceive, for instance, having refused the kingdom of Naples), and the other, who was first King of Naples and then King of Spain, commanded armies, and had the honour of being defeated at Vittoria by the Duke of Wellington. There they sat, these brothers of Napoleon, who once trampled upon all Europe, and at whose feet the potentates of the earth bowed, two simple, plain-looking, civil, courteous, smiling gentlemen. They say Lucien is a very agreeable man, Joseph nothing. Joseph is a caricature of Napoleon in his latter days, at least so I guess from the pictures. He is taller, stouter, with the same sort of face, but without the expression, and particularly without the eagle eye. Lucien looked as if he had once been like him, that is, his face in shape is like the pictures of Napoleon when he was thin and young, but Lucien is a very large, tall man. They talked little, but stayed on in the evening, when there was a party, and received very civilly all the people who were presented to them. There was not the slightest affectation of royalty in either. Lucien, indeed, had no occasion for any, but a man who had ruled over two kingdoms might be excused for betraying something of his former condition, but, on the contrary, everything regal that he ever had about him seemed to have been merged in his American citizenship, and he looked more like a Yankee cultivator than a King of Spain and the Indies. Though there was nothing to see in Joseph, who is, I believe, a very mediocre personage, I could not help gazing at him, and running over in my mind the strange events in which he had been concerned in the course of his life, and regarding him as a curiosity, and probably as the most extraordinary living instance of the freaks of fortune and instability of human grandeur.

The Duke of Sutherland is dead, a leviathan of wealth. I believe he is the richest individual who ever died, and I

should like to know what his property amounts to, out of pure curiosity.

July 27th.—This affair in the House of Lords blew over. The Patriots at Brookes' were loud in their indignation, and talked nonsense about dignity and resignation, and so forth, but Lord Grey took the better course, and came down to the House with a lecture, conceived in mild yet firm language, and announced his intention of going on with the Bill. Accordingly they got through the Committee last night without further obstructions. The amendment is in fact so trivial that I don't think he will attempt to re-establish the original clause on the report, and if he does not, the Commons (I am told) will not either.

August 7th.—At Goodwood from Saturday se'nnight to Saturday last. Magnificent weather, numerous assemblage, tolerable racing, but I did not win the great cup, which I ought to have won, a most vile piece of ill luck, but good fortune seems to have deserted me, and the most I can do is not to lose.

George Villiers is appointed to Madrid, but he tells me that he can neither see nor hear from Palmerston, that though his appointment is in everybody's mouth it has never been notified to him. All this negligence is because our Foreign Secretary is engaged in the conferences, in which, however, he gives no greater satisfaction to those he is concerned with, for Talleyrand complains that he invariably makes them wait from one to two hours, and Dedel says that his manner is so insulting towards the Dutch nation and King, and that on every occasion he acts with so much partiality towards Belgium, that it is with the greatest difficulty he can transact business with him at all. They say the Duke of Wellington has scarcely missed a day during this session in his attendance on the House of Lords, always in his place from the beginning to the end of the debates, speaking and evidently preparing himself on every subject, doing duty as the head of a party.

August 8th.—Met Lord Grey in the street; he said this session had nearly done him up, and he must have repose,

he talked of Portugal, of the desirableness of getting rid of Pedro, and of putting Palmella at the head of the Government. I said he must take care they did not establish too liberal a Government. He replied the Portuguese certainly were not fit for any such thing, and that the constitution had undoubtedly done all the mischief; spoke of the Duke of Wellington, and of his being always in the House of Lords, speaking on anything, and generally not well, that he had made a most tiresome bad speech on the India Charter question, etc. Brougham's Privy Council Bill has, I perceive, passed the House of Commons, having gone through both Houses without a syllable said upon it in either.

George Villiers is at last acknowledged Minister to Madrid. He told me he was with Palmerston at his house yesterday morning, and was much struck with his custom of receiving all his numerous visitors and applicants in the order in which they arrive, be their rank what it may. Neumann told him he had never known him vary in this practice, or deviate from it in anybody's favour. It is a merit. There seems little danger of any movement on the part of Spain, for Zea Bermudez (Palmerston told George Villiers) is struck to the earth by the events in Portugal, and only anxious to curry favour with England.

August 15th.—At Council yesterday to swear in James Parke and Bosanquet (who did not come) Privy Councillors, in order to carry into operation the Chancellor's new Bill for the establishment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

August 20th.—To Stoke on Saturday with Creevey and Lemarchant, the Chancellor's secretary. The Chancellor and others of the Ministry were to have come, but they all dined at Blackwall. Brougham, Plunket, and John Russell came the next day. Brougham is not so talkative as he was; his dignities, his labours, and the various cares of his situation have dashed his gaiety, and pressed down his once elastic spirits; however, he was not otherwise than cheerful and lively. Plunket I never met before, he was pretty much at his ease, and talked sufficiently without exhibiting anything

room, who was *en chemise*. She told me a comical anecdote illustrative of the good humour of the Emperor (who, she says, is an angel), and of the free and frank reception he gives to strangers. In the midst of some splendid military fêtes, which terminated with a sham siege by 30,000 of his guards the last day, word was brought him that two strange-looking men had presented themselves at the lines, and requested to be allowed to see what was going on. They said they were English, had come from Scotland on purpose to see the Russian manœuvres, and had started from Petersburg under the direction of a laquais de place, who had conducted them to where they heard the firing of the cannon. The Emperor ordered them to be admitted, received them with the greatest civility, and desired apartments to be prepared for them in the palace (Peterhof), at the same time inviting them to dine with him, and be present at a ball he gave at night. She said that one was a Don Quixote sort of figure: they called themselves Johnstone. The Emperor asked her if she knew them. She said no, but that there were many of that name in England. There they remained, enchanted, astonished, behaving, however, perfectly well. After seeing all the sights, they were one evening led into a great hall, where all sorts of pastimes were going on, and among others a *Montagne Russe* (of which the Emperor is passionately fond). He is a very tall powerful man, and his way is to be placed at the top of the machine, when a man mounts astride on his shoulders, and another on his, and so on till there are fourteen; when a signal is given, with the rapidity of lightning down they go. On this occasion the Emperor took the Johnstones on his back, and she says their astonishment at the position they occupied, and at the rapidity of the descent, was beyond everything amusing. They were asked how they liked it, and they said they thought it 'very good fun,' and should like to begin again. So they were allowed to divert themselves in this way for an hour. Bligh told her afterwards that these men returned to Petersburg their heads turned, and utterly bewildered with such an unexpected reception.

In her serious talk the Princess said that the Emperor was full of moderation and desire for peace, 's'il y a des orages ce ne sera pas de ce côté qu'ils viendront,' that he could not comprehend the English Parliament, nor the sort of language which was held there about him, that he was 'le plus généreux, le plus humain, le meilleur des hommes,' that they believed all the lies which were 'débités sur les affaires de Pologne, qui enfin est notre affaire, qu'il était peu connu ici, qu'elle avait vu en Russie beaucoup de respects, beaucoup d'amour pour l'Empereur, et voilà tout.' In short, she is returned in a state of intoxication, and her adoration for the Emperor is only exceeded by that which she has for the Empress.

August 24th.—Matters have taken a bad turn in Portugal. Bourmont is marching on Lisbon with 18,000 men, 'regna il terror nella citta.' William Russell, in a fit of enthusiasm, says, 'the capital must be saved even at the hazard of a war.' Admiral Parker says he shall land 1,200 marines and make them occupy the forts. Our Government are in great confusion and alarm, and have despatched a swift steamer to Parker to desire him to do no such thing; but the steamer will probably arrive too late, and if Bourmont is really there, we shall cut a pretty figure with our non-intervention, for Parker will probably have to surrender the forts to Miguel. I dined with Talleyrand yesterday, who is furious, laughing non-intervention to scorn; and he told me he had for the last ten days been endeavouring to get the Government to take a decided part. What he advised was that we should recognise Donna Maria and the Regency appointed by the Charter; that is, Donna Isabella Regent, with a Council to be comprised of Palmella, Villa Flor, and any other; that our Minister should be directed to acknowledge *no other government*, and at the same time concert with Palmella that Pedro should be sent away, and the constitution be suspended till the Queen shall be of age. Pedro has committed, since he was in Lisbon, every folly and atrocity he could squeeze into so small a space of time; imprisoning, confiscating, granting monopolies, attacking the Church, and

putting forth the constitution in its most offensive shape. I suspect we shall have made a sad mess of this business.

Just come from the Duke of Wellington; talked about Portugal and the intercepted letters; the writer said that he (the Duke) had told Neumann he approved of Bourmont's going, whereas he thought it an objectionable nomination, because he had formerly deserted from the Portuguese service.[1] He had never had any communication with these agents, and did not believe Aberdeen had had any either: he said Lisbon was more defensible than Oporto, but required more men. Talking of Miguel, the Duke related that he was at Strathfieldsaye with Palmella, where in the library they were settling the oath that Miguel should take, Miguel would pay no attention, and instead of going into the business and saying what oath he would consent to take (the question was whether he should swear fidelity to Pedro or to Maria) he sat flirting with the Princess Thérèse Esterhàzy. The Duke said to Palmella, 'This will never do, he must settle the terms of the oath, and if he is so careless in an affair of such moment, he will never do his duty.' Palmella said, 'Oh, leave him to us, we will manage him.' He had no idea of overturning the constitution and playing false when he went there, but was persuaded by his mother and terrified by the lengths to which the constitutional party was disposed to go. The Duke said the Government would be very foolish to interfere for Pedro, who was a ruffian, and for the constitution, which was odious, and that Pedro would never have more than the ground he stood on; talked of our foreign policy, his anxiety for peace, but of France as our 'natural enemy!' and of the importance of maintaining our influence in Spain, which so long as we did we should have nothing to fear from France.

September 3rd.—On Wednesday last when the King's speech was read there was no Council. Brougham brought

[1] Bourmont was an emigrant, and went into the Portuguese service. When Junot came to Portugal he joined him, was taken into the French service, in which he continued to rise, till he deserted just before the battle of Waterloo from Napoleon to Louis XVIII.

Sir Alexander Johnston, formerly Chief Justice in Ceylon, to be sworn a Privy Councillor without giving any notice, consequently I was not there. The King, therefore, comes again to-morrow on purpose, and, what is unpleasant, desired a Clerk of the Council might always be in attendance when there was anything going on. This, I suppose, His Majesty will repeat to me himself to-morrow. The Parliament is at last up; it was a fine sight the day the King went down, the weather splendid, and park full of people, with guards mounted and dismounted, making a picturesque show. He was very coolly received, for there is no doubt there never was a King less respected. George IV., with all his occasional unpopularity, could always revive the external appearance of loyalty when he gave himself the trouble.

The Parliament is up, and not before people were dead sick of it, and had dropped out of town one by one till hardly any Parliament was left. It may be worth while to take a little survey of the present condition of things as compared with what it was a few months ago, and consider at this resting time what has been the practical effect of the great measure of Reform, without going very deeply into the question. The Reform Bill was carried *in toto*, the Tories having contrived that everything that was attempted should be gained by the Reformers. No excuse, therefore, was left for the Parliament, and if 'the people' did not choose a good one it was their own fault. It was chosen, and when it met was found to be composed of a majority of supporters of the present Government, a certain number of Tories, not enough to be powerful, and many Radicals, who soon proved to be wholly inefficient. It speedily became manifest that in point of ability it was not only inferior to the last, but perhaps to any Parliament that has sat for many years. There were 350 new members (or some such number), but not one man among them of shining or remarkable talent; Cobbett Silk, Buckingham, Roebuck, and such men soon found their level and sunk into insignificance. The House appeared at first to be very unruly, not under the command of Government, talkative, noisy, and ill-con-

...stituted for the transaction of business. After a little while it got better in this respect. the majority, however, though evidently determined to support Government, would not be commanded by it, and even men in place often took up crotchets of their own, and voted against Government measures; but whenever the Ministers seemed to be in danger they always found efficient support, and on the Malt Tax the House even stultified itself to uphold them. As the session proceeded the men who gained reputation and established the greatest personal influence were Peel and Stanley: Macaulay rather lost than gained; Althorp lost entirely, but the weight of his blunders and unfitness could not sink him, his personal character and good humour always buoyed him up. The great measures, some of the greatest that any Parliament ever dealt with, were got through with marvellous facility. They did not for the most part come on till late in the session, when the House had got tired, and the East India Charter Bill was carried through most of the stages in empty Houses. The measures have generally evinced a Conservative character, and the Parliament has not shown any disposition to favour subversive principles or to encourage subversive language. It has been eminently liberal in point of money, granting all that Ministers asked without the slightest difficulty; twenty millions for the West Indians, a million for the Irish clergy, were voted almost by acclamation. Hume cut no figure in this Parliament. Notwithstanding apprehensions and predictions the Government has contrived to carry on the business of the country very successfully, and great reforms have been accomplished in every department of the State, which do not seem liable to any serious objections, and in the midst of many troubles, of much complaining and bickering, the country has been advancing in prosperity, and recovering rapidly from the state of sickly depression in which it lay at the end of last year. It is fair to compare the state of affairs now and then, merely reciting facts, and let the praise rest where it may, whether it be due to the wisdom of men or the result of that disposition to right itself wh...

has always appeared inherent in the British commonwealth. Some months ago there appeared every prospect of a war in Europe; the French were in Belgium, whence many predicted they would never be got away; Ireland was in a flame, every post brought the relation of fresh horrors and atrocities; in England trade was low, alarm and uncertainty prevalent, and a general disquietude pervaded the nation, some fearing and others desiring change, some expecting, others dreading the great things which a Reformed Parliament would do. The session is over, and a Reformed Parliament turns out to be very much like every other Parliament, except that it is rather differently and somewhat less ably composed than its predecessors. The hopes and the fears of mankind have been equally disappointed, and after all the clamour, confusion, riots, conflagrations, furies, despair, and triumphs through which we have arrived at this consummation, up to the present time, at least, matters remain pretty much as they were, except that the Whigs have got possession of the power which the Tories have lost. We continue at peace, and with every prospect of so being for some time, we are on good terms with France, and by degrees inducing the French to extend their incipient principles of free trade, to the benefit of both countries. In Ireland there never has been a period for many years when the country was so quiet; it may not last, but so it is at the present moment. In England trade flourishes, running in a deep and steady stream, there are improvement and employment in all its branches. The landed interest has suffered and suffers still, but the wages of labour have not fallen with the rents of landlords, and the agricultural labourers were never better off. Generally there is a better spirit abroad, less discontent, greater security, and those vague apprehensions are lulled to rest which when in morbid activity, carrying themselves from one object to another, are partly the cause and partly the effect of an evil state of things. We hear nothing now of associations, unions, and public meetings, and (compared with what it was) the world seems in a state of repose.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Speaker a Knight of the Bath—Lord Wellesley Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—M. Thiers in England—Prince Esterhazy's Opinion of the State of England—Queen of Portugal at Windsor—The Duke of Leuchtenberg—Macaulay and Sydney Smith—Brougham's Anecdotes of Queen Caroline—Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—Sir Stratford Canning and M. Dedel—Sydney Smith and the 'Siege of Saragossa'—Edward Irving—The Unknown Tongues—Tribute to Lord Eldon—W. J. Fox—Lord Tavistock on the Prospects of his Party—Moore at the State Paper Office—Russia and England—Belvoir Castle—The Duke of Wellington at Belvoir—Visit to Mrs. Arkwright—Sir Thomas Lawrence and the Misses Siddons—A Murder at Runton—Sandon—Lord and Lady Harrowby—Burghley—Railroads talked of—Gloomy Tory Prognostications—State of Spain—Parliament opens—Quarrel of Sheil and Lord Althorp—Unpopularity of Lord Palmerston—Mrs. Somerville—O'Connell's Attack on Baron Smith—Lord Althorp's Budget—The Pension List—Lord Althorp as Leader of the House—Sir R. Peel's Position in the House—Meeting of Supporters of Government—Mr. Villiers on the State of Spain—Predicament of Horne, the Attorney-General.

September 5th.—At Court yesterday, the Speaker[1] was made a Knight of the Bath to his great delight. It is a reward for his conduct during the Session, in which he has done Government good and handsome service. He told them before it began that he would undertake to ride the new House, but it must be with a snaffle bridle. Bosanquet and Sir Alexander Johnston were made Privy Councillors to sit in the Chancellor's new Court. The Privy Council is as numerous as a moderate-sized club, and about as well composed. Awful storms these last few days, and enormous damage done, the weather like the middle of winter.

September 6th.—Yesterday the announcement of Lord

[1] [Rt. Hon. Manners Sutton, afterwards Viscount Canterbury.]

again at dinner at Talleyrand's yesterday with another great party, and last night he started on a visit to Birmingham and Liverpool.

After dinner on Friday I had rather a curious conversation with Esterhazy, who said he wanted to know what I thought of the condition of this country. I told him that I thought everything was surprisingly improved, and gave my reasons for thinking so. He then went off and said that these were his opinions also, and he had written home in this strain, that Neumann had deceived his Government, giving them very different accounts, that it was no use telling them what they might wish to hear, but that he was resolved to tell them the truth, and make them understand how greatly they were deceiving themselves if they counted upon the decadence or want of power of this country; a great deal more of the same sort, which proves that the Austrian Court were all on the *qui vive* to find out that we are paralysed, and that their political conduct is in fact influenced by their notion of our actual position. They probably hardly knew what they would be at, but their hatred and dread of revolutionary principles are so great that they are always on the watch for a good opportunity of striking a blow at them, which they know they can only do through England and France. They would therefore willingly believe that the political power of England is diminished, and Neumann, who wrote in the spirit of a disappointed Tory rather than of an impartial Foreign Minister, no doubt flattered their desires in this respect. Last night I sat by Dedel, the Dutch Minister, who told me he knew Neumann had given very false accounts (not intentionally) to his Government, that Wessenberg took much juster views, and he (Dedel) agreed with Esterhazy, who said that nobody could understand this country who had not had long experience of it, and that he found it impossible to make his Government comprehend it, or give entire credit to what he said. Dedel told me that Holland is ruined, that the day of reckoning will come, when they will discover what a state of bankruptcy they are in, that the spirit of the nation had

been kept up by excitement, and that therein lay the dexterity of the King and his Government, but that this factitious enthusiasm was rapidly passing away. They now pay fifty millions of florins interest of debt, about four millions sterling, and their population is not above two millions.

The young Queen of Portugal goes to Windsor to-day. The King was at first very angry at her coming to England, but when he found that Louis Philippe had treated her with incivility, he changed his mind, and resolved to receive her with great honours. He hates Louis Philippe and the French with a sort of Jack Tar animosity. The other day he gave a dinner to one of the regiments at Windsor, and as usual he made a parcel of foolish speeches, in one of which, after descanting upon their exploits in Spain against the French, he went on: 'Talking of France, I must say that whether at peace or at war with that country, I shall always consider her as our natural enemy, and whoever may be her King or *ruler*, I shall keep a watchful eye for the purpose of repressing her ambitious encroachments.' If he was not such an ass that nobody does anything but laugh at what he says, this would be very important. Such as he is, it is nothing. 'What can you expect' (as I forget who said) 'from a man with a head like a pineapple?' His head is just of that shape.

The history of the French King's behaviour is that he wanted the young Queen of Portugal to marry the Duke de Nemours, and when he found that impossible (for we should have opposed it) he proposed Prince Charles of Naples, his nephew. This was likewise rejected. The Emperor Don Pedro wants the Duke of Leuchtenberg, his wife's brother, to marry her.[1] This Duke went to Havre the other day, where the Préfet refused to admit him, though he went with (or to) his sister, pleading the law excluding Napoleon's family.

[1] [Queen Donna Maria did eventually marry the young Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Prince Eugène Beauharnois and a Bavarian Princess. But he survived his marriage only a few months, and died of a fever at Lisbon.]

dinner came in the Chancellor in good humour and spirits; talked of Lord Wellesley, who, since he has been in Ireland, has astonished everybody by his activity and assiduity in business. He appeared, before he went, in the last stage of decrepitude, and they had no idea the energy was in him; but they say he is quite a new man, and it is not merely a splash, but real and boná-fide business that he does. The Chancellor talked over some of the passages of the Queen's trial, to which he loves to revert. It was about the liturgy. The negotiations which had taken place at Apsley House between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh on one part and Brougham and Denman on the other were broken off on that point. It was then agreed to refer the matter to others; the Duke and Castlereagh were to meet Lord Fitzwilliam and Sefton; a queer choice, old Fitzwilliam a driveller, and Sefton, with all his sharpness, totally unfit for the office of negotiator in a grave matter. He can't be grave, life itself is to him a plaything; but the night before they were to meet, Fitzwilliam took fright, and backed out. Notice was sent to the other party, but they did not get it, owing to some mistake. In the morning Brougham came to Sefton and asked him to drive him up to the Queen's house, and as they passed through Grosvenor Square, to their amazement they saw Wellington and Castlereagh alighting (full dressed for the levée) at Lord Fitzwilliam's door. Sefton went into the house, and found them already in the dining-room, the table covered with papers, when an explanation ensued, on which they had to bundle up their papers again and trot off.

When the deputation from the House of Commons went up with the address to the Queen, entreating her to come to terms (Banks, Wortley, Acland, and Wilberforce), she had got all her Council assembled, and before receiving the deputation from the Commons, she asked their advice. Brougham said that she was disposed to acquiesce, but wanted *them* to advise her to do so, and that her intention was, if they had, to act on that advice, but to save her popularity by throwing the odium on them, and devoting them to popular execration. He therefore resolved, and his brethren

likewise, to give no advice at all; and when she turned to him, and said, 'What do you think I ought to do?' he replied, in a sort of speech which he gave very comically, 'Your Majesty is undoubtedly the best judge of the answer you ought to give, and I am certain that your own feelings will point out to you the proper course.' 'Well, but what is your opinion?' 'Madam, I certainly have a strong opinion on the subject, but I think there cannot be a shadow of doubt of what your Majesty ought to do, and there can be no doubt your Majesty's admirable sense will suggest to you what that opinion is.' 'Humph,' said she, and flung from him; turning to Denman, 'And Mr. Solicitor, what is your opinion?' 'Madam, I concur entirely in that which has been expressed by the Attorney-General;' and so they all repeated. She was furious, and being left to herself she resolved not to agree. Sefton was on horseback among the crowd which was waiting impatiently to hear the result of the interview and her determination. He had agreed with Brougham that as soon as she had made up her mind he should come to the window and make him a sign. He *was to stroke his chin* if she refused, and do something else, I forget what, if she agreed. Accordingly arrived Brougham at the window, all in gown and wig, and as soon as he caught Sefton's eye began stroking his chin. This was enough for Sefton, who (as he declares) immediately began telling people in the crowd who were wondering and doubting and hoping that they might rely upon it she would 'stand by them,' and not accept the terms.

November 21st.—Another meeting at the Council Office the day before yesterday. The Chancellor arranging everything, but proposing many things which meet with opposition, wants people to be allowed to plead *in formâ pauperis* before the Privy Council, which they object to. I have doubts whether this Court will work well after all, and foresee great difficulty about the rota; everybody had something to prevent their attendance; however we meet on the 27th for the despatch of business. I have just finished 'Clarissa;' never was so interested or affected by any book.

November 28th.—Yesterday the first meeting under Brougham's new Bill of 'the Judicial Committee,' the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Baron Parke, Justice Bosanquet, and Erskine (Chief Judge in Bankruptcy). I can't perceive that matters are likely to go on a bit better than when one Judge sat there, though the Chancellor endeavours to confer all the importance he can on his Committee, that he may hereafter figure there himself. There has been a lively controversy between the Whig and Tory papers, of which he has been the object, the former lauding his law reforms, the latter attacking his judicial incompetence. It is actually true that hardly any original causes are brought before him, and he has little business except appeals which must come into his Court. He feels himself every day in a more unpleasant predicament, and of course has a growing impatience to get rid of his judicial duties. That he will by a series of tricks wriggle out of them there can be no doubt, for just now he can do whatever he pleases. What he wants is to be Prime Minister; his restless and versatile mind will then find sufficient occupation, and there is no department of Government which he does not think himself capable of presiding over, leaving as he would do all troublesome details to be worked out by others.

November 30th.—A long sitting of our Court yesterday. The Chancellor comes regularly. Jenner (the King's Advocate) told me that he believed the Chancellor's object was to transfer all appeals from the House of Lords to the Privy Council. Lyndhurst (whom I met at Mrs. Fox's) said that it was quite true that he had no business in his own Court, for nobody would plead there, that he wanted to be Prime Minister, retaining the emoluments and patronage of the Great Seal, and getting rid of its duties. There can be no doubt that he does, and if Lord Grey dies, or is ill (in which case he will resign), he probably will succeed. It is amusing to see Brougham's tricks in small things; his present object is to raise the Judicial Committee as much as he can, and bring all the business there he can collect; in order to increase the appeals he proposed to allow of them from the

Indian Courts *in formâ pauperis.* This, however, was strenuously resisted by all the Judges and others present, and as he always takes the lead in all discussions relating to rules and regulations, when he found that the unanimous opinion of the Committee was the other way, he turned himself round and argued against his own proposal, stating or anticipating the objections of the others, just insinuating incidentally counter-arguments, and ending by letting the question remain in abeyance.

Madame de Lieven told me an anecdote of Stratford Canning which highly delighted her, because it justified the resistance which the Court of Russia made to his nomination to that Embassy. The other day Dedel called on Palmerston. When shown into the waiting-room, he said, 'Tell Lord Palmerston that the Dutch Minister will be glad to see him,' when a man who was there, and whom he did not know, jumped up and said, 'And I desire you will tell Lord Palmerston that I have been waiting here these two hours, and that I expect to see him before anybody else;' and then, turning to Dedel, 'Sir, this is too bad; two persons have been already shown in to Lord Palmerston, both of whom came after me, and I expect that you will not go in to his Lordship till after me.' Dedel, who is the mildest and civillest of men, replied, 'Sir, far be it from me to dispute your right, and I assure you I have no desire to go in before you, but I only beg that if Lord Palmerston should send for me first you will understand that I cannot help going;' and then the other, 'Sir, I am Sir Stratford Canning.' 'And I am Mr. Dedel.' This extraordinary scene he told Madame de Lieven, not knowing what had passed about the mission. Touching that affair, there is an understanding that he shall not go there, and no other Ambassador is to be named till it is quite convenient to Palmerston.

The day before yesterday I met Sydney Smith at dinner at Poodle Byng's, when a conversation occurred which produced a curious coincidence. We were talking of Vaughan, the Minister in America, how dull he appeared, and yet how

smart and successful had been 'The Siege of Saragossa,' which he published at the time of the Spanish war. Sydney Smith said that the truth was he had not written a word of it, and on being questioned further said that he was himself the author.[1] Vaughan, who was a friend of his, had given him the materials, and he had composed the narrative. He then went on to say that it was not the only instance of the kind, for that the celebrated pamphlet which had been attributed to Lady Canning had not been written by her, not a word of it, that it had been written by Stapleton. I said that I had it in my power to contradict this, for that I had been privy to the composition of it, had seen the manuscript, and had at her request undertaken the task of revising and correcting it. Thus were two mistakes accidentally cleared up, by the circumstance of the only persons who could have explained them being present.

December 2nd.—I went yesterday to Edward Irving's chapel to hear him preach, and witness the exhibition of the tongues. The chapel was formerly West's picture gallery, oblong, with a semicircular recess at one end; it has been fitted up with galleries all round, and in the semicircle there are tiers of benches, in front of which is a platform with an elevated chair for Irving himself, and a sort of desk before it; on each side the chair are three arm-chairs, on which three other preachers sat. The steps from the floor to the platform were occupied by men (whether peculiarly favoured or not I don't know), but the seats behind Irving's chair are evidently appropriated to the higher class of devotees, for they were the best dressed of the congregation. The business was conducted with decency, and the congregation was attentive. It began with a hymn, the words given out by one of the assistant preachers, and sung by the whole flock. This, which seems to be common to all dissenting services, is

[1] [Mr. Henry St. John Halford, as the possessor of the late Sir Charles Vaughan's papers, writes to me to contradict this anecdote, as related by Mr. Sydney Smith. Mr. Halford informs me that in the fourth edition of the pamphlet, Sir Charles speaks of it as written by himself; that he had an interview with General Lefevre to ascertain whether he had treated the French fairly; and that the style of writing agrees with that of his journals and other writings.]

always very fine, the full swell of human voices producing a grand effect. After this Irving delivered a prayer, in a very slow drawling tone, rather long, and not at all striking in point of language or thought. When he had finished, one of the men sitting beside him arose, read a few verses from the Bible, and discoursed thereon. He was a sorry fellow, and was followed by two others, not much better. After these three Spencer Perceval stood up. He recited the duty to our neighbour in the catechism, and descanted on that text in a style in all respects far superior to the others. He appeared about to touch on politics, and (as well as I recollect) was saying, 'Ye trusted that your institutions were unalterable, ye believed that your loyalty to your King, your respect for your nobility, your'——when suddenly a low moaning noise was heard, on which he instantly stopped, threw his arm over his breast, and covered his eyes, in an attitude of deep devotion, as if oppressed by the presence of the spirit. The voice after ejaculating three 'Oh's,' one rising above the other, in tones very musical, burst into a flow of unintelligible jargon, which, whether it was in English or in gibberish I could not discover. This lasted five or six minutes, and as the voice was silenced, another woman, in more passionate and louder tones, took it up; this last spoke in English, and words, though not sentences, were distinguishable. I had a full view of her sitting exactly behind Irving's chair. She was well dressed, spoke sitting, under great apparent excitement, and screamed on till from exhaustion, as it seemed, her voice gradually died away, and all was still. Then Spencer Perceval, in slow and solemn tones, resumed, not where he had left off, but with an exhortation to hear the voice of the Lord which had just been uttered to the congregation, and after a few more sentences he sat down. Two more men followed him, and then Irving preached. His subject was 'God's love,' upon which he poured forth a mystical incomprehensible rhapsody, with extraordinary vehemence of manner and power of lungs. There was nothing like eloquence in his sermon, no musical periods to captivate the ear, no striking illustrations to charm the imagination; but there is undoubtedly something in his commanding

figure and strange, wild countenance, his vehemence, and above all the astonishing power of his voice, its compass, intonation, and variety, which arrests attention, and gives the notion of a great orator. I daresay he can speak well, but to waste real eloquence on such an auditory would be like throwing pearls to swine. 'The bawl of Bellas' is better adapted for their ears than quiet sense in simpler sounds, and the principle 'omne ignotum pro magnifico,' can scarcely find a happier illustration than amongst a congregation whose admiration is probably in an inverse ratio to their comprehension.

December 6th.—The Vice-Chancellor, Parke, Bosanquet, and Erskine met yesterday to consider a judgment, and took three hours to manage it; business does not go on so quickly with many Judges as with one, whether it be more satisfactory or not. The Chancellor, the last time we met, announced to the Bar (very oddly) that for the future their Lordships would give judgment in turn. (He had himself delivered the only judgment that had been given.) The Vice-Chancellor, who I thought was his friend, laughed at this yesterday with me, and said that he wanted to throw off from himself as much as he could. I asked him (he had said something, I forget what, about the Chancery Bill) what would be left for the Chancellor to do when that Bill was passed. He said, 'Nothing, that he meant to be Prime Minister and Chancellor, and that it was what he had been driving at all along, that the Bill for regulating the Privy Council was only a part of his own plan, and that all his schemes tended to that end.' Setting political bias aside, it is curious, considering his station, to hear the lawyers talk of him, the contempt they universally have for him professionally, how striking the contrast with the profound respect which is paid to Lord Eldon. The other day, in the action brought against the Chancellor for false imprisonment, Lord Eldon was subpœnaed, and he appeared to give evidence; when he entered the Court, while he was examined, and when he departed, the whole Bar stood up, and the Solicitor-General *harangued* him, expressed in the name of his brethren the satisfaction they felt at seeing him once more

among them. There is something affecting in these reverential testimonials to a man from whom power has passed away, and who is just descending into the grave, and I doubt if, at the close of his career, Brougham will ever obtain the same.

December 9th.—Went yesterday with Frederic Elliot and Luttrell to hear Fox, a celebrated Unitarian preacher, at a chapel in South Place, Finsbury Square. He is very short and thick, dark hair, black eyes, and a countenance intelligent though by no means handsome; his voice is not strong, and his articulation imperfect, he cannot pronounce the *s*. His sermon was, however, admirable, and amply repaid us for the trouble of going so far. He read the whole of it, the language was beautiful, the argument clear and unembarrassed, the reasoning powerful, and there were occasionally passages of great eloquence. The conclusion, which was a sort of invocation to the Deity, was very fine. I like the simplicity of the service: hymns, a prayer, and the sermon, still I think a short liturgy preferable—our own, much abbreviated, would be the best.

December 13th.—Met Tavistock at dinner the other day, and talked about the Government; from his intimacy with Althorp and connection with the others he knows their sentiments pretty accurately. He said that Lord Grey had so high an opinion of Althorp that he made his remaining a *sine quâ non*, and accordingly he does remain. He thought Lord Grey would be glad to retire, but that he will go on as long as he can, because the Government would be placed in such great embarrassment by his retreat. He did not think Brougham could succeed him, though he believed his popularity in the country to be great; that all depended on the part Peel took in the next session, for in the event of Lord Grey's resignation he looked to the King's sending for Peel to form a Government (much as Canning did when Lord Liverpool died), principally composed of course of the *purest* materials, but not exclusively, and that he did not think the great body of the Liberal party would make any difficulty of accepting office under Peel; that Stanley would not. He (Tavistock) thinks that Peel could not come into office

with the Duke of Wellington; the Tories (Irvine, e.g.) think he would not come in *without* him.

December 18th.—Went with Moore yesterday morning to the State Paper Office, and introduced him to Lemon.[1] It was at the new office, where the documents are in course of arrangement, and for the future they will be accessible and useful. John Allen told Moore the other day that he considered that the history of England had never really been written, so much matter was there in public and private collections, illustrative of it, that had never been made use of. Lemon said he could in great measure confirm that assertion, as his researches had afforded him the means of throwing great light upon modern history, from the time of Henry VIII. The fact is, that the whole thing is conventional; people take the best evidence that has been produced, and give their assent to a certain series of events, until more facts and better evidence supplant the old statements and establish others in their place. They are now printing Irish papers of the time of Henry VIII., but from the folly of Henry Hobhouse, who would not let the volume be indexed, it will be of little service. In the evening dined with Moore at the Poodle's. He told a good story of Sydney Smith and Leslie the Professor. Leslie had written upon the North Pole; something he had said had been attacked in the 'Edinburgh Review' in a way that displeased him. He called on Jeffrey just as he was getting on horseback, and in a great hurry. Leslie began with a grave complaint on the subject, which Jeffrey interrupted with 'O damn the North Pole.' Leslie went off in high dudgeon, and soon after met Sydney, who, seeing him disturbed, asked what was the matter. He told him what he had been to Jeffrey about, and that he had in a very unpleasant way said, 'Damn the North Pole.' 'It was

[1] [Robert Lemon, Esq., F.S.A., was then the Deputy Keeper of the State Papers. His son, a gentleman of the same name, afterwards held the offices of Chief Clerk in the State Paper Office and Secretary to the Commission for Printing and Publishing State Papers. In this capacity he rendered the greatest services in classifying and indexing the Records, which were at this time but little known, and had not been opened to literary investigation. In justice to Mr. Hobhouse, it should be added that an Index to the Papers of the reign of Henry VIII. was prepared under his direction, and published in 1852.]

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December 21st.—There is great talk of war with Russia, which I don't believe will take place. I had a long talk with Madame de Lieven the day before yesterday, and was surprised to find her with such a lofty tone about war. She said that it was '*chance égale*;' that they neither desired nor feared it; that our tone had latterly been so insulting that they had no option but that of replying with corresponding hauteur; that if we sent ships to the Mediterranean they would send ships; that if those measures were pursued, and such language held, it was impossible to say that circumstances might not bring about war, though equally against the wishes and interests of all parties. In such a case we might destroy their fleet and burn their harbours, but we could not exclude them from Turkey, nor once established there get them out again. That we must not fancy we should be able, in conjunction with France, to keep the rest of Europe in check; for it was the opinion of the wisest heads, and of Louis Philippe himself, that a war would infallibly bring about his downfall. (This latter opinion is likewise, I find, that of the French ultra-Radicals; but they think the war must be a war of opinion, and that the extreme Liberals, who would thereby gain the ascendency, would make the King the first victim.) She complained bitterly of the language of our newspapers, and of our orators in Parliament, described the indignation of the Russian Court, and the dignified resentment mixed with contempt of the Emperor; in short, talked very big, but still there will be no war.—I met Dedel afterwards, and he told me that at Broadlands, where they all met, some explanations in a tolerably friendly tone did take place. The truth is that we have divested ourselves of the right of objecting to Russia's measures with regard to Turkey, although we do not dare acknowledge what we have done, nor our motives. We were (and we are) in a false position, and she has played her cards with great dexterity; but the Treaty[1] is another thing, and is justly calculated to

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excite our jealousy and suspicions. We have held this language to Russia with regard to the Treaty: 'We do not remonstrate, because we admit your right to make what treaties you think fit; but we give you notice, that if any attempt is made to enforce the stipulations of it against us, we shall not endure it, and you must be prepared for the consequences.'

1834.

Belvoir Castle, January 7th.—After many years of delay, I am here since the 3rd, to assist at the celebration of the Duke of Rutland's birthday. The party is very large, and sufficiently dull: the Duke of Wellington, Esterhazy, Matuscewitz, Rokeby, Miss d'Este (afterwards Lady Truro), and the rest a rabble of fine people, without beauty or wit among them. The place is certainly very magnificent, and the position of the castle unrivalled, though the interior is full of enormous faults, which are wholly irretrievable. This results from the management of the alterations having been entrusted to the Duchess and Sir John Thurston (the former of whom had some taste but no knowledge), and they have consequently made a sad mess of it. There is immense space wasted, and with great splendour and some comfort the Castle has been tumbled about until they have contrived to render it a very indifferent house; no two rooms communicating, nor even (except the drawing-room and dining-room, the former of which is seldom or never inhabited) contiguous. The gallery, though unfinished, is a delightful apartment, and one of the most comfortable I ever saw. The outside of the Castle is faulty, but very grand; so grand as to sink criticism in admiration; and altogether, with its terraces and towers, its woods and hills, and its boundless prospect over a rich and fertile country, it is a very noble possession. The Duke lives here for three or four months, from the end of October till the end of February or March, on and off, and the establishment is kept up with extraordinary splendour. In the morning we are roused by the strains of martial music, and the band (of his regiment of militia) marches round the terrace, awakening or quickening the guests with lively airs.

All the men hunt or shoot. At dinner there is a different display of plate every day, and in the evening some play at whist or amuse themselves as they please, and some walk about the staircases and corridors to hear the band, which plays the whole evening in the hall. On the Duke's birthday there was a great feast in the Castle; 200 people dined in the servants' hall alone, without counting the other tables. We were about forty at dinner. When the cloth was removed, Esterhazy proposed His Grace's health, who has always a speech prepared in which he returns thanks. This time it was more simple than usual, and not at all bad. To-night there is a ball for the servants, which could not take place on the real birthday, as it fell on a Saturday.

I have had snatches of talk with the Duke of Wellington, and yesterday morning he retired with Matuscewitz, and had a long conference with him. The absolute Courts have a great hankering after the Duke, though their Ministers here can hardly look for his return to office; nor do I believe that if he was to come back he would be found indulgent to the projects of Russia, though he might be disinclined to continue so very intimate as we now are with France. He told me this morning he thought the French King's speech to his Chambers exceedingly good. He of course disapproves of all our foreign policy, particularly in the Peninsula. He says he sees no daylight whatever through the Portuguese affair. The Spanish may terminate in the success of the Queen, but only by her opposing Liberalism. He is convinced that if she introduces Liberal principles she will be lost. He says that the Spanish Government will be too happy to interfere in the Portuguese contest (as in fact I know that they have offered to do), but that we never can allow this, which besides the consequences of interference (as a principle) would necessarily make Portugal dependent on Spain. Arbuthnot, who is here, told me (and he hears these things from the Duke) that Matuscewitz had expressed the greatest contempt for Palmerston, and not the less for Lord Grey; and that, with regard to the latter, he had been much struck with his ignorance. I do not know on what points he meant, but it must be in history or diplomacy, which I am surprised at, because

I thought he was a man of a cultivated mind and general information, who would be found, as far as knowledge goes, competent to any discussion. He likewise said that he found him slow of comprehension.

Belvoir, January 8th.—There was a ball for all the servants and tenants on Monday, which the Duke of Rutland opened with Lady Georgina Fane, and the Duke of Wellington followed with Lady Brownlow. Yesterday half the people went to Belton; it was nearly impossible to get any talk with the Duke. He told me that the Russians were in no hurry to do any overt act in Turkey, and that their policy was as it had always been—to work very gradually. I asked him if he thought they really intended a permanent occupation of Turkey. He said certainly not; that they could not bear the expense of a war, which in that case would ensue; that the difference of the expense between their own and a foreign country was as between 10*d.* and 4*s.* a man.

To-day I have been all over this Castle; the arrangements are admirable, and the order and cleanliness of every part of the offices and the magnitude of the establishment are very remarkable, and such as I have never seen elsewhere. This afternoon Gosh [Mr. Arbuthnot] came and sat with me, and talked over all matters, which I have heard from him before, though he has forgotten it, which he well may, for his intellect, never very bright, seems to be almost entirely obscured. I daresay I have put down these things before, but as they are curious scraps of history they may as well go down again. It all relates to the break-up of Lord Grey's Government in '32, and the abortive attempts of the Duke to form an administration.

The King had given his word that he had never promised to make a single peer. Doubts arose whether he had not told a lie; they pressed him on this point (Wellington and Lyndhurst); he persisted in his denial, upon which they requested Taylor might be sent for, and all the correspondence produced, when they found he was pledged up to the throat, and without reserve. The King then attempted to get out of it by saying he had consented to call up the sons of

Scotch peers and give to Irish peers English peerages, which he did not consider a creation of peers!

When the Duke accepted the commission to form a Government, it was resolved to prorogue Parliament, and Lyndhurst was desired by the King to go to Lord Grey and tell him such was his pleasure. Lyndhurst forgot it! In after times, those who write the history of these days will probably discuss the conduct of the great actors, and it will not fail to be matter of surprise that such an obvious expedient was not resorted to, in order to suspend violent discussions. Among the various reasons that will be imagined and suggested, I doubt if it will occur to anybody that the real reason was that it was *forgotten*.

Arbuthnot says they know that Lyndhurst was intriguing with the Whigs when the Duke was turned out in '30, and that it had been settled that he was to remain their Chancellor; and so he would have been if Brougham would have consented to be Attorney-General, and had not run restive, and given clear indications of his resolution to destroy the Government if he was left out of it. He says that notwithstanding the duplicity of Peel's conduct in 1832, he and the Duke are always on good terms, and no great question is ever agitated without Peel's coming to the Duke and talking it over with him; that Peel is determined to have nothing to do with the Whigs, and told him (Arbuthnot) so very lately, but the High Tories are just as unmanageable as ever. Chandos came to the Duke the other day, and told him he thought they ought to get up petitions against the malt tax. The Duke said he would countenance no such thing; that he thought the revenue of the country should be supported; for if it failed, recourse must be had to a property tax, which would fall on the aristocracy; and so he persuaded him to let the malt tax alone.

January 26th.—I left Belvoir on Friday, the 10th, and went to Mrs. Arkwright's,[1] at Stoke, where I found nobody

[1] [Mrs. Arkwright was a Kemble by birth, and had much of the musical and dramatic genius of that gifted family. Her singing was most touching, and some of her musical compositions were full of originality and expression.]

but her own family. I was well enough amused for two days with her original conversation and her singing, and her cousin, Miss Twiss, who, with a face of uncommon plainness and the voice of a man, is sensible and well informed. Then they both liked to have me, and that is a great charm; a little agreeableness goes a great way in the Peak, and it is not difficult to procure a triumph to one's vanity from people who, with a good deal of power of appreciation, have very little opportunity for comparison, and are therefore easily satisfied. Arkwright told me that it was reported by those who were better informed than himself of his father's circumstances, that he is worth from seven to eight millions. His grandfather began life as a barber, invented some machinery, got a patent, and made a fortune. His son gave him offence by a marriage which he disapproved of, and he quarrelled with him, but gave him a mill. Arkwright, the son, saw nothing of his father for many years, but by industry and ability accumulated great wealth. When Sir Richard served as Sheriff, his son thought it right to go out with the other gentlemen of the county to meet him, and the old gentleman was struck with his handsome equipage, and asked to whom it belonged. Upon being informed, he sought a reconciliation with him, and was astonished to find that his son was as rich as himself. From that time they continued on good terms, and at his death he bequeathed him the bulk of his property.

Mrs. Arkwright told me the curious story of Sir Thomas Lawrence's engagements with her two cousins, the daughters of Mrs. Siddons. They were two sisters, one tall and very handsome, the other little, without remarkable beauty, but very clever and agreeable. He fell in love with the first, and they were engaged to be married. Of course under such circumstances he lived constantly and freely in the house, and after some time the superior intelligence of the clever sister changed the current of his passion, and she supplanted the handsome one in the affection of the artist. They concealed the double treachery, but one day a note which was intended for his new love fell into the hands of the old love,

who, never doubting it was for herself, opened it, and discovered the fatal truth. From that time she drooped, sickened, and shortly after died. On her deathbed she exacted a promise from her sister that she would never marry Lawrence, who firmly adhered to it. He continued his relations with her with more or less intimacy up to the period of her death, the date of which I do not recollect.

From Stoke I went on Monday, 13th, to Drakelow, which Sir Roger Gresley has lent to Craufurd, and stayed there two nights. It is a miserable place, with the Trent running under the windows, and Lord Anglesey's land close to the door. Thence on Wednesday to Runton Abbey—Lord Lichfield's—who has added to it a farm-house, and made a residence in the midst of his property, where he has the best shooting in England. He and I went out the day after I got there, and killed 41 pheasants, 74 hares, 24 rabbits, 8 woodcocks, and 8 partridges. He is a fine fellow, with an excellent disposition, liberal, hospitable, frank and gay, quick and intelligent, without cultivation, extravagant and imprudent, with considerable aptitude for business; between spending and speculating, buying property in one place, selling in another, and declining to sell in a third, he has half ruined a noble estate.

Just before I got there a murder had been committed close to his house under very curious circumstances, of which some notice appeared in the newspapers. A soldier in the Artillery got a legacy of 500*l.*, with which he bought his discharge, went down to the village near Runton, and took a very pretty girl of indifferent character to live with him. He gave her shawls and trinkets, and spent a good deal of money on her. Having addicted himself immoderately to drink, he soon spent all his money, and, to supply himself with the means of getting drunk, he began robbing his mistress of the articles he had given her. It happened that about this time somebody in the village who had been robbed consulted a cunning man of great repute in the neighbourhood, and so alarmed was the thief at the bare idea of what this oracle might utter, that the stolen property was secretly

restored. The girl upon hearing of this restitution resolved to have recourse to the cunning man, and invited her lover to escort her to his abode. After endeavouring in vain to dissuade her they set out together, but he was so overcome with terror as he went along that he stopped short in the road and refused to proceed. On this the girl said that it was easy to see who was the thief, and that the reason he would not face the conjuror was that he was conscious of his own guilt. Upon this they fell to high words, then to blows, and he finished by murdering her. He did not attempt to escape, but repaired to a public-house, where he was soon after taken into custody. He acknowledged the crime, and said he was weary of life, and deserved to be hanged. Here is an example of the miserable effects of good fortune upon a man who was unfit to use it, and of the strange superstition of the common people. The murderer will be tried at the next assizes.

I stayed at Runton till Sunday, 19th, when I came here,[1] where there was nobody but the family and Ralph Sneyd. The place is exceedingly beautiful, and arranged with excellent taste. It has been very agreeable. Lady Harrowby is superior to all the women I have ever known; 'her talk is so crisp,' as Luttrell once said of her. She has no imagination, no invention, no eloquence, no deep reading or retentive memory, but a noble, straightforward, independent character, a sound and vigorous understanding, penetration, judgment, taste. She is perfectly natural, open and sincere, loves conversation and social enjoyment; with her intimate friends there is an *abandon* and unreserved communion of thoughts, feelings, and opinions which renders her society delightful. Of all the women I ever saw she unites the most masculine mind with the most feminine heart. Lord Harrowby[2] has all the requisites of disagreeableness, a tart, short, provoking manner, with manners at once pert and

[1] [This must have been written at Sandon, Lord Harrowby's seat in Staffordshire, but the entry is not dated.]

[2] [Dudley Ryder, second Baron and first Earl of Harrowby, born in 1762, married in 1795 Susan, a daughter of the Marquis of Stafford.]

rigid; but he is full of information, and if made the best of may yield a good deal of desirable knowledge. Though not illiberal in politics, he has fallen into the high Tory despondency about the prospects of the country, and anticipates every evil that the most timid alarmist can suggest. Still, justice should be rendered to Lord Harrowby; a purer and more disinterested statesman never existed. He was always devoid of selfishness and ambition, honourable and conscientious to a degree which rendered him incapable of a sordid or oblique action. Always acute, but sometimes crotchety, he had the same fault in politics which was the reproach of Lord Eldon in law—indecision; and this in no small degree impaired both his efficacy and his authority. His great idol was Pitt, and, after him, he was the friend and admirer of Perceval. Bred in their school, and a Tory by taste, by habit, and in opinion, it is not a little to his honour that he was able to comprehend the mighty changes which time and circumstances had effected, and to perceive that an inflexible adherence to high Tory maxims was dangerous, because their practical operation was no longer possible; but justice must be rendered to him hereafter, for he will never obtain it in his own time. By endeavouring to steer between two great and exasperated factions he became thoroughly obnoxious to both. After having refused the post of Prime Minister, no one can doubt the sincerity of his desire to retire from public life, and in the consciousness of rectitude, the disgust of parties, and a calm and dignified philosophy, he finds ample consolation for all the obloquy with which he has been assailed.

Burghley, January 28th.—Came here yesterday, and found Lady Clinton, Lady Frederic Bentinck, Lyne Stephens and Irby, not amusing. Captain Spencer came to-day. I had lmost forgotten the house, which is surprisingly grand in ll respects, though the living rooms are not numerous or andsome enough. I just missed Peel, who went to Belvoir esterday. I heard wonderful things of railroads and steam hen I was in Staffordshire, yet by the time anybody reads at I now write (if anybody ever does), how they will

smile perhaps at what I gape and stare at, and call wonderful, with such accelerated velocity do we move on. Stephenson, the great engineer, told Lichfield that he had travelled on the Manchester and Liverpool railroad for many miles at the rate of a mile a minute, that his doubt was not how fast his engines could be made to go, but at what pace it would be proper to stop, that he could make them travel with greater speed than any bird can cleave the air, and that he had ascertained that 400 miles an hour was the extreme velocity which the human frame could endure, at which it could move and exist.

February 1st.—Lord Wharncliffe has been here and is gone. He, like Harrowby, is very dismal about the prospects of the country, and thinks we are gravitating towards a revolution. He says that the constituency of the great towns is composed of ultra-Radicals, and that no gentleman with really independent and conservative principles can sit for them, that the great majority of the manufacturers and of the respectable persons of the middle class are moderate, and hostile to subversion and violent measures, but that their influence is overwhelmed by the numerical strength of the low voters, who want to go all lengths. He says that he has received greater marks of deference and respect in his own county, and especially at Sheffield, where a short time ago he would have been in danger of being torn in pieces, than he ever experienced, but that he could no more bring a son in for Sheffield than he could fly in the air. Sir John Beckett is just gone to stand for Leeds, and certainly the catechism to which he was there forced to submit is very ominous. A seat in the House of Commons will cease to be an object of ambition to honourable and independent men, if it can only be obtained by cringing and servility to the rabble of great towns, and when it shall be established that the member is to be a slave, bound hand and foot by pledges, and responsible for every vote he gives to masters who are equally tyrannical and unreasonable. I know nothing more difficult than to form a satisfactory opinion upon the real state and prospects of the country amidst the conflicting

prejudices and impressions of individuals of different parties and persuasions, and there are so many circumstances that tell different ways, that at this moment my judgment is entirely suspended on the subject.

George Villiers gave a deplorable account of the state of Spain, but he (unlike the Duke of Wellington) thinks that the only chance of safety for the Queen is to make common cause with the Liberals. He has been greatly instrumental to Zea's removal, having conveyed to the Queen Regent that England by no means considered his continuance in the Ministry indispensable, and this intimation, together with the storm which assailed him from all parts, determined her to dismiss him. Palmerston has never written to George Villiers once since *October*. I heard the same thing of him in some other case, I forget which.

February 6th.—Returned to town yesterday from Newmarket, which I took in my way from Burghley. Parliament had opened the day before, with a long *nothingy* (a word I have coined) speech from the throne, in which the most remarkable points were a violent declaration against O'Connell, that is, against Irish agitation, and strong expressions of amity with France. It is comical to compare the language of the very silly old gentleman who wears the crown, in his convivial moments, and in the openness of his heart, with that which his Ministers cram into his mouth, each sentiment being uttered with equal energy and apparent sincerity. Lord Grey is said to have made a very good speech on the Address. The House of Commons has commenced with all the dulness imaginable, but it was enlivened last night by a squabble on the Hill and Sheil business[1]

[1] [Mr. Hill, a member of Parliament, had stated in a speech that some of the Irish members most vehemently opposed to the Coercion Bill in the House of Commons had nevertheless privately stated to members of the Government that they were glad the Act should be renewed. This charge was denied with great heat by the Irish members in the House when Parliament met. But upon Mr. Sheil's calling upon Lord Althorp to state whether he was one of the members alluded to, Lord Althorp replied that the honourable gentleman was one of them. Sheil immediately denied it in the most solemn and emphatic terms; and as it was feared that a hostile

(dragged on by O'Connell), and the ultimate arrest of Althorp and Sheil by the Serjeant-at-arms, a very foolish affair, which must end as it began, in much declaiming and swearing, and no positive conviction, though complete moral certitude. It afforded much amusement, as everything personal does. The present expectation is that the session will go off rather quietly.

February 13*th.*—It is observed by everybody that there never was a session of Parliament which opened with such an appearance of apathy as this. After the violent excitement which has almost incessantly prevailed for the last two years or more, men's minds seem exhausted, and though the undergrowl of political rancour is still heard, and a feeble cry of the Church is in danger, on the whole there is less bitterness and animosity, and a tolerably fair promise that things will go on in a smooth and even course. The storm that impended over Europe has blown off, and there seems to be no danger of any interruption of the peace. Esterhazy and Madame de Lieven both told me last night that they thought so now, and the former that he had told Palmerston that we might rely upon Austria's not being an indifferent spectator of the political conduct of Russia, and if we would place confidence in them, they would not only prevent any dangerous aggression on the part of Russia in Europe, but would take such measures as should contribute largely to the security of our Eastern dominions, though that was no object of immediate interest to them. Madame de Lieven told me that it was impossible to describe the contempt as well as dislike which the whole corps diplomatique had for Palmerston, and pointing to Talleyrand, who was sitting close by, 'surtout lui.' They have the meanest opinion of his capacity, and his manners are the reverse of conciliatory. She cannot imagine how his colleagues bear with him, and Lord Grey supports him vehemently. The only *friend* he has in the

meeting might ensue between him and Lord Althorp, they were both taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-arms. Further explanations ensued, and Lord Althorp subsequently withdrew the charge, stating that he believed Mr. Sheil's asseveration, and that he must himself have been misinformed.]

cabinet is Graham, who has no weight. His unpopularity in his own office is quite as great as it is among the foreign ministers, and he does nothing, so that they do not make up in respect for what they want in inclination. George Villiers complains that for above three months he has not received a single line from him, and he is a young minister, unpractised in the profession, to whom is committed the most delicate and difficult mission in Europe. He spends his time in making love to Mrs. P——, whom he takes to the House of Commons to hear speeches which he does not make, and where he exhibits his conquest, and certainly it is the best of his exploits, but what a successor of Canning, whom by the way he affects to imitate. What would be Canning's indignation if he could look from his grave and see these new Reformers, who ape him in his worst qualities, and who blunder and bluster in the seat which he once filled with such glory and success. It must be owned that we are in a curious condition, and if the character of the Government, moral and intellectual, be analysed, it will exhibit a very astonishing result: with a great deal of loose talent of one sort or another scattered about it, but mixed with so much alloy, that, compounded as it is, the metal seems very base. However, we are not likely to get anything better, and these people will very likely hammer on tolerably well.

Since Parliament met, the foolish business of Sheil and Hill has been the sole topic of discussion, to the unspeakable disgust of every sensible person in and out of the House. All feel the embarrassment, the ridicule, the disgrace of such an occupation, and the members of Parliament are provoked that the affair was not strangled at the outset. The Speaker is now generally blamed for not having prevented Althorp from answering O'Connell's question, which he ought to have done, at least ought to have warned the House of the consequences, when undoubtedly the matter would have been stifled. They say Althorp did what he had to do very well, like a gentleman and man of honour, and in excellent style and taste, though many think he need not have said so much. The committee began to sit yesterday; it was not a secret

committee, but they agreed to request members not to come in; however, the tail would go in, and they found it would be a difficult matter to exclude them, for which reason, and because Sheil had no friend on the committee, they unanimously agreed that the House should be invited to add O'Connell to it, and after some difficulty raised by John Russell, this was consented to.

February 14th.—Last night at Miss Berry's met Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician. I had been reading in the morning Sedgwick's sermon on education, in which he talks of Whewell, Airy, and Mrs. Somerville, mentioning her as one of the great luminaries of the present day. The subject of astronomy is so sublime that one shrinks into a sense of nothingness in contemplating it, and can't help regarding those who have mastered the mighty process and advanced the limits of the science as beings of another order. I could not then take my eyes off this woman, with a feeling of surprise and something like incredulity, all involuntary and very foolish; but to see a mincing, smirking person, fan in hand, gliding about the room, talking nothings and nonsense, and to know that La Place was her plaything and Newton her acquaintance, was too striking a contrast not to torment the brain. It was Newton's mantle trimmed and flounced by Maradan.

February 17th.—In the House of Commons the Sheil committee came to a sudden termination. It was a silly and discreditable business, and people were glad it ended. The course adopted was this: they took the 'Examiner' newspaper, containing the paragraph inculpatory of Sheil, and they called on Hill to prove his case. Hill called witnesses, one of whom, Macaulay, refused to speak. He said he would not repeat what had passed in private conversation. The committee approved, and Hill threw up his case, held out his hand 'with strong emotion' to Sheil, made ample apologies, and Sheil was acquitted. Then came the apologies in the House of Commons. Peel told me that he was convinced Sheil really had never said what was imputed to him; but that he said something tantamount, though very loosely,

is probable, and the people who had told Althorp would not come forward to bear him out, so that he was forced to apologise too, but he did it very reluctantly. The Irishmen, however, had not done, and O'Dwyer (formerly a reporter) attacked Pease, asked for explanations, his card and address. Pease, who is a Quaker, said 'he gave no explanations but on his legs in the House of Commons, had no card and no address.'

But there was a more serious matter than Sheil and Hill's trash—O'Connell's attack upon Baron Smith, the circumstances of which exemplify the way the House of Commons is managed under Althorp's auspices, and the general mode of proceeding of the Government there. O'Connell gave notice of a motion for an address to the Crown to remove the Baron. Government resolved to oppose it. Littleton authorised Shaw to write to him and say so, and that he would say nothing in the debate offensive to him, though he could not but disapprove of his charge. Nobody thought of any support the motion would receive beyond that of the tail. The Ministers came down to the House in this mind. Stanley and Graham went away for some purpose or other, and when they came back they found that O'Connell had altered the terms of his motion, and that Althorp, Littleton, and the Solicitor-General had agreed to support it; in short, that O'Connell had laid a trap for them, and they had gone ding-dong into it. Stanley was very angry and much annoyed, but the thing being done he knocked under, and tried to bolster up the business. Graham would not, and in a maudlin, stupid sort of speech declared his opposition, which was honest enough. All this annoyed the Government very much, and now O'Connell is said to be quite satisfied with vhat he has done, and does not want to have a committee, ut (having thrown a slur on the Judge by the vote of arliament) to let the matter drop. Spring Rice also voted ainst the Government, and said that he had never known a rse case since he sat in Parliament, and that nothing ld be more mischievous than the effect such a vote ld produce in Ireland. Scarlett, Peel, and Spankie made

very good speeches; Stanley, John Russell, and Campbell as bad.

The same night Althorp made his financial statement, exhibiting a surplus revenue and reduction of taxation, all very flourishing and promising; but in announcing his intended reduction of the House Tax, he said without any disguise that he did not think it an objectionable tax, but that he took it off on account of the clamour against it. Here are three exhibitions in one week, and this is the Minister of our finances and organ of Government in the House of Commons. No matter how he blunders in word or deed, he smiles in dogged good-humour at ridicule or abuse; his intentions are good, his mind is straightforward, and his conscious rectitude, his personal popularity, enable him to commit his blunders with impunity; but the authority of Government suffers in his hands; maxims get into vogue which are incompatible with good and strong government, and the effects of his weakness and facility may be felt long after the cessation of their immediate operation.

February 19th.—Last night Whittle Harvey's motion on the Pension List. He made admirable speeches; but had a majority of nine against him. This division is not a bad exemplification of the state of parties and of the House of Commons. Some of the Tories voted (in the majority of course), many others would not. I asked one of them (Henry Hope, a man of no consequence, certainly) if he was not going to vote. 'No,' he said, 'I shall not vote, the Government must manage their own business as they can.' He would not vote against a proposition he must regard with the greatest aversion, because he would thereby be supporting the Government and prefers the chance of giving a victory to the Radicals, establishing a dangerous principle, and doing a great injury to a host of individuals, the greater part of whom are of his own party or among his own friends, because he thinks that the result may be productive of some embarrassment to Ministers. This is one of the cases in which the conduct of Government has been such as their bitterest enemies must applaud, when they risk their popularity to support a very

unsightly list of pensions, not granted by themselves, or to their friends, from a sense of justice; and yet these high Tories will not support them even in fighting such a battle as this. On the other hand, the Government reject their support when they might avail themselves of it against the Radicals and ultra-Whigs, in such a case as that of Baron Smith the other night; and so ill blood is constantly increasing between them, while O'Connell and his tail and the Radical blackguards sit by and chuckle at the evils these mutual jealousies and antipathies produce. Richmond told me yesterday that Stanley was greatly annoyed at Baron Smith's affair; but finding the mischief done, and feeling the embarrassment that would arise from his opposing Althorp, he threw himself into the breach; said he had advised him never to do so again. The conduct of Althorp, Littleton, and Campbell is inconceivable, unless it were to give a fresh triumph to O'Connell (he has just carried Dungarvan, Jacob *v.* Barron; 'it is the voice of *Jacob* but the hand of *Esau*'), who has had his own way hitherto in this Parliament. In this business and in Sheil's he has done just what he pleased, and made the Government appear in as pitiful a light as he could possibly desire. O'Dwyer told the Speaker that O'Connell had never expected *or even wished* that Ministers should give way to him to the extent they did.

Knatchbull has given notice of a motion to reverse the decision for a committee on the case of Baron Smith, and in conjunction with Peel. It must embarrass the Government, but it is not, I think, judicious, because it is not the same question, and affords them the opportunity of treating it on different grounds. In the division last night the three Lennox's all voted with the minority, brothers of a Cabinet Minister, and all their sisters eing on the Pension List. Molyneux was going out, and as forcibly retained by Stanley. It looks as if the whipg in was very unskilfully managed. Notwithstanding e present prosperity and tranquillity, it is impossible not be disturbed at the mode in which business is conducted the House of Commons, and at the state and animus of

parties, and above all at Althorp being the leader there. His character is peculiarly fitted to do mischief in these times, and his virtues are unfortunate, for they serve to bolster him up, and to keep him where he is in spite of his blunders. His temper is so admirable, his personal popularity so great, that there is an impression that the House will be led by him more easily than by Stanley, who alone, of the present Government, could aspire to that post. Nobody imputes to Althorp a spark of ambition, and ample credit is given him for the most disinterested motives, and for making a great personal sacrifice in retaining his present situation. The consciousness of this makes him comparatively indifferent to victory or defeat, and careless of that nice management which formerly was indispensable in a leader. He seems totally blind to the consequences of his errors, and the advantage that is taken of them by those who not only meditate mischief to the Administration, but to the great interests they are bound to protect. Occurrences and circumstances that would have filled former leaders with vexation, and their followers with dismay, seem to pass over him without ruffling his serenity or alarming his mind. He acts as if in utter unconsciousness of a restless spirit of popular aggrandisement, as if the House of Commons was an innoxious and manageable machine, as if it was sufficient to mean well, and he lets matters take their chance, without any of that vigilant and systematic direction which, if guided by a nice discrimination, might regulate the movements and check the eccentricities of this vast and unruly body. Since the opening of this session, all that he has said and done has proved his utter unfitness for the place he occupies. First, his imprudent answers to O'Connell, and the turn he gave to that affair. Then, in bringing forward his financial statement, the naïveté with which he admitted that he had submitted to the clamour against the House Tax, and withdrawn it contrary to his own judgment; then the facility with which he gave in to O'Connell's motion about the Irish Judge, and threw over his colleagues and his party without an apparent reason or motive. It produces a

feeling allied to despair, all security is at an end, for that which would be produced by his good intentions is destroyed by reflecting on his miserable judgment; half republican in his principles, and incredulous of any danger to be apprehended from the continual increase of popular influences in the House of Commons, he does not perceive how much the authority of a leader is diminished in his hands, and how difficult it will be for any successor of his to gain that sort of ascendency which is indispensable for the effective conduct of public business, and the moral character of the Government. To effect this, besides great talents, great tact, discretion, sagacity, and temper will be required; more, I fear, than fall to the share of Stanley, who is better qualified to be a debater than a leader. Moderate men, who do not approve of this Government, but who do not desire to turn them out, if they would only act upon tolerably conservative principles, are thrown into despair by the behaviour of Althorp, and regard with consternation the inevitable increase of anarchy in the House of Commons, and consequent prevalence of Radical principles, from the sluggish, inert, vacillating, unforeseeing character he displays.[1]

February 22nd.—Went to the House of Commons last night, where I have not been for many years. A great change, and hardly a human being whose face I knew. I heard the end of the debate on Chandos' motion, when Peel gave O'Connell a severe dressing, and I heard the debate on rescinding the order for a committee on Baron Smith. Shaw, who held the Baron's brief, made a very fine speech, but afforded a memorable example of the danger of saying too much, and of the importance of knowing when to stop. Not contented with a very powerful and eloquent appeal, which he wound up with an energetic peroration, he suffered him-

[1] [These remarks made at the time are not altogether just to Lord lthorp, and it is now well known from other sources, equally authentic, at he was more conscious than anyone else was of his own shortcomings, d passionately desirous to be released from office. But it was notorious t the retirement of Lord Althorp from the leadership of the House of mmons would be the signal for the dissolution of Earl Grey's Governt, and so within a few months the result proved.]

self to be led away into a tirade about O'Connell's enmity to religion, and instead of ending as he might have done with shouts of applause, was coughed and 'questioned' to the close. Stanley made a wretched speech; O'Connell very bad, affecting to be moderate, he was only dull. Peel spoke very shortly, but very well indeed. Peel's is an enviable position; in the prime of life, with an immense fortune, *facile princeps* in the House of Commons, unshackled by party connections and prejudices, universally regarded as the ablest man, and with (on the whole) a very high character, free from the cares of office, able to devote himself to literature, to politics, or idleness, as the fancy takes him. No matter how unruly the House, how impatient or fatigued, the moment he rises all is silence, and he is sure of being heard with profound attention and respect. This is the enjoyable period of his life, and he must make the most of it, for when time and the hour shall bring about his return to power, his cares and anxieties will begin, and with whatever success his ambition may hereafter be crowned, he will hardly fail to look back with regret to this holiday time of his political career. How free and light he must feel at being liberated from the shackles of his old connections, and at being able to take any part that his sense of his own interests or of the public exigencies may point out! And then the satisfactory consciousness of being by far the most eminent man in the House of Commons, to see and feel the respect he inspires and the consideration he enjoys. It is a melancholy proof of the decadence of ability and eloquence in that House, when Peel is the first, and, except Stanley, almost the only real orator in it. He speaks with great energy, great dexterity—his language is powerful and easy; he reasons well, hits hard, and replies with remarkable promptitude and effect; but he is at an immense distance below the great models of eloquence, Pitt, Fox, and Canning; his voice is not melodious, and it is a little monotonous; his action is very ungraceful, his person and manner are vulgar, and he has certain tricks in his motions which exhibit that vulgarity in a manner almost offensive, and which is only redeemed

by the real power of his speeches. His great merit consists in his judgment, tact and discretion, his facility, promptitude, thorough knowledge of the assembly he addresses, familiarity with the details of every sort of Parliamentary business, and the great command he has over himself. He never was a great favourite of mine, but I am satisfied that he is the fittest man to be Minister, and I therefore wish to see him return to power. Stanley told me yesterday how very glad they were at having been defeated on Baron Smith's case, and that they were thereby relieved from a great embarrassment. Times are mightily altered, when such defeats and such scrapes produce no effect upon Government, and when they can go on upon two majorities of 4 and 8 and one defeat.

February 25th.—There has been a meeting at Althorp's to-day, numerously attended, in which he talked with some effect as it is said, the audience having gone away in a humour to support Government. He took occasion, on somebody hinting at the disunion among themselves, to say that though there might exist differences of opinion on some minor points, he believed there never had existed a Cabinet of which the members were more firmly knit together by private friendship and political concurrence.

It was Methuen who harangued, and who said that the meeting was very unsatisfactory. Althorp began by saying that unless gentlemen would more regularly and consistently support the Government it could not be carried on, when Paul[1] rejoined that the Government did not support itself, and that they seemed divided. Moreover, that when the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself talked with so much doubt and uncertainty about reducing particular taxes, he must not be surprised if everybody tried to get what they could for themselves in the general scramble.

There are letters from George Villiers to-day (not to me,

[1] [Paul Methuen, Esq., M.P. for Wiltshire. It was to him that the memorable but somewhat profane retort, 'Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me?' was addressed by Mr. John Hodson Kearsley, M.P. for Wigan. The retort was erroneously attributed in a former edition to Mr. O'Connell.]

self to be led away into a tirade about O'Connell's enmity to religion, and instead of ending as he might have done with shouts of applause, was coughed and 'questioned' to the close. Stanley made a wretched speech; O'Connell very bad, affecting to be moderate, he was only dull. Peel spoke very shortly, but very well indeed. Peel's is an enviable position; in the prime of life, with an immense fortune, *facile princeps* in the House of Commons, unshackled by party connections and prejudices, universally regarded as the ablest man, and with (on the whole) a very high character, free from the cares of office, able to devote himself to literature, to politics, or idleness, as the fancy takes him. No matter how unruly the House, how impatient or fatigued, the moment he rises all is silence, and he is sure of being heard with profound attention and respect. This is the enjoyable period of his life, and he must make the most of it, for when time and the hour shall bring about his return to power, his cares and anxieties will begin, and with whatever success his ambition may hereafter be crowned, he will hardly fail to look back with regret to this holiday time of his political career. How free and light he must feel at being liberated from the shackles of his old connections, and at being able to take any part that his sense of his own interests or of the public exigencies may point out! And then the satisfactory consciousness of being by far the most eminent man in the House of Commons, to see and feel the respect he inspires and the consideration he enjoys. It is a melancholy proof of the decadence of ability and eloquence in that House, when Peel is the first, and, except Stanley, almost the only real orator in it. He speaks with great energy, great dexterity—his language is powerful and easy; he reasons well, hits hard, and replies with remarkable promptitude and effect; but he is at an immense distance below the great models of eloquence, Pitt, Fox, and Canning; his voice is not melodious, and it is a little monotonous; his action is very ungraceful, his person and manner are vulgar, and he has certain tricks in his motions which exhibit that vulgarity in a manner almost offensive, and which is only redeemed

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effect as it is said [illegible]
humour to support Government [illegible]
somebody [illegible]
that though there might [illegible]
minor points, he believed [illegible]
of which the members [illegible]
private friendship and [illegible]

It was Mr. [illegible]
meeting was very [illegible]
that unless gentlemen would [illegible]
support the Government [illegible]
Paul[1] rejoined that the Government [illegible]
and that they seemed [illegible]
Chancellor of the Exchequer [illegible]
[illegible]oubt and [illegible]
[illegible]ust not be surprised if [illegible]
[illegible]uld for themselves in the [illegible]

There are letters from [illegible]

[1] [Paul Methuen, Esq., M.P. [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

but to his mother), in which he gives a deplorable account of Spain, that Carlos has a large party in the north, where the Queen's person is odious, the monks have persuaded the people that she is atheistical and republican, that she has not force enough to crush the rebellion, and what she has is scattered on different points, without being able to make any combined or vigorous efforts, that she has no money. The Cortes is to be assembled, but they (I suppose the Ministers) have rejected all good advice on this subject, and nobody can anticipate the effect that will be produced by 300 or 400 individuals meeting in a legislative capacity. If Miguel had resolved to give effectual aid to Carlos, and dashed into Spain, he might certainly have placed him on the throne, and then secured him as a powerful ally to himself in his own contest. Miguel's own case he (George Villiers) by no means considers hopeless, thinks him much better off than Pedro was when at Oporto. The stories of the Queen's[1] gallantries are true. He does not say so *totidem verbis*, because he does not dare, but he manages to convey as much in answer to a question his mother asked him. He thinks that the great probability is that universal anarchy will convulse that country with civil war of the most destructive character, and that the provinces, kingdoms, and districts will be arrayed against each other. The Carlists of Spain being in the north, and those of France in the south, it is very likely they will endeavour to make common cause, in which case it will be difficult for France not to interfere, so he thinks; so do not I, and am more disposed to believe that Louis Philippe is too prudent to run his head into such a hornet's nest, and that he will content himself with keeping matters quiet in France, without meddling with the Spanish disputes. He had not yet received any letters from Palmerston.

February 26th.—Horne, the late Attorney-General, seems likely to fall between the stools. When Brougham proposed

[1] [Queen Christina the Regent is here meant. Queen Isabella II. was a young child.]

to him to take a puisne judgeship, he said he had been an equity lawyer all his life, and had no mind to enter on a course of common law, for which he was not qualified, and proposed that he should not go the circuits, and be Deputy-Speaker of the House of Lords. Brougham told him there would be no difficulty, and then told Lord Grey he had settled it with Horne, but did not tell him what Horne required. The general movement was made, and when Horne desired to see Lord Grey he told him that his terms could not be complied with, so he became a victim to the trickery and shuffling of the Chancellor, who wanted to get him out, and did not care how. I hear that his colleagues are quite aware of all his tricks and his intrigues, and have not the slightest confidence in him. He thinks of nothing but the establishment of political power on the basis of patronage, and accordingly he grasps at all he can. All the commissions of enquiry which are set on foot afford him the means of patronage, but I doubt all will not do. He is emasculated by being in the House of Lords, and he will hardly get anybody to do his business for him in the House of Commons.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Spain—Russia and Turkey—Sir R. Peel's Pictures—Peel and Stanley—Lord Brougham's Judicial Changes—Lord Brougham's Defence—Admission of Dissenters to the Universities—Lord Denman's Peerage—Growing Ascendency of Peel—An Apology for Lord Brougham—Personal Reflections—Crime in Dorsetshire—Spain and Portugal—Procession of the Trades' Unions—Lady Hertford's Funeral—Petition of the London University for a Charter—Repeal of the Union—Excitement of the King—Brougham and Eldon at the Privy Council—Duke of Wellington's Aversion to the Whigs—Lord Brougham and Lord Wynford—Fête at Petworth—Lord Brougham's Conduct on the Pluralities Bill—Crisis in the Cabinet—Prince Lieven recalled—Stanley, Graham, and the Duke of Richmond resign on the Irish Church Bill—History of the Crisis—Ward's Motion defeated by moving the previous question—Affairs of Portugal—Effects of the late Change—Oxford Commemoration—Peel's Declaration—Festival in Westminster Abbey—Don Carlos on his way to Spain—Stanley's 'Thimble-rig' Speech—Resignation of Lord Grey—Mr. Greville's account of the Causes of his Retirement—The Government reconstituted by Lord Melbourne—Lord Duncannon Secretary of State.

March 12th.—I have been laid up with the gout for the greater part of a fortnight, but went to Newmarket for two days to get well, and succeeded. Weather like summer, nothing particularly new, a long debate on the Corn Laws, which being called an open question, the Ministers voted different ways—that is, all the Cabinet voted one way, but the underlings took their own course. Half the Ruralists are furious with Government for their indecision and way of acting on this question, but I am so totally ignorant upon it that I cannot enter into their indignation, or exactly understand from what it proceeds. It was pretty to see Graham and Poulett Thomson, like two game-cocks got loose from one pen, pecking at and spurring one another.

Everybody agrees that the debate was very dull, and that is all they do agree upon.

George Villiers writes to his family from Spain, that nothing can be worse and more unpromising than the state of that country. Notwithstanding his Liberal opinions and desire to see a system of constitutional freedom established in the Peninsula, he is obliged to confess that Spain is not fit for such a boon, and that the materials do not exist out of which such a social edifice can be constructed. He regards with dismay and sorrow the tendency towards irremediable confusion and political convulsions, and sees no daylight through the dark prospect. He appears to regret Zea, to whose removal he contributed, and finds more difficulties in dealing with the present Ministers than he had with him.

March 14th.—There is a fresh *démêlé* with Russia on account of a new treaty concluded by Achmet Pacha at St. Petersburg. By this Russia agrees to remit six millions of the ten which Turkey owes her, and to give up the Principalities, but she keeps the fortress of Silistria and the military road, which gives her complete command over them. The Sultan, 'not to be outdone in generosity,' in return for so much, kindly cedes to Russia a slip of sea-coast on the Black Sea, adjoining another portion already ceded by the Treaty of Adrianople as far south as Poti. This territorial acquisition is not considerable in itself, but it embraces the line of communication with Persia, by which we have a vast traffic, and which Russia will be able at any time to interrupt. This new transaction, so quietly and plausibly effected, has thrown our Government into a great rage, and especially his Majesty King William, who insisted upon a dozen ships being sent off forthwith to the Mediterranean. Nothing vigorous, however, has been done, and Palmerston has contented himself with writing to Lord Ponsonby, desiring him to exhort the Sultan not to ratify this treaty, and rather to pay (or more properly, continue to owe) the whole ten millions than accede to the wily proposal. This advice will probably seem more friendly than disinterested, and I have not the slightest idea of the Sultan's listening to it. He has,

in fact, become the vassal of Russia, and his lot is settled in this respect, for from Russia he has most to fear and most to hope. The conduct of our Government in this question has been marked by nothing but negligence and indecision, vainly blustering and threatening at one moment and tamely submitting and acquiescing at another, 'willing to wound and yet afraid to strike,' treating Russia as if she was the formidable foe of Turkey, and allowing her so to act as to make Turkey think her an ally and protectress, and finally to throw herself into Russia's arms.

I went yesterday morning to Peel's house, to see his pictures; since we met at Buckenham we have got rather intimate. The fact is that, though I have never been a great admirer of his character, and probably he is not improved in high-mindedness, I am so sensible of his capacity, and of the need in which we stand of him, that I wish to see him again in power, and he is a very agreeable man into the bargain. His collection is excellent, and does honour to his taste. We talked of various matters, but the thing that struck me most was what he said had passed between him and Stanley the night before indicative of such good feeling between them. It was about the job of Lord Plunket's with regard to the Deanery of Down (concerning which they say there is a very good case; not that it will do, be it ever so good, for Plunket has a bad name, and public opinion will not pause or retract in any concern of his). He and Stanley met at Madame de Lieven's ball, and Peel said to him, 'Why did you let that appointment take place?' Stanley replied, 'The fact is, I could not give the true and only excuse for Plunket, viz., that he had signed the report, but had never read it.' Peel said, 'You had better give him some other deanery and cancel this appointment.' They talked for a long time, but this tone and this advice exhibit a state of sentiment by no means incompatible with a future union, when matters are ripe for it. I found Peel full of curiosity to know for what purpose Brougham and Denman had been hunting each other about the County of Beds. The Chief Justice was on the circuit at Bedford, and the Chancellor

sent to him by special messenger to appoint a meeting. The Chancellor went to Ampthill, and then to Bedford. The Chief Justice had left Bedford in the morning, and went towards London. Brougham had left his carriage at Ampthill and hired a job one, that he might enter Bedford incognito. Somewhere between Barnet and St. Albans they met, and returned to town together in the Chancellor's job coach. They went to Lord Grey's, and the next day Denman returned to the circuit, which he had left without notice to his brother judge or to anybody—a mystery.

March 16th.—Heard last night the explanation of the above. Brougham found that Williams would not do in the Exchequer, so he shuffled up the judges and redealt them. Williams was shoved up to the Common Pleas, Bosanquet sent to the King's Bench, and James Parke put into the Exchequer. I thought this was odd, because the Exchequer is an inferior court; but I was told that Parke likes to be with Lord Lyndhurst, who has now made the Court of Exchequer of primary importance. 48,000 writs were issued from the Exchequer last year, and only 39,000 from the King's Bench. I forget what the proportions used to be, but enormously the other way. It is quite ludicrous to talk to any lawyer about the Chancellor; the ridicule and aversion he has excited are universal. They think he has degraded the profession, and his tricks are so palpable, numerous, and mean, that political partiality can neither screen nor defend them. As to the separation of the judicial from the ministerial duties of his office, it is in great measure accomplished without any legislative act, for nobody ever *thinks of bringing an original cause into his Court. He has* nothing to hear but appeals, which *must* come before him, and lunacy and other matters, over which he has sole jurisdiction.

March 19th.—The night before last Sheil brought on a debate on the Turkish question, when Palmerston made a wretched speech, and Peel attacked him very smartly, as it is his delight to do, for he dislikes Palmerston. Talleyrand said to me last night, 'Palmerston a très-bien parlé.' I

told him everybody thought it pitiable. He certainly took care to flatter France and not to offend Russia. In the Lords Brougham took occasion, in replying to some question of Ellenborough's, to defend himself from the charges which have been brought against him of negligence and incapacity in his judicial office, and he made out a good case for himself as far as industry and despatch are concerned. Nobody ever denied him the merit of the former quality. The virulent attacks of the Tory press (that is, of the 'Morning Post,' by Praed, for the 'Standard' rather defends him) have overshot their mark, and, though the general opinion of the Bar seems to condemn him as a bad Chancellor, he is probably not near so bad as they endeavour to make him out. A mind so vigorous as his will master difficulties in a short time at which an inferior capacity would in vain hammer away for years; but his life, habits, and turn of mind seem all incompatible with profound law-learning. He said to Sefton, after he had spoken, 'They had better leave me alone. I was afraid that when Londonderry was gone nobody would attack me, and I did not think Ellenborough would have been damned fool enough.' They certainly can't get the best of him at the *gab*.

George Villiers continues to give a deplorable account of Spanish affairs—of the imbecility of the Government, and of the conduct of the Queen, about whom the stories of gallantry are quite true, and he says it has done irreparable injury to her cause. An embassy had arrived from Pedro, with a proposition that they should concert a combined operation for crushing the Miguelites and the Carlists both, beginning with the former. George Villiers seems to think it feasible, but doubts if the Spanish Government has sufficient energy and courage to undertake such an operation.

March 25th.—Dined with Peel on Saturday; a great dinner with the Duke of Gloucester and the Ambassadors. The day before, in the House of Lords, Lord Grey presented a petition from certain members of the University of Cambridge, praying for the admission of Dissenters to take degrees, which he introduced with a very good speech. The

Duke of Gloucester, who, as Chancellor of the University, ought properly to have said whatever there was to say, was not there (in which Silly Billy did a wise thing), so the Duke of Wellington rose to speak in his stead. It may have been that considering himself to stand in the Duke of Gloucester's shoes, he could not make too foolish a speech, and accordingly he delivered one of those harangues which make men shrug their shoulders with pity or astonishment. It is always a matter of great regret to me when he exposes himself in this manner. After dinner at Peel's I talked to Lyndhurst about it, who said, 'Unlucky thing that Chancellorship of Oxford; it will make him commit himself in a very inconvenient manner. The Duke is so very obstinate; if he thought that it was possible to act any longer upon those High Church principles it would be all very well, but you have transferred power to a class of a lower description, and particularly to the great body of Dissenters, and it is obvious that those principles are now out of date; the question is, under the circumstances, What is best to be done?' Lord Ellenborough entirely threw the Duke over, and made a very good speech, agreeing to the prayer of the petitioners, with the reservation only of certain securities which Lord Grey himself approves of. I dined with him the day following, and he said so, adding at the same time, 'though I dare say they will consider them as an insult, and make great complaints at their imposition. However, I don't care for that, and if they don't choose to accept what is offered them on such conditions, they may go without it.' There are two things which strike one (at least strike me) in the discussion—that of the two principal actors the Duke of Wellington is incomparably a man of a more vigorous understanding, and of greater firmness, energy, and decision than Lord Grey, but that Lord Grey appears like an accomplished orator, and prudent, sagacious, liberal statesman, while the other exhibits bigoted, narrow-minded views, ignorance almost discreditable, and nothing but a blind zeal in deference to the obstinate prejudices of the academical body with which he has connected himself. Who would imagine (who heard

day with Poulett Thomson, who told me that Peel had been very courteous to him, and that they had some important points of coincidence of opinion; that Peel did not like Graham, Palmerston, or Grant, but to the rest of the Government he was remarkably civil. I think he reckons without his host if he calculates upon Peel's politeness extending to the offer of a place to our Vice-President in the event of his coming in.

March 29th.—At the beginning of the week there was a discussion in the House of Commons which lasted for three mornings on the Cambridge petition. Spring Rice, O'Connell, Stanley, and Palmerston spoke for it; Goulburn, Inglis, and Peel against it. Old Cobbett made as mischievous a speech as he could to blow the coals between the parties. Peel spoke last, and as usual very well; but several people expected he would have supported it, and have abstained (from prudential motives) from saying anything likely to offend the Dissenters. I expected no such thing; he was not violent, and addressed his argument to the weak parts of his adversaries' speeches rather than against the general principles of toleration; and I still think that when the great question of concessions to the Dissenters comes to be argued he will not be found in the ranks of their virulent and uncompromising opponents. It would have been an extraordinary thing indeed if he had all of a sudden stood forth in the character of an anti-Churchman, for such he especially would have been considered if he had united himself with the petitioners, and he would have disgusted and alienated all the High Churchmen and High Tories to a degree which must have made a fresh and irreconcilable breach between them. This would not have been judicious in his position, and I am satisfied that he took the most prudent course. I am the more satisfied of it from the circumstance that his speech by no means gave unalloyed pleasure to the 'Standard,' which is the organ of the High Church party. I feel it a strange thing to find myself the advocate and admirer of Peel; but there is such a dearth of talent, his superiority is so obvious, and it is so very desirable that

something like strength should be infused into the Government, that I am compelled to overlook his faults without being the least blind to them. I ascribe to him no more elevation of character than I did before; but we must take what we can get and make use of the existing materials, and for this reason I watch with anxiety his conduct, because I am persuaded that he is under present circumstances our best and only refuge.

The Vice-Chancellor[1] called on me the other day, and talking over the business that had been done by Brougham, and the recent discussion about it, he said that he had taken the trouble to examine the returns of hearings, decrees, and orders, and he found that there was scarcely a shade of difference between what had been done severally by Eldon, Lyndhurst, and Brougham in equal spaces of time. (Eldon and Lyndhurst had the Bankruptcy business besides.) This is a clear case for the Chancellor, and it is only fair that it should be known. His friends think him much altered in spirits and appearance; he has never shaken off his unhappiness at his brother's death, to whom he seems to have been tenderly attached. It is only justice to acknowledge his virtues in private life, which are unquestionably conspicuous. I am conscious of having often spoken of him with asperity, and it is some satisfaction to my conscience to do him this justice. When the greatest (I will not say the best) men are often influenced by pique or passion, by a hundred petty feelings which their philosophy cannot silence or their temperament obeys, it is no wonder that we poor wretches who are cast in less perfect moulds should be still more liable to these pernicious influences; and it is only by keeping an habitual watch over our own minds and thoughts, and steadily resolving never to be turned from considerations of justice and truth, that we can hope to walk through life with integrity and impartiality. I believe what I have said of Brougham to be correct in the main—that he is false, tricking, ambitious, and unprincipled, and as such I will show him up when

[1] [Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Vice-Chancellor of England.]

I can—but though I do not like him and he has offended me—that is, has wounded my vanity (the greatest of all offences)—I only feel it the more necessary on that account to be on my guard against my own impressions and prejudices, and to take every opportunity of exhibiting the favourable side of the picture, and render justice to the talents and virtues which cannot be denied him.

April 3rd.—Yesterday I was forty years old, an anniversary much too melancholy to think off; and when I reflect how intolerably these forty years have been wasted, how unprofitably spent, how little store laid up for the future, how few the pleasurable recollections of the past, a feeling of pain and humiliation comes across me that makes my cheeks tingle and burn as I write. It is very seldom that I indulge in moralising in this Journal of mine; if anybody ever reads it, what will they care for my feelings and regrets? It is no reason, they will think, that because I have wasted my time they should waste theirs in reading the record of follies which are nothing more than the great mass of the world are every day committing; idleness, vanity, and selfishness are our besetting sins, and we are perpetually whirled about by one or other of them. It is certainly more amusing, both to other people and to myself (when I look back at what I have written), to read the anecdotes and events of the day than all this moral stuff (by which I mean stuff as applied to me, not as being despicable in itself), but every now and then the fancy takes me, and I think I find relief by giving vent on paper to that which I cannot say to anybody. 'Cela fait partie de cette doctrine intérieure qu'il ne faut jamais communiquer' (Stendhal). *Jam satis est*, and I will go to other things—the foreign or domestic scraps I have picked up.

Parliament being *en relâche*, there are few people in town. William Ponsonby, whom I met the other evening, told me he had just returned from the assizes at Dorchester, where some men had been convicted of illegal association. On the event of this trial, he said, the lower and labouring classes had their eyes fixed, and the conviction was therefore of great

consequence; any relaxation of the sentence would have been impossible under the circumstances, and though a great disposition was evinced, partly by the press, by petitions, and by some speeches in Parliament, to get them let off more easily, Melbourne very wisely did not wait for more manifestations, but packed them off, and they are gone. William Ponsonby told me that the demoralisation in that part of the country is very great—the distress not severe, no political disaffection, but a recklessness, a moral obtuseness, exceedingly disgusting. There was a certain trial, or rather case (for the grand jury could not find a bill), in which a woman had murdered a child, got by her son out of a girl who lodged in her cottage. The only evidence by which she could have been convicted would have been that of the son himself, and he refused to speak. The crime went unpunished; but I mention this to introduce what grew out of it. One of the lawyers said that in the course of the investigations which this case had occasioned it had been discovered (though not in a way which admitted of any proofs being adduced and any measures adopted upon it) that there was a woman whose trade was to get rid of bastard children, either by procuring abortions or destroying them when born, and that she had a regular price for either operation.[1] I don't suppose that the average state of morals is much worse in one county than in another; but it is very remarkable that while education has been more widely diffused than heretofore, and there is a strong Puritanical spirit at work and vast talk about religious observances, there should be such a brutish manifestation of the moral condition of the lower classes, and that they should be apparently so little humanised and reclaimed by either education or religion. In this country all is contrast—contrast between wealth the most enormous and poverty the most wretched, between an excess of sanctity and an atrocity of crime.

[1] [The same thing was proved more than thirty years later, on the trial of Charlotte Winsor, who eventually escaped the fate she deserved on the ground of some legal technicality which was taken up to the House of Lords, and though it was decided against the prisoner, the Government refused, after a considerable lapse of time, to have her executed.]

George Villiers and Howard write equally bad accounts from their respective Courts, neither seeing any hope of the termination of the Peninsular contests, and each of them alike disgusted with the men they have to deal with. Howard says that we could put an end to the Portuguese affair whenever we chose, and that they would submit to British power without thinking it a degradation; that Miguel is not popular in Portugal, but that the priests have made a crusade against Pedro and Liberal principles, and that they drive the peasantry into the Miguelite ranks by the terrors of excommunication; that the only reason why Pedro's military operations are successful is that he has got an English corps, against which the Portuguese will not fight.

April 21st.—At Buckenham and Newmarket for the last fortnight, and all things forgotten but racing. Seymour Bathurst's sudden death called me up to town on Tuesday night, to go to Court on Wednesday. Then I saw the Duke of Wellington march up at the head of the Doctors to present the Oxford petition, attired in his academical robes; and as I looked at him thus bedight, and then turned my eyes to his portraits in the pictures of his battles which adorn the walls, I thought how many and various were the parts he had played. He made a great boggling of reading his petition, for it was on a long and broad parchment, and he required both hands to hold it and one to hold his glasses. This is the day for the procession of the Trade Unions, and all London is alive with troops, artillery and police. I don't suppose anything will happen, and so much has the general alarm of these Unions subsided that there is very little apprehension, though some curiosity to see how it goes off.

April 23rd.—Nothing could go off more quietly than the procession on Monday. There were about 25,000 men, stly well dressed, no noise or tumult, a vast crowd. It a failure altogether; Melbourne's answer was good. say 250,000 men are enrolled in the Unions, and the name for those who won't belong to them is 'dungs;' timidation used is great. There was quite as great wd assembled yesterday to see old Lady Hertford's

funeral go by. The King sent all the royal carriages, and every other carriage in London was there, I believe—a pompous piece of folly, and the King's compliment rather a queer one, as the only ground on which she could claim such an honour was that of having been George IV.'s mistress. Brougham made one of his exhibitions in the House of Lords the other night about the Cambridge petition, quizzing the Duke of Gloucester with mock gravity. It was very droll and very witty, I fancy, but very unbecoming his station. Last night O'Connell spoke for five hours on the repeal of the Union.

April 25th.—Yesterday the Privy Council met to hear the London University petition, praying for a charter, and the counter-petitions of Oxford and Cambridge and the medical bodies. The assemblage was rather curious, considering the relative political position of some of the parties. All the Cabinet Ministers were summoned; Lords Grey and Holland were there, the Chancellor, Denman, Lyndhurst, Eldon, the two Archbishops, and the Bishop of London. Old Eldon got a fall as he came into the house and hurt his head. Brougham and the rest were full of civilities and tenderness, but he said 'it was of no consequence, for the *brains* had been knocked out long ago.' Wetherell made an amusing speech, and did not conclude. It is seldom that the sounds of merriment are heard within those walls, but he made the Lords laugh and the gallery too. There were Allen of Holland House and Phillpotts sitting cheek by jowl to hear the discussion.

May 11th.—More than three weeks, and *rebus Newmarketianis versatus*, I have written nothing. The debate on the repeal of the Union was more remarkable for the length than the excellence of the speeches, except Spring Rice's, which was both long and good, and Peel's, the latter supereminently so. O'Connell spoke for five hours and a quarter, and Rice for six hours; each occupied a night, after the manner of American orators. The minority was much smaller than was expected. Since that the only question of consequence in the House of Commons has been the Pension

List, on which Government got a larger majority than they had hoped for, and such an one as to set the matter at rest for some time. Peel again spoke very well, and old Byng made a very independent, gentlemanlike speech. Independence now-a-days relates more to constituents than to the governing power. Nobody is suspected of being dependent on the Crown or the Minister, and the question is if a man be independent of the popular cry or of his own constituency.

The King has been exhibiting some symptoms of a disordered mind, not, however, amounting to anything like actual derangement, only morbid irritability and activity—reviewing the Guards and *blowing up* people at Court. He made the Guards, both horse and foot, perform their evolutions before him; he examined their barracks, clothes, arms, and accoutrements, and had a musket brought to him, that he might show them the way to use it in some new sort of exercise he wanted to introduce; in short, he gave a great deal of trouble and made a fool of himself. He was very angry with Lord de Saumarez for not attending Keat's funeral, and still more angry because he would begin explaining and apologizing, first at the levee and then at the drawing-room; and he reprehended him very sharply at both places. An explanation afterwards took place through Lord Camden, to whom he said that he was angry because Saumarez would prate at the levee, when he told him it was not a proper place for discussing the subject.

The debate at the Council Board terminated after two days' speaking. It was tiresome on the whole. Brougham is a bad presiding judge, for he will talk so much to counsel, and being very anxious to abbreviate the business, he ought to have avoided saying pungent things, which elicited rejoinders and excited heat. The extreme courtesy and patient attention of old Eldon struck me forcibly as contrasted with the air of *ennui*, the frequent and audible yawns, and the flippant and sarcastic interruptions of the Chancellor. Wetherell made a very able speech, which he has since published. The most striking incident occurred in an answer of Bickersteth's to one of the Chancellor's

interruptions. He said, talking of degrees, 'Pray, Mr. Bickersteth, what is to prevent the London University granting degrees *now*?' to which he replied, 'The universal scorn and contempt of mankind.' Brougham said no more; the effect was really fine. There was a little debate upon Portugal in the House of Commons on Friday, in which Palmerston got roughly handled by Baring. A report was believed that Don Carlos had sailed for England, and that an agreement had been concluded between Miguel and Pedro, but it turned out to be false. Nobody, however, doubts that the quadruple alliance will settle the Portuguese business, if not the Spanish.

May 12*th*.—There was a report yesterday that Palmerston was out and Durham in his place. The latter was under the gallery when Palmerston made that woful exhibition the other night, and must have been well satisfied. I met Peel at dinner yesterday, and after it he talked to me of this report, which he concluded was not true; but he said that Palmerston had seemed bereft of his senses, and that in his speech he had attempted a new line quite unusual with him —that of humour—and anything so miserable he had never heard. He then talked of Stanley; expressed his indignation at hearing O'Connell bepraised by the men he is always vilifying, especially by Stanley himself, of whom he had spoken in the early part of the same night in such terms as these: 'The honourable gentleman, with his usual disregard of veracity, ...' and again 'he attacked him, but took care how he attacked others, who he knew were not restrained by obligations such as he was under to bear with his language;' in other words, calling him a liar and a coward; and after this Stanley condescended to flatter him and applaud his speech. He said that he had expected better things of Stanley, and was really distressed to hear it.

I dined with the Duke of Wellington on Saturday. Arbuthnot was there, and he said the Duke is in a state of unutterable disgust with the present Government and their proceedings, particularly with their foreign policy, which he fancies they shape in systematic and wilful opposition to his

own. This, of course, is merely his imagination, and rather a preposterous notion. He says the Duke does not think well of the state of the country, but that he grasps with eagerness at any symptoms of returning or increasing prosperity, and (what is rather inconsistent with his bad opinion of affairs) he is always telling the foreigners (i.e. the Ambassadors) who talk to him that they will fall into a great error if they think the power or resources of England in any way impaired. His antipathy to the Whigs, is, however, invincible, and of very ancient date, as this proves. Arbuthnot said that he was looking over a box of papers the other day, and hit upon the copy of a letter he had written to Lord Liverpool, by desire of some of his principal colleagues, to dissuade him from quitting office, which he thought of doing at the time of the first Lady Liverpool's death. With it there was a scrap on which was written, 'Taken down from the Duke of Wellington's own lips;' and this was an argument that, in the event of his refusing, he (the Duke) should think himself at liberty to join any other party or set of men, but that his great object was to keep the Whigs out of power, as he was convinced that whenever they got in they would ruin the country. Lord Liverpool said that they (The Tories) had been too long in possession of the Government.

May 23rd.—Newmarket, Epsom, and so forth. Nothing remarkably new. In the House of Commons the Poor Law Bill has been going on smoothly; in the House of Lords little of note but one of Brougham's exhibitions. Old Wynford brought in a very absurd Bill for the better observance of the Sabbath (an old sinner he, who never cared three straws for the Sabbath), which Brougham attacked with excessive virulence and all his powers of ridicule and sarcasm. His speech made everybody laugh very heartily, but on a division, the Bishops all voting with Wynford, the latter carried the second reading by three in a very thin House. The next day the Chancellor came down with a protest, written in his most pungent style, very smart, but more like a bit of an article in the 'Edinburgh Review' than

a Parliamentary protest. Wynford was in the House when he entered his protest, and he called out to him, 'Holloa, *Best*, look at my protest!'

There is a very strong impression abroad that the King is cracked, and I dare say there is some truth in it. He gets so very choleric, and is so indecent in his wrath. Besides his squabble with old Lord de Saumarez, he broke out the other day at the Exhibition (Somerset House). They were showing him the pictures, and Sir Martin Shee (I believe, but am not sure), pointing out Admiral Napier's, said, 'That is one of our naval heroes; to which his Majesty was pleased to reply that if he served him right he should kick him downstairs for so terming him. But the maddest thing of all is what appeared in the 'Gazette' of Tuesday—the peerage conferred on ——. She is a disreputable, half-mad woman! he, perhaps, thought it fair to give her this compensation for not being Queen, for he wanted to marry her, and would have done so if the late king would have consented.

On Monday last I went to Petworth, and saw the finest *fête* that could be given. Lord Egremont has been accustomed some time in the winter to feast the poor of the adjoining parishes (women and children, not men) in the riding-house and tennis court, where they were admitted by relays. His illness prevented the dinner taking place; but when he recovered he was bent upon having it, and, as it was put off till the summer, he had it arranged in the open air, and a fine sight it was; fifty-four tables, each fifty feet long, were placed in a vast semicircle on the lawn before the house. Nothing could be more amusing than to look at the preparations. The tables were all spread with cloths, and plates, and dishes; two great tents were erected in the middle to receive the provisions, which were conveyed in carts, like ammunition. Plum puddings and loaves were piled like cannon balls, and innumerable joints of boiled and roast beef were spread out, while hot joints were prepared in the kitchen, and sent forth as soon as the firing of guns announced the hour of the feast. Tickets were given to the

inhabitants of a certain district, and the number was about 4,000; but, as many more came, the old Peer could not endure that there should be anybody hungering outside his gates, and he went out himself and ordered the barriers to be taken down and admittance given to all. They think 6,000 were fed. Gentlemen from the neighbourhood carved for them, and waiters were provided from among the peasantry. The food was distributed from the tents and carried off upon hurdles to all parts of the semicircle. A band of music paraded round, playing gay airs. The day was glorious—an unclouded sky and soft southern breeze. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of that fine old fellow; he was in and out of the windows of his room twenty times, enjoying the sight of these poor wretches, all attired in their best, cramming themselves and their brats with as much as they could devour, and snatching a day of relaxation and happiness. After a certain time the women departed, but the park gates were thrown open: all who chose came in, and walked about the shrubbery and up to the windows of the house. At night there was a great display of fireworks, and I should think, at the time they began, not less than 10,000 people were assembled. It was altogether one of the gayest and most beautiful spectacles I ever saw, and there was something affecting in the contemplation of that old man—on the verge of the grave, from which he had only lately been reprieved, with his mind as strong and his heart as warm as ever—rejoicing in the diffusion of happiness and finding keen gratification in relieving the distresses and contributing to the pleasures of the poor. I thought how applicable to him, *mutatis mutandis*, was that panegyric of Burke's on the Indian kings: 'delighting to reign in the dispensation of happiness during the contracted space of human life, strained with all the reachings and graspings of a vivacious mind to extend the dominion of his bounty . . . . and to perpetuate himself from generation to generation as the guardian, the protector, the nourisher of mankind.'

May 24th.—The Chancellor, who loves to unbosom himself to Sefton because he knows the latter thinks him the

finest fellow breathing, tells him that it is nuts to him to be attacked by noble Lords in the Upper House, and that they had better leave him alone if they care for their own hides. Since he loves these assaults, last night he got his bellyful, for he was baited by a dozen at least, and he did not come out of the *mêlée* so chuckling and happy as usual. The matter related to the Pluralities Bill, which he had introduced some nights before, in an empty House, without giving notice, and after having told many people (the Archbishop of York among others) that there was nothing more to be done that night. In short, he was at his tricks again, lying and shuffling, false and then insolent, and all for no discernible end. The debate exhibits a detail of his misstatements, and of all his wriggling and plunging to get out of the scrape he had got himself into. It is because scarcely any or rather no motive was apparent that it is with difficulty believed that he meant to deceive anybody. But it is in the nature of the man; he cannot go straightforward; some object, no matter how trivial, presents itself to his busy and distempered mind, and he immediately begins to think by what artifice and what underhand work he can bring it about; and thus he exposes himself to the charges of dishonourable conduct without any adequate consideration or cause. He reminds me of the man in 'Jonathan Wild' who was a rogue by force of habit, who could not keep his hand out of his neighbour's pocket though he knew there was nothing in it, nor help cheating at cards though he was aware he should not be paid if he won. It is thought that the exhibition of last night will not be without its influence upon the fate of this Administration.

May 27th.—The Government is on the very brink of dissolution. The Irish Church Bill is the immediate cause, Stanley and Graham standing out against the majority of the Cabinet with regard to the Appropriation clause. Stanley, *they think*, would have knocked under if Graham had not been very fierce and urged him on to resistance. They attribute all the present bother to Graham, who pleads conscience and religious feelings. It is impossible to guess how it will

end, and there is a terrible turmoil. Stanley was with the King for two hours yesterday. The violent party evidently wish Lord Grey to let Stanley go out, and those who choose to go with him, and to reinforce the Cabinet with Durham, Mulgrave, and that sort of thing, and what they call 'throw themselves on the House of Commons and the country.' On the other hand the half-Tories and moderates wish the Government to adopt a moderate tone and course, and seek support from the House of Lords. As to the House of Commons, it is a curious body, supporting the Ministers through thick and thin one day and buffeting them the next. On the Bank question the night before last Althorp was beaten, after imploring everybody to come and support him and making the strangest declarations. I am very sorry that there should be a chance of a split on such a question as the Irish Church, which really is not tenable. His colleagues (or their friends at least) suspect that Graham kicks up this dust with ulterior views, and they think he aims at a junction with Peel—Stanley of course included—and coming into office with a moderate mixed party. It will be a great evil if the Government is broken up just now, but it is quite clear that they cannot go on long; it is a question of months. The Duke of Wellington told me yesterday that he could do nothing, and he will be rather shy of giving to the world a second volume of that old business in which he got so bedevilled two years ago.

The Lievens are recalled, which is a great misfortune to society. She is inconsolable. The pill is gilded well, for he is made governor to the Imperial Prince, the Emperor's eldest son; but the old story of Stratford Canning, and Palmerston's obstinate refusal to appoint anybody else, has probably contributed to this change. His colleagues have endeavoured to persuade him to cancel the appointment and name Mulgrave, whom they wish to provide for, but he will not hear of it. I can't conceive why they don't let him go out upon it; they would be the gainers in every way. We are now in what is called a mess; the Whigs have put matters in such a condition that they cannot govern the

country themselves and that nobody else can govern it either. 'Time and the hour run through the roughest day.'

May 28th.—On returning from Epsom I heard that Stanley, Graham, and Richmond had resigned, and it was supposed Ripon would follow their example.[1] Althorp adjourned the debate till Monday next. Sefton 'never was so happy in his life.' It is a bad sign when he is happy—not meaning to be wicked, only very foolish and violent. I have rarely seen the effects of a neglected education and a vivacious temperament manifested in a more remarkable way than in Sefton, who has naturally a great deal of cleverness, but who, from the above causes and the absence of the habit of moral discipline and of calm and patient reflection, is a fool, and a very mischievous one. They will be forced to put Peers in the vacant places, because nobody can get re-elected. The rotten boroughs now seem not quite such abominations, or at all events they had some compensating advantages.

June 1st.—The arrangements rendered necessary by the recent resignations were pretty quickly made, but they have given universal dissatisfaction. Whigs, Tories, and Radicals join in full cry against them, and the 'Times,' in a succession of bitter, vituperative articles, very well done, fires off its contempt and disgust at the paltry patching up of the Cabinet. The most unpopular appears to be Lord Auckland's appointment, and, though I like him personally, it certainly does appear strange and objectionable. He has neither reputation nor political calibre to entitle him to such an elevation, and his want of urbanity and forbidding manner seem to render him peculiarly unfit for the post they have conferred on him. [Auckland turned out a very popular

[1] [The members of the Grey Administration who seceded on the Appropriation Resolution (as it was termed), moved by Mr. Ward, were the Duke of Richmond, Postmaster-General; the Earl of Ripon, Privy Seal; Mr. Stanley, Cabinet Secretary; and Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty. The Marquis of Conyngham became Postmaster-General, the Earl of Carlisle Privy Seal, Lord Auckland first Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Spring Rice Colonial Secretary.]

and, I believe, very good First Lord of the Admiralty. have heard many praises and not one complaint of him.—*December 7th*, 1834.] The general opinion is that this Cabinet, so amended, cannot go on long; but as they clearly mean to throw themselves upon the House of Commons, and as the House will at all events support them for the present, they will probably last some time longer; they will at any rate, scramble through this session, and during the recess it will be seen whether they can acquire public confidence and what chance they have of carrying on the government.

After much conversation with Duncannon, Sefton, Mulgrave, and others, I have acquired a tolerably correct understanding of the history of these inconvenient proceedings. The speech of Lord John Russell, to which all this hubbub is attributed, may have somewhat accelerated, but did not produce, the crisis. The difference has long existed in the Cabinet on the subject of the Irish Church, and was well known, for Althorp stated as much last year. Stanley and Graham were both vehemently opposed to any Parliamentary appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church, but not exactly on the same grounds. Stanley denies the right of Parliament to interfere at all; that is, he asserts that Parliament has no more right to deal with the revenues of the Church than it would have to deal with his estate. Graham does not deny the right, but contends that it is not expedient, that the connexion between the two countries is mainly held together by the Protestant Church, and that any meddling with the Establishment will inevitably lead to its downfall. He stands upon religious grounds. I confess myself to be lost in astonishment at the views they take on this subject; that after swallowing the camel of the Reform Bill, they should strain at the gnats which were perched upon the camel's back, that they should not have perceived from the first that such reforms as these must inevitably be consequent upon the great measure, and, above all, that the revalence of public opinion, abstract justice, and the con-ition of Ireland all loudly call for their adoption. How-er, such are their opinions, and doubtless very conscien-

tiously entertained. Upon Ward's motion being announced, it was proposed in the Cabinet that the difficulty should be waived for the present by moving the previous question, and to this the dissentients agreed; but on further investigation they discerned that if this was moved, in all probability it would not be carried, and under these circumstances Stanley proposed at once to resign. In the Cabinet some were for accepting and others for refusing his resignation, and matters remained unsettled when Althorp went down to the House of Commons on the night of Ward's motion. It was strictly true (as he said) that he was informed while Ward was speaking that they had resigned. The King accepted their resignations at once, and appears to have expressed his opinion that they adopted the proper course, but he told the Duke of Richmond that the four members of the Cabinet who had quitted it were the four whom he liked best of them all. When they were gone it was to be settled how their places were to be supplied. Ellice and Spring Rice were indispensable; the Radicals wanted Durham; the Whigs wanted Radnor, Abercromby, and Hobhouse; Lord Lansdowne was wavering, for he is likewise opposed to any meddling with the Church, though not perhaps to the extent that the seceders are, or to such a degree as to make his resignation imperative. However, he haggled, and they appear to have thought him of consequence enough to bribe him high to remain. He made Durham's exclusion a *sine quâ non*, but I believe all the others were equally opposed to his re-admission. Spring Rice and Auckland are Lansdowne's personal friends and firmest adherents, and their promotion is very agreeable to him (if he did not insist upon it). Mulgrave so entirely expected to come in that he told me on Epsom racecourse on Thursday last that he was to be one of the new Ministers, though he did not know which place he was to have. Great, therefore, was his disgust when they only offered him the Post Office without the Cabinet. He refused it with some indignation, and thinks himself very ill used. I do not yet know what are the reasons which induced them to make the arrangements they

have done, and deterred them from applying to any of the above-mentioned men. It certainly has given great disgust, and will not serve to make the Administration more popular than before. Durham is of course furious, and if Abercromby and the others did not expect or desire to come in, they will nevertheless resent being passed over, and in favour of such people.

June 2nd.—Yesterday I dined with Stanley; there was a vast deal of fine company, outs and ins, Richmond, who would not *stay* in the Post Office, and Mulgrave who would not *come* into it, Auckland, Palmerston, &c. After dinner Stanley talked to Mulgrave and me about the whole business; he said that above three weeks ago, in consequence of the difference in the Cabinet, which everybody knew, he had pressed his resignation on his colleagues, who refused to take it, that he had agreed to vote for the previous question on Ward's motion, but they were informed it would not be carried. He then said, 'Why don't you take my resignation?' Still they demurred, and on that day nothing was settled. He then saw the King, who agreed to accept his resignation conditionally, provided Lord Grey could make other arrangements, and desired Stanley to go down to his colleagues and talk it over. He replied that it was too late, that he ought then to be in his place in the House of Commons, as the debate was going on. He went down, saw Lord Grey, settled with him that he should resign, and then sent into the House of Commons to Althorp to let him know that it was so settled. In such hurry, uncertainty, and confusion was this business done. Stanley talked not with acrimony, but with something like contempt of the strange situation in which the Government, and particularly Lord Grey, is placed, and he 'hoped' they might be able to go on in a tone which implied great doubt if they would. He said 'that Lord Grey continues to preside over a Cabinet which is to a certain degree committed to the principle of a measure of which he disapproves, and he accepts the resignation of the colleagues with whom he agrees; that if in the House of Commons to-night no concession is made to the principle of

the measure under discussion, it will appear strange and unaccountable why the seceders have been suffered to go. If any be made, it will be inconsistent with the letter which Lord Grey has just written to Ebrington, in a strain as conservative as the King's speech to the bishops.' Thus Lord Grey appears to be tossed on the horns of a very inconvenient dilemma. This speech of the King's, which Stanley alluded to, has made a great noise, and is matter of considerable triumph to the Conservatives. It is reported in the papers as it was really delivered, except some absurdities with which it was mixed. It is by no means a bad speech, and very decided in its tone; but what matters decision and a peremptory tone from a man so easily led or misled as the King? Lord Grey's letter was addressed to Ebrington in reply to an address signed by many supporters of Government, and has been lying on the table at Brookes' for public inspection.

June 3rd.—Lord Althorp summoned a meeting yesterday in Downing Street, which was numerously attended, though some of the usual supporters of Government stayed away as followers of Stanley. He invited them to support the previous question, when there was a good deal of speaking for and against, chiefly among county members, and a good deal of cheering at his saying he hoped he had their confidence; but the meeting broke up without any satisfactory conclusion, and at five o'clock the general impression was that Government would be beaten, and this in spite of a conviction that they would resign if they were. In the morning I met Graham, who said that he did not know whether he and Stanley would speak or not, that they could not support the previous question without repudiating the declaration with which it was to be accompanied, that he considered the question to involve the fate of the Irish Church, and with it the connexion between the two countries. I told him we differed entirely, but that I would not enter upon any argument on the subject; that it was very unfortunate, and I thought the Government would not stand. He said a

tremendous contest must ensue upon the great question, and so we parted.

In the evening a very full House. Lord Althorp stated that the King had issued a Commission, or rather extended the powers of one that already existed, for the purpose of effecting the objects contemplated by the resolution, and begged Ward to withdraw his motion. He would not, and then Althorp moved the previous question, which, to the astonishment of everybody, was carried by a very great majority, all the Tories voting with Government. Stanley spoke, and spoke very well, but with considerable acrimony and in a tone which demonstrates the breach between him and his old colleagues to be irreparable. He was vociferously cheered by the Tories, especially at one passage of his speech about a Chancellor of the Exchequer and his clerical budget which, however pungent and smart, appears to me imprudent and worth nothing as argument. I am very sorry he has taken such a line upon this question. His scruples have come too late to be serviceable to the cause he espouses, and all he can do is to fan the flame of religious discord and throw innumerable embarrassments in the way of settling a very difficult question, the ultimate solution of which is no longer doubtful.

June 5th.—The Portuguese business is over—that is, for the present—but Lord William Russell (whom I met at dinner at Richmond the day before yesterday) told me he did not think Pedro would be able to keep possession of the country, and that another revolution would probably take place whenever the foreign troops in his pay were disbanded; the party against him is too strong; he said that nothing but an inconceivable succession of blunders and great want of spirit and enterprise on the part of Miguel could have prevented his success, as at one time he had 70,000 men, while the other had not above 8,000 or 10,000 cooped up in Oporto, which is not a defensible place; that Miguel might at any moment during the contest have put an end to it. The country is in a dreadfully ruined state from frequent exactions and the depression of commerce and cultivation, but Carvalho, Pedro's

Minister of Finance, told Lord William he should have no difficulty with his budget, and could find money to discharge all the claims upon Government. The source from which he expects to derive his assets is the confiscated Church property, which is very great. Money, however, is so plentiful here, that the Portuguese Government have been offered a loan of a million at eighty, which they have declined[1].

June 7th.—I was in the House of Lords last night to hear a long debate on the Commission, when Goderich made a very good speech, defending himself for his resignation and attacking the instrument; like other people, as soon as he got out of office he spoke with greater energy and force. I thought Lord Grey was rather feeble, though energetic enough in declaration and expression. Phillpotts I did not hear, but he was wretchedly bad, they told me. The Chancellor, to the surprise of everyone, made the strongest declaration of his resolution not to permit a fraction of the revenues of the Irish Church to be diverted to Catholic purposes—the purposes, in my mind, to which they ought to be diverted, and to which they in the end must and will be. The Government is now reformed, and will scramble and totter on for some time. Things are not ripe for a change, but people will continue more and more to look for a junction between Peel and Stanley. God forbid, however, that we should have two parties established upon the principles of a religious opposition to each other; it would be the worst of evils, and yet the times appear to threaten something of the sort. There is the gabble of 'the Church in danger,' the menacing and sullen disposition of the Dissenters, all armed with new power, and the restless and increasing turbulence of the Catholics, all hating one another, and the elements of discord stirred up first by one and then another.

June 9th.—Melbourne said to me on Saturday night, 'You

[1] [The Quadruple Treaty for the pacification of the Peninsular kingdoms was signed in London on the 22nd of April; and on the 9th of May a decisive battle had been gained by the troops of Don Pedro over those of Don Miguel. Don Carlos and Don Miguel soon afterwards withdrew from the Peninsula.]

know why Brougham made that violent declaration against the Catholics in his speech the other night, don't you?' I said, 'No.' Then he added, 'That was for Spring Rice's election, to please the Dissenters.' However, Duncannon says he does not believe it was for that object, but certainly thrown out as a sop to the Dissenters generally, who are violently opposed to any provision being made for the Catholic Clergy. Duncannon added that 'those were his (Brougham's) opinions as far as he had any, as they were not very strong on any subject.'

June 15th.—Ascot races last week; many people kept away at Oxford, which seems to have been a complete Tory affair, and on the whole a very disgraceful exhibition of bigotry and party spirit; plenty of shouting and that sort of enthusiasm, which is of no value except to the foolish people who were the object of it, and who were quite enraptured.[1] The reception of the Duke, however vociferous, can hardly on reflection have given him much pleasure when he saw Newcastle, Winchelsea, Wetherell, and *hoc genus omne* as much the objects of idolatry as himself. Peel very wisely would have nothing to do with the concern, and they are probably very angry with him for absenting himself. The resentment he must feel towards the University on account of their conduct to him must afford full scope to all the contempt these proceedings are calculated to excite. There was a vast mob of fine people, Mrs. Arbuthnot among the rest. The Duke made rather indifferent work of his Latin speeches. As usual he seemed quite unconcerned at the applause with which he was greeted; no man ever courted that sort of distinction less.

June 18th.—Lord Conyngham and George Byng are to be Postmaster and a Lord of Treasury, Abercromby is to be Master of the Mint, and Cutler Fergusson Judge Advocate, appointments sneered and laughed at. When Althorp announced the first in the House of Commons Hume said, 'God bless us! is it possible?' Some think Abercromby will be of

[1] [The Duke of Wellington was installed as Chancellor of the University of Oxford on the 10th of June.]

use to them—that he is grave, practical, industrious, and carries weight in the House. I am unable to discover anything in him, except his consistency, to entitle him to any praise. An odd thing happened to Brougham the other day. He got a note from Althorp while he was sitting in his Court about the insolence and violence of the 'Times,' and that its lies and abuse of the Government ought to be put a stop to by some means. The Chancellor tore the note up, and after finishing his business departed. Two hours after Lemarchant got a note from the editor to say that the note had been picked up, put together, and was in his possession. Brougham was furious, and sent to ask the name of the person who gave it, promising to forgive him if it was given up, and threatening if it was not to dismiss every officer in his Court, and not to replace any of them till the culprit was discovered.

June 20th.—The Tories are in arms and eager for the fray. There was a dinner of fifty at the Conservative Club on the 18th (Waterloo day), with healths and speeches, when Peel delivered himself of a speech half an hour long, to which vast importance is attached. People, however, hear things, as they see things, differently. Theodore Hook, who was present, told me 'it was very satisfactory, a declaration of war; that he announced his having supported the Government while he could from a sense of duty, but that seeing they were resolved to attack the Church, he was prepared to act with, or lead (I forget which), any party which might be formed upon the principle of supporting the Establishment; that the Tories were few in numbers, but strong in character,' and so on. Vesey Fitzgerald, who was likewise there, said it was no declaration of war whatever—a strong Conservative speech, but not violent in any way, nor indicative of any intended deviation from the course Peel has heretofore pursued. So his acts must show which report is the more correct. When we hear that his speech pleased Chandos and Falmouth, one can't help believing it must have been somewhat fierce. I have great confidence in Peel's watchful sagacity, but his game is a very difficult one, and with all his prudence he may make a false step. It is so much his interest to ascertain

the real disposition of the country that I am disposed to defer very much to his views and notions of probabilities, otherwise I can with difficulty believe that it is wise in him to encourage and head a High Church party and promote the senseless cry of the Church in danger. It is the contest itself as much as the triumph of any party that is to be deprecated, for nothing is like the exasperation of religious quarrels, and victory is always abused and moderation forgotten, whichever side has the ascendant. Every day, however, it becomes more apparent that this Government cannot last; living as I do with men of all parties, I collect a variety of opinions, some of them intrinsically worth little, except as straws show which way the wind blows, but which satisfy me that the present House of Commons has no great affection for them, and would not have much difficulty in supporting any other Administration that presented a respectable appearance, and would act upon principles at once liberal and moderate. The majority of the members dread a dissolution, knowing that the next elections must be fiercely contested, and be expensive and embarrassing in all ways. Altogether it is difficult to conceive a more unsettled and unsatisfactory state of things, nor one from which it appears more hopeless to emerge. In the state of parties and of the country the one thing needful—a strong Government—appears the one thing that it is impossible to obtain.

June 24th.—Lord Auckland told me the other night that Government are prepared for the Dissenters Bill being thrown out in the House of Lords, and that they don't care. He thinks it never will be carried, and will be a standing grievance of no great weight. The Chancellor made an admirable speech on secondary punishments, connecting with it the question of education. He told me he was called on to pronounce an essay without any preparation, and he did the best he could. I did not hear it, but was told it was excellent. He shines in this sort of thing; his views are so enlarged and philosophical, and they are expressed in such becoming and beautiful language.

June 26th.—There was a good debate on Monday in the

House of Commons on the Irish Tithes Bill. Peel made a very clever speech, attacking the Commission with great felicity, and John Russell made an excellent speech in reply, *failing to excuse the Commission, which is inexcusable,* but very good upon the question. Both he and Ellice *spoke out.* I was at the Abbey on Tuesday and yesterday for a performance and a rehearsal of the 'Messiah.' The spectacle is very fine, and it is all admirably managed—no crowd or inconvenience, and easy egress and ingress—but the 'Messiah' is not so effective as I expected, not so fine as in York Minster; the choruses are admirably performed, but the single voices are miserable—singers of extreme mediocrity, or whose powers are gone; old Bellamy, who was at Handel's commemoration as a singing boy, Miss Stephens, &c.

June 27th.—Lord William Russell told me last night that his brother John has frequently offered to resign, and they never would let him; at last he said he must speak out on this Church appropriation question, or positively he would not stay in, so that his speech was not *blurted* out, as I supposed, but was the result of a fixed resolution. This alters the case as far as he is concerned, and it can't be denied that he was right in thinking it better that Government should make itself clearly understood, and that a break-up was preferable to going on without any real cordiality or concurrence amongst each other and the Administration an object of suspicion to all parties. William Russell said that Government were quite aware that Peel and the Duke could turn them out when they would, but that they would not know what to do next.

Don Carlos is coming to town to Gloucester Lodge. When they told him the Spanish Ambassador (Miraflores) was come to wait upon him, he replied, 'I have no Ambassador at the Court of London.' He will not take any money, and he will neither relinquish his claims to the Spanish throne nor move hand or foot in prosecuting them. 'If chance will have me king, why let chance crown me, without my stir.' (He was meditating evasion at this time, and got away undiscovered soon after.) They say he can get all the money he wants

from his partisans in Spain, and that there is no lack of wealth in the country. Strange infatuation when men will spend their blood and their money for such a miserable object. If he had anything like spirit, enterprise, and courage, he would make a fine confusion in Spain, and probably succeed; his departure from the Peninsula and taking refuge here has not caused the war to languish in the north. Admiral Napier is arrived, and has taken a lodging close to him in Portsmouth. Miraflores paid a droll compliment to Madame de Lieven the other night. She was pointing out the various beauties at some ball, and among others Lady Seymour, and asked him if he did not admire her. He said, 'Elle est trop jeune, trop fraiche,' and then, with a tender look and squeezing her hand, 'J'aime les femmes un peu passées.'

July 4th.—The other night Stanley made a fierce speech on Irish tithes, and plainly showed that no reconciliation between him and the Government is feasible. Last night Littleton made a melancholy exhibition with O'Connell. Formerly a Minister must have resigned who cut such a figure; now it is very different, for no matter how unfit a man may be, it is ten to one nobody better can be found to replace him. A more disgraceful affair never was seen; the Tories chuckled, the Government and their friends were disgusted, ashamed, and vexed; Durham sat under the gallery and enjoyed the fun.

I was at Woolwich yesterday to see the yacht in which the Queen is to sail to the Continent. Such luxury and splendour, and such gorgeous preparations. She will sail like Cleopatra down the Cydnus, and though she will have no beautiful boys like Cupids to fan her, she will be attended by Emily Bagot, who is as beautiful as the Mater Cupidinum. She will return to her beggarly country in somewhat different trim from that in which she left it, with all her earls and countesses, equipages, pages, valets, dressers, &c. The Duke of Wellington gave a great ball the other night, and invited all the Ministers. The Chancellor was there till three or four o'clock in the morning, and they say it was very amusing to see the Duke doing the honours to him.

The Tories have had a great disappointment in the Finsbury election, which they fancied Pownall was sure of carrying the first day, but Tommy Duncombe beat him hollow the second. It is certainly a great exhibition of Radical strength in that metropolitan district, and may serve to sober the Tories a little, and bring some of them down from their high horses.

July 6th.—When I wrote the above I had not read Stanley's speech, and had only heard he had used very strong language. I was greatly astonished when I did read it, and fully concur in the nearly universal opinion that, however clever and laughable it may have been, it was a most injudicious and unfortunate exhibition, and is calculated to do him a serious and lasting injury. (This was the famous 'thimblerig' speech.) I do not know when I have read or heard so virulent and coarse an invective, and it is rather disgusting than anything else to see such an one fired off at the men with whom he has been acting for some years (up to three weeks ago), with whom he declared his entire concurrence on every other question, from whom he expressed the liveliest regret at separating, and to whom he was individually bound by the strongest ties of friendship and regard. (It will be seen that he made similar professions when he separated from Peel's Government in '46, and instantly rushed into a similar opposition.) The Tories cheered him lustily; and what must he on reflection think of such cheers, and of his position in the House—to be halloa'd on by the party which he has hitherto treated with the greatest contempt, and which he thinks the very essence of bigotry and prejudice, at least on all secular matters, against his old friends and colleagues, to whom he is still allied in opinion upon almost every great question of foreign or domestic policy? He availed himself of his knowledge that there was nobody on the Treasury Bench who could answer him to fling out this spiteful and intemperate invective. If Brougham could have been thrown for half an hour into the House, 'like an eagle into a dovecot,' what a grand opportunity there would have been for his tremendous sarcasm to vent itself. As it was, Stanley went away unscathed, for though Althorp was

not bad in the few words he said with great good-humour, and Littleton made a very tolerable speech, the former twaddled, and the latter has been too much damaged to allow of his saying anything with effect; besides, he quoted a speech of Stanley's against him (at all times a poor argument) and did not quote the whole of it. I dare say Peel was not very sorry to hear Stanley's speech, and justly estimated the value of the cheers with which it was hailed. It places him at an immeasurable distance below Peel, and puts an end to any pretensions of rivalship, if he ever entertained any. If a junction is to take place between them, Stanley must be content with a subordinate part; and, act with whomsoever he may, he will never inspire real confidence or conciliate real esteem. I entertain this opinion with regret, and could have wished he had cut a better figure. I dined with a Tory at the 'Travellers' yesterday, and he said, 'Of course we cheered him as loudly as we could; we want to get him, but I must own that it was a very injudicious speech and very unbecoming.' These are the sort of events in a man's life which influence his destiny ever after; it is not that his political career will be marred, or that anything can prevent his talents rendering it on the whole important, and probably successful, but there is a revulsion in men's minds about him, which cannot fail to produce a silent, but in the end a sensible effect upon his fortunes. It is remarkable that Lord Derby, who is a very shrewd and sagacious old man, never would hear of his grandson's superlative merits, and always in the midst of his triumphs questioned his ultimate success.

July 10th.—Came to town last night from Newmarket, and found things in a fine state. Althorp had resigned three days ago; his resignation was accepted, on which Lord Grey resigned too. Both of them explained in Parliament last night, Lord Grey, as they tell me, in a very moving and gentlemanlike speech, admirably delivered. The Duke of Wellington made a violent attack upon him in reply, which it is thought he might as well have omitted. (The Duke's speech gave great disgust to many even of his own party, and was afterwards assigned as a reason by Stanley and

his friends for not taking office with the Duke.) Nobody knows what is to happen. The King sent for Melbourne, and his nephew, John Ponsonby, told me last night he believed he would endeavour to carry on the Government; but whether he does or not it can't last; the Whig Government is virtually at an end. The Tories, who were shouting the night before last, are considerably disappointed that the King did not instantly avail himself of Lord Grey's resignation to send for them, or at least for Peel. I don't suppose, however, that it is from any predilection for the Whigs that he tries to bolster up this Government, but he is said to have an exceeding horror of a dissolution, and it is just possible he may be acting under some good advice surreptitiously conveyed to him, for under all circumstances I think he is taking the most prudent part he can. It is very essential that he should have no hand in the dissolution of this Cabinet, and if he does his best to reconstruct it, and gives the remaining Ministers a fair trial, he will have a good right to call upon the House of Commons and the country to support him in any ulterior measures that circumstances may compel him to adopt.

Thus Littleton has been the instrument of breaking up this Government; a man powerless to serve his party has contrived to destroy it. It is curious to trace this matter from the outset. When Hobhouse threw up his office and his seat, it was extremely difficult to find a successor to him in the Irish Office, principally because not one man in fifty could procure a seat in Parliament, or his re-election if already there. In this emergency Littleton volunteered his services; he was sure of his seat, and he wanted eventually a peerage, so he wrote to Lord Grey, and said that if he thought him capable of filling the place he would undertake it.[1] Nothing better suggested itself; it was a way out of the

[1] [This statement, though doubtless current at the time, is to my certain knowledge entirely inaccurate. Mr. Littleton was confined to his sofa at the time by an accident, and knew little of what was going on. Nobody was more surprised than himself to receive from Lord Grey a spontaneous and unexpected offer of the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland.

difficulty, and they closed with his offer. No man could be less fit for such a situation; his talents are slender, his manners unpopular, and his vanity considerable. When warned against O'Connell he said, 'Oh, leave me to manage Dan,' and manage him he did with a vengeance, and a pretty Tartar he caught. His first attempts at management were exhibited in the business of Baron Smith. When the Coercion question came to be agitated, he thought himself very cunning in beginning a little intrigue without the knowledge of his colleagues, and he wrote to Lord Wellesley for the purpose of prevailing upon him to recommend to the Cabinet that the Bill should pass without the strong clauses, and most unaccountably Lord Wellesley did so.[1] He stated that this omission was desirable on account of circumstances connected with the Government in England, and Lord Wellesley replied that if it was necessary on that account he would contrive to manage matters without the clauses. Upon this he put himself in communication with O'Connell, and never doubting that his and Lord Wellesley's advice (in accordance as it was with the opinions of certain members of this Cabinet) would prevail, he gave O'Connell

He was fully aware of the extreme difficulties of the office, which was at that moment perhaps the most important in the Government. With equal modesty and candour he distrusted his own ability to fill it, and he still more distrusted his own want of caution and prudence, which was his weak point. He accepted it, however, to relieve the Government from embarrassment, but he accompanied his acceptance with a declaration to Lord Grey that he would gladly resign his office whenever a better man could be found to fill it. It had previously been offered to Mr. Abercromby, who refused to accept it without a seat in the Cabinet.]

[1] [These details are also far from accurate, as has now been demonstrated by the publication (1872) of Lord Hatherton's own memoir on the subject, and of the original correspondence, which proves that the letter to Lord Wellesley was written at the instigation of the Lord Chancellor, and that it expressed the deliberate opinions of several members of the Cabinet. It must, however, be acknowledged that it was written without the knowledge of Lord Grey and in opposition to his views. The subsequent communication made by Mr. Littleton to O'Connell was made with the knowledge and concurrence of Lord Althorp, though Mr. Littleton said more to O'Connell than Lord Althorp had intended—an indiscretion which Mr. Littleton himself admitted: but O'Connell made a very base and ungenerous use of the confidence which had been extended to him.]

those expectations the disappointment of which produced the scene between them in the House of Commons. Lord Grey, however, was equally astonished and dissatisfied with this last recommendation of Lord Wellesley's, which was directly at variance with the opinion he had given some time before, and he accordingly asked him to explain why he had changed his mind, and requested him to reconsider his latter opinion. He still replied that if it was necessary, he would do without the clauses. Upon this there was a discussion in the Cabinet, and Althorp, Grant, Ellice, Abercromby, and Rice were in a minority, who, however, ultimately gave in to the majority. All this time Littleton went on negotiating with O'Connell,[1] having told Althorp alone that he was doing so, though not telling him all that passed, and neither of them telling Lord Grey. Upon the *blow-up* which O'Connell made, Althorp very unnecessarily resolved to resign, and when he did Lord Grey followed his example.

The Tories have been mighty cock-a-hoop, but their joy is a good deal damped within the last twelve hours, for it is now universally believed that Althorp will be prevailed upon to remain, and will himself be at the head of the Government. His popularity is so great in the House of Commons, and there is such a dread of a dissolution, that if this arrangement takes place they will scramble on some time longer, and at this advanced period of the session it may be doubted whether the House of Lords will throw out any of their essential measures. I met Duncannon, Ellice, and John Russell this evening riding, and they seemed in very good spirits. I have no doubt Ellice and Duncannon have had a main hand in all this business, and that they urged on Littleton to do what he did. The House was adjourned till Monday, to afford time for the new arrangement. Brougham spoke like a maniac last night, and his statements were at direct variance with Althorp's, the latter declaring that they were all out and the former that they were all still in office, and that Grey and Althorp had alone resigned.

[1] [Mr. Littleton had but one conversation with O'Connell.]

July 12th.—I went out of town yesterday morning, and did not return till seven o'clock; in the meantime affairs were materially altered. I met Duncannon riding with a face as long as the pictures of Hudibras, which at once told the tale of baffled hopes. Melbourne's negotiation had failed entirely. 'Jack,'[1] who was backed at even against the field the night before in the House of Commons, would have nothing to say to it. I have not yet heard in detail the circumstances of this failure, but it will probably turn out that the King insisted upon some Conservative conditions, or an attempt at coalition, which is a favourite plan of his. Yesterday it was generally expected that Peel would be sent for, or the Duke of Wellington. Peel called at Apsley House and was with the Duke a long time yesterday, and afterwards, as the Duke rode through the Park, Ellice, who was sitting on his horse talking to Sir Edward Kerrison, said, 'There goes a man who knows more than he did an hour ago.' It is expected that Peel, if called upon, will endeavour to form and carry on a Government; but opinions are greatly divided as to the support he would get in the House of Commons, and as to the effect of a dissolution, should he be driven to adopt that hazardous alternative. I think that almost everything depends upon the course which Althorp takes, as far as the rest of this session is concerned. His popularity in the House of Commons is very great, and even surprising; it is a proof of the influence which personal character may obtain when unadorned with great abilities and shining parts; his remarkable *bonhommie*, unalterable good nature and good temper, the conviction of his honesty and sincerity, and of his want of ambition, his single-mindedness, his unfeigned desire to get out of the trammels and cares of office, have all combined to procure for him greater personal regard, and to a certain degree greater influence, than any Minister ever possessed in my recollection. There is no such feeling as animosity against Althorp. Some detest his principles, some despise his talents, but none detest or despise the man; and he is said by those who are

[1] [The cant name given at the time to John, Lord Althorp.]

judges of such matters to have one talent, and that is a thorough knowledge of the House of Commons and great quickness and tact in discovering the bias and disposition of the House. If Althorp abstains from any rough opposition, and endeavours to restrain others, upon the principle of giving a fair trial to those who may have taken his place because he would not continue to hold it, it is probable that the majority will avail themselves of such an opportunity for avoiding a dissolution, and give a sulky and suspicious assent to the measures of the new Ministry, for a cordial support cannot be expected. This, however, must depend upon circumstances which are still *in nubibus*. To-day must, in all probability, decide who is to attempt the task of forming a Government. Stanley, it is supposed, if invited, will not join Peel, at least not at present; all, however, is speculation, curiosity, and excitement.

July 13th.—All yesterday nothing was done; the King remains very quietly at Windsor, still in communication with Melbourne, and I believe with the Chancellor. He declines talking upon the present state of affairs to anybody. What he wanted was, that some attempt should be made towards a coalition, but this the remaining Ministers would not consent to. Poulett Thomson called on me at my office in the afternoon, and told me that it was by no means true that Althorp would not on any terms take the Government; but that he would not unless he had *carte blanche*, in which case he could not refuse it; if he did refuse, Thomson added, that everybody ought to support Peel or *any Tory* Government. He is convinced that if Peel took the Government he would be driven out by the House of Commons *instanter*, unless he could show that he had done so in consequence of the King being deserted by the present men. I afterwards met Mulgrave, who had been riding with Althorp, who told him that though it would be very disagreeable to him on every account, and especially as regards Lord Grey, he might have it put to him in a way that left him no option. Lord Grey and his friends and family think that he has been extremely ill-used, and they are indignant with all

the actors in the Littleton affair, and only burning with desire to expose those who are still concealed. Charles Grey talked to me for half an hour in the lobby of the Opera House last night, and said that Lord Wellesley ought to disclose all that was still secret in the transaction, and produce the private letters he had received from England, and by which his opinions and advice had been influenced. Such letters they know were written, and they believe by the Chancellor; this belief, whether it turns out to be true or false, is, I perceive, very general. It is inconceivable what a reputation that man has, and how universally he is distrusted, and despised as much as anybody with such great abilities can be. His political character is about on a par with Whittle Harvey's moral character; his insolence and swaggering, bullying tone in the House of Lords have excited as much disgust out of the House as they have given offence in it, and the only excuse for him is—what many people believe—that there is a taint of madness about him. The other night, in his reply to the Duke of Wellington's violent and foolish speech, he chose to turn upon Lord Rolle, a very old man and a choleric, hard-bitten old Tory. Rolle was greatly exasperated, and after he sat down went up to him on the Woolsack and said, 'My Lord, I wish you to know that I have the greatest contempt for you both in this House and out of it.'

While Lord Grey has been very indignant against the plotters in his Cabinet he has been sorely wounded by the seceders, or rather by the chief of them, Stanley; but this has been all made up in a way soothing enough to his feelings, but not advantageous, though not discreditable, to Stanley. The latter wrote a letter to Lord Grey expressing his deep regret at having said anything to offend him, disclaiming the slightest intention of the kind, pouring forth the warmest protestations of gratitude, veneration, and attachment to him, and finishing by an assurance that he would take office under nobody else. After the gross attack he made it is honourable in him to make such an apology, but it only enhances the folly of his former

anxious to pacify the Whigs by disclaiming any intention of connecting himself with the Tories. Though all the Grey family are very indignant, and by no means silent, at the way the Earl has been treated, he has behaved with great temper and forbearance, and has lent his old colleagues his cordial assistance in patching up the broken concern.

July 19th.—Two angry debates in the Lords last night and the night before; I was present at the last, but not at the first. On Thursday Lord Wicklow made a virulent attack on the Government; the Duke of Buckingham was coarse, the Chancellor rabid, and a disgraceful scene of confusion and disorder arose. Melbourne made his first speech, declaration, and explanation, and is thought to have done it very well—a good beginning. Last night Wharncliffe moved for the production of Lord Wellesley's letter, by which the opinion of the Cabinet had been shaken about the Coercion Bill. Lord Grey made a very handsome speech indeed, throwing his shield over his old colleagues, declaring he neither complained nor had he been ill-used, and entreated that the new Government might be fairly tried, and not embarrassed without cause in the outset. It was certainly the speech of a thorough gentleman, but the case is after all a bad one. The dates show what must have happened. It was on the 20th of June that Mr. Littleton told O'Connell there was a discussion going on in the Cabinet, and that the Coercion Bill was not yet settled. Now on the 20th of June it *was* settled, but on the 23rd of June came Lord Wellesley's letter, which unsettled it.[1] It is clear, then, that a communication was made

[1] [This again is not accurate. It was on the 23rd of June, *after* the arrival of Lord Wellesley's letter, that Mr. Littleton saw O'Connell. The question was still under discussion on that day, and the opinions of different members of the Cabinet were much divided. Those Ministers (including the Chancellor) who were opposed to the renewal of the Coercion Bill in its integrity wished to secure the assent of Lord Wellesley to their views. After the receipt of Lord Wellesley's letter of the 21st of June both Lord Melbourne and Lord Althorp declared that 'it was impossible to ask Parliament for an unconstitutional power which the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland had been led to disclaim.' (See Hatherton's Memoir, p. 13.) The question was not finally settled till the Cabinet of the 29th of June. Mr. Littleton had been distinctly informed by Lord Althorp, on the same day that he saw O'Connell, that

to Lord Wellesley which it was confidently expected would elicit from him such a letter as would enable the authors of the communication to revive the discussion, and Littleton, not being able to wait for its arrival, anticipated it, and told O'Connell that the discussion was begun before the cause of it was in operation. There certainly never was a more complete underhand intrigue perpetrated than this, and although no official document, or demi-official will now be produced to reveal the name of the prime mover, everybody's finger is pointed at Brougham, and the young Greys make no secret of their conviction that he is the man. But undoubtedly the greatest evil resulting from the proceedings and the termination of them (in the reconstruction of this Government, with its additions, and the alteration of the Bill) is the vast increase which must be made to the power and authority of O'Connell. He has long been able to make the Irish believe anything he pleases, and he will certainly have no difficulty in persuading them that he himself has brought about this state of things, that he has ousted Lord Grey, introduced Duncannon (who of all the Whigs has been his greatest friend), and expunged the obnoxious clauses from the Coercion Bill, and the fact is that all this is not very far from the truth. Between his dexterity in availing himself of circumstances and his betrayal of Littleton, between the folly of some men and the baseness of others, he has appeared the most prominent character in the drama. Even now I cannot make out *why* everybody wished the Bill to be thus emasculated, for there would have been no difficulty in passing it through both Houses. To the surprise of everybody Littleton is suffered to keep his place, probably by the protection of Althorp, who may have been as dogged about him on this occasion as he was about the Speakership, and as he is considered (on account of his character) so indispensable in the House of Commons, of course he can make his own terms.[1]

the matter was not settled, and that he (Lord Althorp) would resign rather than allow the disputed clauses to form part of the new Bill.]

[1] [This was so. Lord Althorp positively refused to hold office in the Melbourne Government, unless Mr. Littleton could be prevailed upon to

July 20th.—At Court yesterday to swear in Duncannon Secretary of State. He told me he had made Stanley[1] (the man they call Sir Benjamin Backbite, and familiarly Ben) his under-secretary, telling him he must speak, for that he (Duncannon) could not. Auckland and Duncannon will not certainly add much to the oratorical splendour of the Government. Ellice was there, and told me about a grand case the Tories have got hold of against him, growing out of Lord Western's evidence in Whittle Harvey's Committee. It there came out that Western had applied to Ellice, then Secretary of the Treasury (at the time of the great Reform election), for money to assist at the Colchester election, and he sent 500*l.* They want to make out that this was public money, but they won't catch him. He says several individuals subscribed large sums, which were placed at his disposal to be employed to the best advantage for the cause. He will get out of it. He talked of the Government, said it was a great error to suppose it was inclined to *movement* principles, and that in point of fact there was very little difference, except on Church matters, between Sir Robert Peel and himself, that there never was so good a House of Commons for the Government, that in all this mess—for mess it was—the Tories could not succeed in getting up a feeling or a prejudice against the Government, and it was clear they were utterly powerless there, that the House only required to be a little cajoled, and was easily led; the word Reform was still potent there, and had only to be uttered on occasions to bring the majority round when they began to show a refractory disposition.

July 21st.—The Chancellor and the Hollands urged Lord Grey to take the Privy Seal. This Sefton told me as a great secret yesterday, but the indignation of the Greys burst through all restraint, and they told it 'à qui voulait les

resume and retain his office as Irish Secretary. Nothing could be more honourable to both parties than this conduct of Lord Althorp; but it was due to the fact that he had himself been a party to the communication made by Mr. Littleton to O'Connell, and that he knew Mr. Littleton had been exposed to more censure than he deserved.]

[1] [Afterwards Lord Stanley of Alderney.]

entendre,' with every expression of rage and disgust, 'adding insult to injury.' Lord Grey was more philosophical, and rather smiled at the proposition, but he did not repress the pious resentment of his children. The Grey women would murder the Chancellor if they could. It certainly was a curious suggestion. The Hollands think of nothing on earth but how they may best keep the Duchy of Lancaster, and they fancied Lord Grey's holding the Privy Seal might be of service to the Government, and if they could make him commit such a *bassesse* so much the better. It is not always easy to discover the Chancellor's motives, but as he is as vindictive as he is false and tricking, he perhaps took this opportunity of revenging himself for the old offer of the Attorney-Generalship, which he has never forgiven.'[1]

[1] [This view of the case is certainly unjust to Lord Brougham, who had more respect and regard for Lord Grey than for any other statesman of the time, as his correspondence with the Earl, now recently published in Brougham's 'Posthumous Memoirs' sufficiently proves.]

[The first Administration of Lord Melbourne was thus constituted:

First Lord of the Treasury	Viscount Melbourne.
Lord Chancellor	Lord Brougham.
Lord President	Marquis of Lansdowne.
Home Secretary	Viscount Duncannon.
Foreign Secretary	Viscount Palmerston.
Colonial Secretary	Mr. Spring Rice.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Viscount Althorp.
Admiralty	Lord Auckland.
Board of Control	Mr. Charles Grant.
Board of Trade	Mr. Poulett Thomson.
Duchy of Lancaster	Lord Holland.
Paymaster of the Forces	Lord John Russell.
Secretary-at-War	Mr Edward Ellice.
Lord Privy Seal	Earl of Mulgrave.
Postmaster-General	Marquis of Conyngham.
Irish Secretary	Mr. Littleton.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde'—Goodwood—Earl Bathurst's Death—Death of Mrs. Arbuthnot—Overtures to O'Connell—Irish Tithe Bill—Theodore Hook's Improvisation—Lord Westmeath's Case in the Privy Council—First Council of Lord Melbourne's Government and Prorogation—Brougham's Vagaries—Lord Durham's Exclusion—The Edinburgh Dinner—Windsor and Meiningen—Spencer Perceval—Lord Grey's Retirement—The Westmeath Case again—The Queen's Return—Melbourne and Tom Young—Holland House—Reflections—Conversation on the Poets—Miscellaneous Chat—Lord Melbourne's Literary Attainments—Lord Holland's Anecdotes of Great Orators—Execution of Charles I.—Lord Melbourne's Opinion of Henry VIII.—The 'Times' attacks Lord Brougham—His Tour in Scotland—His Unpopularity—Cowper's Secret—Canning on Reform—Lord Melbourne on Palmerston and Brougham—Canning and Brougham in 1827—Senior—Lord Melbourne and the Benthamites—His Theology—Spanish Eloquence—The Harley Papers—The Turf—Death of Lord Spencer—The Westmeath Case heard—Law Appointments—Bickersteth—Louis Philippe's Position.

July 23rd.—Brougham spoke for four hours on the Poor Law Bill on Monday, and made a luminous speech; Alvanley, to people's amusement, spoke, and against the Bill; he spoke tolerably well—a grave speech and got compliments.

July 24th.—Read Reeves' 'History of English Law,' finished Henry Taylor's 'Van Artevelde,' and read 250 lines of Virgil. 'Philip van Artevelde' is a poem of extraordinary merit, and the offspring of a vigorous and independent mind. The author, who is my particular friend, and for whom I have a sincere regard and a great admiration, took his work to Murray, who gave it to Lockhart to read. Lockhart advised Murray not to publish it, at least at his own risk, but he bestowed great encomiums on the work, and urged Taylor to publish it himself. He did so, without much

expectation that it would be popular, and has been agreeably surprised to find that in a short space of time a second edition is called for. With the vivacity of a sanguine disposition, and a confidence in the sterling merits of his poem, he now believes that edition will follow edition like wave upon wave, in which I fear he will be disappointed. [When the first edition was all sold, and a second called for, he made up his account with his publisher, and the balance was 37*l.* *against* him.—*November 29th.*]

August 5th.—At Goodwood for the races, so read nothing except half of Jacquemont's Letters and a little book I picked up, the 'History of the Grand Vizier Coprogli;' called to town on Wednesday last for a Council, to swear in Mulgrave Privy Seal; went to Petworth on my way for one night. Stanley was at Goodwood, absorbed in racing, billiards, and what not; nobody would have guessed that all this rough and rustic gaiety covered ambition, eloquence, and powers which must make him one of the most eminent men, though his reputation is not what it was.

While I was there news came of Lord Bathurst's death. He was a very amiable man and with a good understanding, though his talents were far from brilliant, a High Churchman and a High Tory, but a cool politician, a bad speaker, a good writer, greatly averse to changes, but unwillingly acquiescing in many. He was nervous and reserved, with a good deal of humour, and habitually a jester. His conversation was generally a series of jokes, and he rarely discussed any subject but in a ludicrous vein. His conduct to Napoleon justly incurred odium, for although he was only one of many, he was the Minister through whom the orders of Government passed, and he suffered the principal share of the reproach which was thrown upon the Cabinet for their rude and barbarous treatment of the Emperor at St. Helena. He had not a lively imagination, and his feelings were not excited by the contemplation of such a striking example of fallen greatness. I was Lord Bathurst's private secretary for several years, but so far from feeling any obligation to him, I always consider his mistaken kindness in giving me that

post as the source of all my misfortunes and the cause of my present condition. He never thought fit to employ me, never associated me with the interests and the business of his office, and consequently abandoned me at the age of eighteen to that life of idleness and dissipation from which I might have been saved had he felt that my future prospects in life, my character and talents, depended in great measure upon the direction which was at that moment given to my mind. He would probably have made me a Tory (which I should hardly have remained), but I should have become a man of business, and of the antagonist tastes which divided my mind that for literature and employment would have got the better of that for amusement and idleness, instead, as unfortunately happened, of the latter prevailing over the former. Though I knew Lord Bathurst so long, and was his private secretary for some years, and his family and mine have always been so intimate, I had no real intimacy with him. From what I have learnt from others I am disposed to rate his abilities more highly than the world has done. He was the friend and devoted admirer of Pitt, and a regular Tory of the old school, who felt that evil days had come upon him in his old age. When he left office with the Duke of Wellington he resolved upon finally quitting public life, and let what might happen, never to take office again. On coming to town yesterday I heard of another death—Mrs. Arbuthnot, after a short illness. The Duke of Wellington, with whom she had lived in the most intimate relations for many years, evinced a good deal of feeling, but he is accused of insensibility because he had the good taste and sense to smooth his brow and go to the House of Lords with a cheerful aspect. She was not a clever woman, but she was neither dull nor deficient, and very prudent and silent.

August 6th.—To my office, then to the House of Lords and heard a discussion on foreign politics; not very amusing: Melbourne not so good as Grey would have been. The Duke spoke, but he looked very ill. Walked from the House with Lord Carnarvon, who is an intelligent man, but a great alarmist and very desponding; he thinks we are going on

step by step to an utter subversion of all interests and institutions.

August 7th.—Yesterday I met the Duke of Wellington, who talked to me of Mrs. Arbuthnot; I walked away from my office with Duncannon, who told me that O'Connell's amendment in the Tithe Bill met with his concurrence (and in fact, though he did not exactly say as much, his connivance). He said he was sure this Bill was the only chance for the Irish Church, which he was very anxious to save and support; expressed great anxiety to make it up with O'Connell by giving him a great judicial situation, is convinced he is sincere (at the moment) in all he says, but that he is so vain and excitable and ambitious that when he returns to Ireland he forgets all he has promised or professed; the demon of agitation regains the ascendant, and he bursts into all those excesses which have made him so odious and formidable; but there is no chance of any arrangement with him, for the majority of the Government would not hear of it. I dined at the 'Travellers;' walked to a fire in Edward Street, where I amused myself with the strange figures and groups, the glare, bustle, and noise. There was Duncannon again, a Secretary of State jostling and jostled in the mob.

August 12th.—On Saturday to Hillingdon, and back yesterday; passed the night at the House of Lords, to hear the debate on the Irish Tithe Bill.[1] At a meeting at Apsley House the Tory Lords came to an unanimous resolution to throw out the Bill, and at one or two meetings at Lambeth the bishops agreed to do the same. The debate was heavy; Melbourne very unlike Lord Grey, whose forte was leading the House of Lords and making speeches on such occasions. Ellenborough spoke the best, I think. I hardly ever heard such unbroken fluency, and a good deal of *stuff*, too, in his speech. Ellice and Spring Rice both told me that this decision was the most fatal and most important that had occurred for years; the latter said that no tithe would be paid, but that there would be no *active* resistance. Such

[1] [The Irish Tithe Bill was thrown out by the House of Lords by 189 to 122.]

tithe property as could be seized would not be sold, because there would be no purchasers for it. One thing is clear to me, that those Tories who are always bellowing 'revolution' and 'spoliation,' and who talk of the gradual subversion of every institution and the imminent peril in which all our establishments are placed, do not really believe one word of what they say, and, instead of being oppressed with fear, they are buoyed up with delusive confidence and courage; for if they did indeed believe that the Church—the Church of Ireland especially—was in danger, and that its preservation was the one paramount desideratum, they would gladly avert, as far as they might, that danger by a compromise involving a very small (if any) sacrifice of principle, and which would secure to the Irish clergy, as far as human prudence, legislative sanction, and the authority of law can secure it, a permanent and a competent provision, free from the danger and the odium which have for a long time past embittered the existence of every clergyman in the country. It is a curious speculation to see what the effect will be of this vote practically in Ireland on the condition of the clergy, and upon public opinion here.

It is difficult to understand why the Lords did not alter the Bill in Committee and restore it to its original state, that which Ellenborough said he would not have opposed, and which had been already sanctioned by a great majority of the House of Commons upon the report of a Committee. If they had done this, either the Bill must have passed in this less obnoxious shape or the odium of its rejection would have been thrown upon the Commons, and the Lords would undoubtedly have had an excellent case to present to the country. But if there is a wall they are sure to run their heads against it, and if there is none they build one up for the purpose. What puzzles me most is the opposition of the clergy; they are the parties most immediately and most deeply interested in this Bill, and yet the great majority of them appear to be opposed *totis viribus* to it.

August 13th.—Dined at Roehampton yesterday with Farquhar. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Blackwood and Theodore

Hook dined there among others. After dinner he displayed his extraordinary talent of improvisation, which I had never heard but once before, and then he happened not to be in the vein. Last night he was very brilliant. Each lady gave him a subject, such as the 'Goodwood Cup,' the 'Tithe Bill;' one 'could not think of anything,' when he dashed off and sang stanzas innumerable, very droll, with ingenious rhymes and excellent hits, 'his eye begetting occasion for his excellent wit,' for at every word of interruption or admiration, every look or motion, he indulged in a digression, always coming back to one of the themes imposed upon him. It is a *tour de force*, in which I believe he stands alone, and it is certainly wonderfully well worth hearing and uncommonly amusing.

August 14th.—Yesterday there was a bother with the Chancellor about Lord Westmeath's case pending before the Privy Council.[1] He took it into his head (probably having been got at by Lady Westmeath or some of her friends) to have it decided forthwith, and sent to desire a Committee might be convened. Westmeath's counsel was out of town; Follett, whom he relies on, is on the Northern Circuit, but his other counsel is to be had, being at Chislehurst. Accordingly the Chancellor desired that the case might stand over from Thursday, the day he first appointed it (giving only two days' notice), to Monday, and that it should be notified to the parties that if they did not then appear the case should go on without them. Westmeath came to me in a frenzy of rage, and said the Chancellor was the greatest of villains, and so he would tell him in the House of Lords or in the Priv Council. I begged him to hold his tongue, and I woul speak to the Chancellor. So I went to the House of Lor where he was sitting, and told Lemarchant what had passe and that the case ought not to be thus hurried on. thanked me very much, and said he would go to Brough

[1] [The appellate jurisdiction in causes matrimonial was vested a time in the King in Council. The case of Westmeath v. Westmeath, was a suit for a separation and a question of alimony, came up on from the Court of Arches.]

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but he soon returned, and said that the Chancellor would hear nothing, and would have the case brought on, and he therefore advised me not to give myself any further concern in it, and to leave him and Westmeath to settle it as they might. In the meantime Westmeath went down to the House of Lords, and after speaking to Wynford, whom the Chancellor had asked to attend (as he learnt from me), was going to get up in the House of Lords and attack him, and was only prevented by Wynford dragging him down by the tail of his coat. I had already spoken to Wynford, and I afterwards spoke to Lord Lansdowne, telling them that the case ought not to be hurried on in this peremptory way, and I persuaded Lord Lansdowne to set his face against it. However, in the meantime Wynford had urged the Chancellor to put it off, and not exasperate that madman, who would say or do something violent; and, whether from reason or fear, he prevailed on him. Wynford told me that Brougham is undoubtedly mad, and so I really believe he is. While I was in the House of Lords Horne came in from the Commons, and said they had succeeded in stifling there all discussion on the rejection of the Tithe Bill by the House of Lords. Grattan was going to introduce the subject, but was prevailed on to say nothing, and to some questions put by Major Beauclerck Althorp refused to reply.

August 16*th*.—At a Council for the prorogation; the first time I have seen all these new Ministers in a bunch—a queer set, all things considered, to be in possession of the Palace. Great change of decoration. Duncannon, Ellice, Hobhouse, Abercromby, Mulgrave, Auckland. The King, who is fond of meddling in the Council business instead of repeating like a parrot what is put in his mouth, made a bother and confusion about a fancy matter, and I was forced to go to Taylor and beg to explain it to him, which I did after the House of Lords. The King was quite knocked up and easily satisfied, for he neither desired nor could have understood any explanations. There were not much more than half a dozen Peers in the House, but many ladies. The Chancellor went down, and, in presence of the ladies, attired in his golden robes (and especially before Mrs. P., to

whom he makes love), gave a judgment in some case in which a picture of Nell Gwynne was concerned, and he was very proud of the *delicacy* of his judgment. There never was anything like his exhilaration of spirits and good-humour. I don't know what has come to him, except it be that he has scrambled through the session and got Lord Grey out. He wound up in the House of Lords by the introduction of his Bill for a Judicial Committee there, which he prefaced by a speech exhibiting his own judicial acts, and undoubtedly making a capital case for himself as to diligence and despatch if it be all true (which I see no reason to doubt), and passing a great eulogium upon the House of Lords as an institution, and drawing comparisons between that House and the House of Commons (much to the disadvantage of the latter), expressing many things which are very true and just and of a highly conservative tendency. He is a strange being whom, with all his inconsistencies, one cannot but admire; so varied and prodigious are his powers. Much more are these lines applicable to him than to his predecessor on the Woolsack:—

> Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

In a speech the other night, by way of putting his audience on a wrong scent with regard to his correspondence with Lord Wellesley, he assured them that that correspondence was on any subject but politics, and in every language except English; and Lemarchant told somebody that his most difficult employment was to correct and copy out the Chancellor's Greek epigrams to Lord Wellesley, his Greek characters being worse than his English; while Lord Wellesley sent him very neatly written and prettily composed epigrams in return. I should think Lemarchant's occupation very amusing, and that no study could be more curiou than that of the mind and actions of this strange specime of humanity.

August 19th.—At Stoke from Saturday, the 16th, till ye terday; had much talk with old Creevey about the Chancell Sefton, his great ally, so resented his conduct to Lord G

that he was on the point of quarrelling with him, and Brougham miscalculated so far as to chuckle to Sefton himself over the improvement of his own position in the new order of things, telling him that he could more easily *manage* Melbourne than he could Lord Grey. They are a precious set with their squabbles and *tracasseries*. It appears that they very well knew what Brougham was from the beginning, especially Grey's womankind, who warned their father against him, but they all flattered themselves they had taken the sting out of him by getting him into the House of Lords. Creevey says that Brougham is devoured with ambition, and what he wants is to be Prime Minister, but that it is quite impossible he should for ever escape detection and not be regularly *blown up* sooner or later. He now wants to appear on good terms with Lord Grey, and there is a dinner at Edinburgh in contemplation (at which Brougham is to preside) to be given to Lord Grey. His friends want him not to go, but he has a notion that the Scotch have behaved so well to him that he ought not to refuse the invitation. The Chancellor had intended to go junketting on the Rhine with Mrs. P., and this project was only marred by his discovering that he could not leave the country without putting the Great Seal in commission at a cost (to himself) of 1,400*l*. This was a larger price than he was disposed to pay for his trip, so he went off to Brougham instead.

On Sunday I went all over the private apartments of Windsor Castle, and walked through what they call the slopes to the Queen's cottage; all very splendid and luxurious. In the gallery there is a model of a wretched-looking dog-hole of a building, with a ruined tower beside it. I asked what this was, and the housekeeper said, 'The Château of Meiningen;' put there, I suppose, to enhance by comparison the pleasure of all the grandeur which surrounds the Queen, for it would hardly have been exhibited as a philosophical or moral memento of her humble origin and the low fortune from which she had been raised.[1]

[1] [This model really represented the ruined Castle of Altenstein, not the Schloss at Meiningen, which is a handsome German *Residenz*.]

As I rode into London yesterday morning I fell in with Spencer Perceval, and got off my horse to walk into town with him. He talks rationally enough till he gets on religious topics; he asked me what I thought of the state of affairs, and, after telling him my opinion of the condition and prospects of the Church, I asked him what he thought of them. He said he agreed with me as to the *status*, but his notion was 'that it all proceeded from a departure from God,' that ours was a backsliding Church, and that God had forsaken it, and that we had only to put our trust in Him, and rely entirely on Him, and He would work out the salvation of His own. We parted in the midst of the discussion, and before I had any time to get from him any explanation of the course he would recommend to those who govern in furtherance of his own theocratical principles.

There has been what is called 'a great Protestant meeting' at Dublin, at which Winchilsea was introduced to the Irish Orangemen and made one of them. It was great in one way, for there were a great many fools, who talked a great deal of nonsense and evinced a disposition to do a great deal of mischief if they can. Winchilsea's description of himself was undoubtely true, only it is true always and of all of them, 'that his feelings were so excited that he was deprived of what little intellect he possessed.'

August 26th.—On Friday to Hillingdon, Saturday to Stoke; Lord John Russell, Medem, Dedel, Tommy Duncombe, D'Orsay. Lord John and I walked to Bulstrode on Sunday; talked about the Chancellor and the Government. He said that Lord Holland was struck with Brougham's want of tact at hearing him press Lord Grey to go to a public dinner at Edinburgh *because* he was to be in the chair; that Lord Grey did not think Brougham had been engaged *ab initio* in a plot to get him out. Lord John talked of the House of Lords, and how it and the House of Commons were to be re-united. He thinks that the obstinacy of the House of Lords and its Tory spirit are attributable solely to the numerous creations of the last thirty or forty years.

Tommy Duncombe is the greatest political comedy going,

he is engaged in a mediation between the master builders and the operatives, who have quarrelled about the unions, and an express came to him from Cubitt after dinner.

Sefton told me that Lord Grey, when he was at Windsor, had a long conversation with the King, in which his Majesty expressed no little dissatisfaction at what had recently occurred and at the present posture of his affairs. He told me that Lord Grey certainly would not have continued in office under any circumstances till Parliament met again, and that, in fact, his continual propositions to retire and expressions of consciousness of inability and unfitness had been very embarrassing and annoying both to his colleagues and the King, and that the latter had evidently been tired out by them, *as was proved by his not making the slightest effort* to induce Lord Grey to remain when he tendered his resignation. Grey acted very handsomely in giving his proxy to Melbourne, and the reason he stayed away from the House of Lords during the latter days of the session was that he was afraid of being compelled to say something indicative of the real state of his mind and feelings with regard to past occurrences.

When I got to town yesterday, to my great astonishment I found that the Vice-Chancellor had been at the office with a peremptory mandate from the Chancellor to bring on the Westmeath case on Friday next, sent up from Brougham Hall. In my absence the summonses had been issued, but I desired them all to be recalled, and the Vice-Chancellor soon after happening to call on me, I told him what had occurred before, and that the Lord President was opposed to the cause being thus hurried on. He acquiesced, and wrote to the Chancellor to say he had heard from me that it could not be; and so it ended, but I dare say the Chancellor will be in a violent rage, which I rather enjoy than not.[1] It is very clear that he intends to exercise paramount authority

1 [In addition to other reasons, which are obvious, against this proceeding, it would have been an unprecedented thing to call on an important appeal for hearing at the end of August, in the midst of the long vacation.]

over the Judicial Committee, and to consider everything connected with it at his disposal. When first he had the Privy Council Bill drawn up by one of his devils, he intended to create a new tribunal, of which he should be the head, and though he was obliged to give up his original design, he still considers himself entitled to deal with the Judicial Committee as he pleases. If the Lord President had more of the spirit that is due to the office over which he presides, he would not suffer him to interfere, and I am resolved if I can to get Lord Lansdowne to assert his own authority. The Chancellor has promised Sefton that when Mr. Blackburn, now a judge at the Mauritius, comes home, he shall be made a Privy Councillor; that Sir Alexander Johnston, who now attends the sittings of the Council, shall be dismissed, and Blackburn invited to attend instead of him, and that he shall have 400*l.* a year (which by the Act he may). This, if it takes place, will be one of the grossest and most barefaced jobs that ever were perpetrated; but I think it can never be. What makes it worse is that Brougham introduced this clause for the express purpose of meeting Blackburn's case; so he told Sefton, but I suppose it means that he made the stipend receivable by an ex-judge in *any colony*, when the pretext for it was the power of obtaining the assistance of Indian judges.[1]

September 4th.—At Court yesterday. The King came to town to receive the address of the City on the Queen's return—the most ridiculous address I ever heard. The Queen was too ill to appear. Her visit to Germany knocked her up, and well it might, considering the life she led—always up at six and never in bed till twelve, continual receptions and ceremonies. Errol told me she showed them her old bedroom in the palace (as they call it) at Meiningen—a hole that an English housemaid would think it a hardship to sleep in.

[1] [No colonial judge has ever been appointed to one of the assessorships of the Judicial Committee, except Sir Alexander Johnston, who had been Chief Justice of Ceylon; but Sir Alexander refused to accept the stipend (400*l.* a year) attached to the office, and never did receive it.]

Stanley (not the ex-Secretary, but the in Under-Secretary) told me last night an anecdote of Melbourne which I can very easily believe. When the King sent for him he told Young 'he thought it a damned bore, and that he was in many minds what he should do—be Minister or no.' Young said, 'Why, damn it, such a position never was occupied by any Greek or Roman, and, if it only lasts two months, it is well worth while to have been Prime Minister of England.' 'By God that's true,' said Melbourne; 'I'll go.' Young is his private secretary—a vulgar, familiar, impudent fellow, but of indefatigable industry and a man who suits Melbourne. His taste is not delicate enough to be shocked at the coarseness, while his indolence is accommodated by the industry, of his secretary. Then Young[1] knows many people, many places, and many things; nobody knows whence he comes or what is his origin, but he was a purser in the navy, and made himself useful to the Duke of Devonshire when he went to Russia, who recommended him to Melbourne. He was a writer and runner for the newspapers, and has always been an active citizen, struggling and striving to get on in the world, and probably with no inconsiderable dexterity. I know nothing of his honesty, for or against it; he seems good-humoured, but vulgar and familiar. Ben Stanley and I were talking about public men, and agreed that by far the ablest, and at the same time the most unscrupulous, of them are Brougham and O'Connell, and that the latter is probably on the whole the most devoid of principle. Their characters and adventures would be worthy of a Plutarch.

September 5th.—At Holland House yesterday, where I had not been these two years. Met Lord Holland at Court, who made me go. The last time I was with my Lady she was so mighty uncivil that I left off my visits, and then we met again as if there had been no interruption, and as if we had been living together constantly. Spring Rice and his son, Melbourne, and Palmerston dined there; Allen was at Dulwich, but came in the evening, and so did Bobus Smith. There

1 [Tom Young was commonly known as 'Ubiquity Young,' because you saw him in every place you might happen to go to.]

was a great deal of very good talk, anecdotes, literary criticism, and what not, some of which would be worth remembering, though hardly sufficiently striking to be put down, unless as forming a portion of a whole course of conversations of this description. A vast depression came over my spirits, though I was amused, and I don't suppose I uttered a dozen words. It is certainly true that the atmosphere of Holland House is often oppressive, but that was not it; it was a painful consciousness of my own deficiencies and of my incapacity to take a fair share in conversation of this description. I felt as if a language was spoken before me which I understood, but not enough to talk in it myself. There was nothing discussed of which I was altogether ignorant, and when the merits of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Crabbe were brought into comparison, and Lord Holland cut jokes upon Allen for his enthusiastic admiration of the 'De Moribus Germanorum,' it was not that I had not read the poets or the historian, but that I felt I had not read them with profit. I have not that familiarity with either which enables me to discuss their merits, and a painful sense came over me of the difference between one who has superficially read and one who has studied, one who has laid a solid foundation in early youth, gathering knowledge as he advances in years, all the stores of his mind being so orderly disposed that they are at all times available, and one who (as I have done) has huddled together a quantity of loose reading, as vanity, curiosity, and not seldom shame impelled; reading thus without system, more to cover the deficiencies of ignorance than to augment the stores of knowledge, loads the mind with an undigested mass of matter, which proves when wanted to be of small practical utility—in short, one must pay for the follies of one's youth. He who wastes his early years in horse-racing and all sorts of idleness, figuring away among the dissolute and the foolish, must be content to play an inferior part among the learned and the wise. Some instances there are of men who have united both characters, but it will be found that these have had frequent laborious intervals, that though they may have been vicious, they have never been indolent, and

that their minds have never slumbered and lost by disuse the power of exertion. Reflections of this sort make me very uncomfortable, and I am ready to cry with vexation when I think on my misspent life. If I was insensible to a higher order of merit, and indifferent to a nobler kind of praise, I should be happier far; but to be tormented with the sentiment of an honourable ambition and with aspirations after better things, and at the same time so sunk in sloth and bad habits as to be incapable of those exertions without which their objects are unattainable, is of all conditions the worst. I sometimes think that it would be better for me, as I am not what I might have been (if my education had been less neglected, and my mind had undergone a better system of moral discipline), if I was still lower than I am in the scale, and belonged entirely to a more degraded caste; and then again, when I look forward to that period which is fast approaching—

> When . . . . a sprightlier age—
> Comes tittering on to drive one from the stage—

I am thankful that I have still something in store, that though far below the wise and the learned, I am still something raised above the ignorant mob, that though much of my mental substance has been wasted, I have enough left to appear respectably in the world, and that I have at least preserved that taste for literary pursuits which I cling to as the greatest of blessings and the best security against the tedium and vacuity which are the indispensable concomitants of an idle youth and an ignorant old age.

As a slight but imperfect sketch of the talk of Holland House I will put down this:—

They talked of Taylor's new poem, 'Philip van Artevelde.' Melbourne had read and admired it. The preface, he said, was affected and foolish, the poem very superior to anything in Milman. There was one fine idea in the 'Fall of Jerusalem'—that of Titus, who felt himself propelled by an irresistible impulse like that of the Greek dramatists, whose fate is the great agent always pervading their dramas. They held

Wordsworth cheap, except Spring Rice, who was enthusiastic about him. Holland thought Crabbe the greatest genius of modern poets. Melbourne said he degraded every subject. None of them had known Coleridge; his lectures were very tiresome, but he is a poet of great merit. Then they spoke of Spencer Perceval and Irving preaching in the streets. Irving had called on Melbourne, and eloquently remonstrated that 'they only asked the same licence that was given to puppet-shows and other sights not to be prevented; that the command was express, "Go into the highways," and that they must obey God rather than man.' Melbourne said this was all very true and unanswerable. 'What *did* you answer?' I asked. 'I said, "You must not preach there."' Then of Cambridge and Goulburn, who is a saint and gave lectures in his room, by which he has caught several young men. Lord Holland spoke of George III.'s letters to Lord North; the King liked Lord North, hated the Duke of Richmond. Amongst the few people he liked were Lord Loughborough and Lord Thurlow. Thurlow was always 'endeavouring to undermine the Minister with whom he was acting, and intriguing underhand with his enemies.' Loughborough used to say, 'Do what you think right, and never think of what you are to say to excuse it beforehand'—a good maxim. The Duke of Richmond in 1763 or 1764, after an audience of the King in his closet, told him that 'he had said that to him which if he was a subject he should not scruple to call an untruth.' The King never forgave it, and the Duke had had the imprudence to make a young king his enemy for life. This Duke of Richmond, when Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex, during the American war, sailed in a yacht through the fleet, when the King was there, with American colours at his mast-head. He never forgave Fox for putting the Duke of Portland instead of himself at the head of the Government in 1782. During the riots in 1780 on account of Admiral Keppel, Tom Grenville burst open the door of the Admiralty, and assisted at the pillage and destruction of papers. Lord Grey a little while ago attacked him about it, and he did not deny it. Such things could not be done now. During the

Windsor election they hired a mob to go down and throw Lord Mornington (Lord Wellesley) over Windsor Bridge, and Fitzpatrick said it would be so fine to see St. Patrick's blue riband floating down the stream. They first sent to Piper to know if Lord Mornington could swim. The plan was defeated by his having a still stronger mob. After dinner they discussed women's works: few *chefs-d'œuvres*; Madame de Sévigné the best; the only three of a high class are Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, and (Bobus Smith said) Sappho, but of her not above forty lines are extant: these, however, are unrivalled; Mrs Somerville is very great in the exact sciences. Lady Holland would not hear of Madame de Staël. They agreed as to Miss Austen that her novels are excellent. Quintus Curtius is confirmed by Burnes' travels in Bokhara, but was reckoned no authority by the greatest scholars; Lord Melbourne said Mitford had expressed his confidence in him. Of the early English kings there is no reason to believe that any king before Edward III. understood the English language; the quarrel between Beckett and King Henry II. was attributed (by some writers) to the hostile feeling between Normans and Saxons, and this was the principal motive of the quarrel and the murder of the Archbishop. Klopstock had a *sect* of admirers in Germany; some young students made a pilgrimage from Göttingen to Hamburg, where Klopstock lived in his old age, to ask him the meaning of a passage in one of his works which they could not understand. He looked at it, and then said that he could not then recollect what it was that he meant when he wrote it, but that he knew it was the finest thing he ever wrote, and they could not do better than devote their lives to the discovery of its meaning.

September 7th.—At Holland House again; only Bobus Smith and Melbourne; these two, with Allen, and Lord Holland agreeable enough. Melbourne's excellent scholarship and universal information remarkably display themselves in society, and he delivers himself with an energy which shows how deeply his mind is impressed with literary subjects.

After dinner there was much talk of the Church, and Allen spoke of the early reformers, the Catharists, and how the early Christians persecuted each other; Melbourne quoted Vigilantius's letter to Jerome, and then asked Allen about the 11th of Henry IV., an Act passed by the Commons against the Church, and referred to the dialogue between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely at the beginning of Shakespeare's 'Henry V.,' which Lord Holland sent for and read, Melbourne knowing it all by heart and prompting all the time. Lingard says of this statute that the Commons proposed to the King to commit an act of spoliation on the clergy, but that the King sharply rebuked them and desired to hear no more of the matter. About etymologies Melbourne quoted Tooke's 'Diversions of Purley,' which he seemed to have at his fingers' ends. I forget what other topics were discussed, but after Lady Holland and Melbourne and Allen went to bed, Lord Holland, Bobus, and I sat down, and Lord Holland told us many anecdotes about the great orators of his early days. Fox used to say Grey was the most prudent man he knew, and this perhaps owing to his having got into a scrape early in his Parliamentary life, by attacking Pitt, who gave him a severe castigation; it was about his letter to the Prince being sent by a servant during the Regency discussions. Fox thought his own speech in 1804 on going to war with France the best he ever made. Lord Holland believed that Pitt (the younger) was not so eloquent as Chatham. Grattan said, 'He takes longer flights, does not soar so high.' No power was ever equal to Chatham's over a public assembly, much greater in the Commons than it was afterwards in the Lords. When Sir Thomas Robinson had been boring the House on some commercial question, and introduced the word 'sugar' so often that there was at last a laugh as often as he did so, Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, who had put him up, grew very angry, and at last his wrath boiled over. When Robinson sat down Pitt rose, and with a tone and manner of the utmost indignation began, 'Mr. Speaker, sir—sugar—I say sugar. Who laughs now?' and nobody did laugh. Once in

the House of Lords, on a debate during the American war, he said he hoped the King might be awakened from his slumbers. There was a cry of 'Order! order!' 'Order, my Lords?' burst out Chatham, 'Order? I have not been disorderly, but I *will* be disorderly. I repeat again, I hope that his Majesty may be awakened from his slumbers, but that he may not be awakened by such an awful apparition as that which drew King Priam's curtains in the dead of the night and told him of the conflagration of his empire.' Holland regretted much that he had never heard Lord North, whom he fancied he should have liked as much as any of his great opponents; his temper, shrewdness, humour, and power of argument were very great. Tommy Townshend, a violent, foolish fellow, who was always talking strong language, said in some debate, 'Nothing will satisfy me but to have the noble Lord's head; I will have his head.' Lord North said, 'The honourable gentleman says he will have my head. I bear him no malice in return, for though the honourable gentleman says he will have my head, I can assure him that I would on no account have his.'

September 13th.—Dined again at Holland House the day before yesterday; Melbourne, Rice, Lord and Lady Albemarle, and Lord Gosford; rather dull. A discussion about *who* was the man in a mask who cut Charles I.'s head off; Mackintosh believed he knew. What a literary puerility! The man in a mask was Jack Ketch (whatever his name was); who can doubt it? Where was the man, Roundhead or Puritan, who as an amateur would have mounted the scaffold to perform this office? But the executioner, though only discharging the duties of his office, probably thought in those excited times that he would not be safe from the vengeance of some enthusiastic cavalier, and that it was more prudent to conceal the features of the man by whom the deed was done. Melbourne swore that Henry VIII. was the greatest man who ever lived, and Allen declared if he had not married Ann Boleyn we should have continued Catholics to this day, both of which assertions I ventured to dispute. Allen with all his learning is fond of a paradox, and his prejudices shine forth

in every question in which Church and religion are implicated. Melbourne loves dashing opinions.

September 18th.—For some weeks past a fierce war has been waged by the 'Times' against the Chancellor. It was declared in some menacing articles which soon swelled into a tone of rebuke, and have since been sharpened into attacks of a constancy, violence, and vigour quite unexampled; all the power of writing which the paper can command—argument, abuse, and ridicule—have been heaped day after day upon him, and when it took a little breathing time it filled up the interval by quotations from other papers, which have been abundantly supplied both by the London and the country press. I do not yet know what are the secret causes which have stirred the wrath of the 'Times.' The 'Examiner' has once a week thrown into the general contribution of rancour an article perhaps wittier and more pungent than any which have appeared in the 'Times,' but between them they have flagellated him till he is raw, and it is very clear that he feels it quite as acutely as they can desire. While they have thus been administering castigation in this unsparing style, he has afforded them the best opportunities by his extraordinary progress in Scotland, and the astonishing speeches which he made at Aberdeen and Dundee, making more mountebank exhibitions than he did in the House of Lords, and exciting the unquenchable laughter of his enemies and the continual terror of his friends. Lord Holland told me that he was trembling for the account of the Edinburgh dinner. That great affair appears, however (by the first half of the proceedings), to have gone off very well. Lord Grey in his speech confined himself to general topics, and he and Brougham steered extremely clear of one another, but Brougham made some allusions which Durham took to himself, and replied to with considerable asperity of tone, avoiding, however, any personalities and anything like a direct collision. Everybody asks, How long will Brougham be permitted to go on playing these ape's tricks and scattering his flummery and his lies? and then they say, But you can't get rid of him, and the Government (dangerous as he

is to them) could not get on without him. There would probably be no difficulty; experience has demonstrated to me the extreme fallacy of the notion that *anybody* under *any* circumstances is indispensable. Althorp appeared the most indispensable man the other day, but that was only because his friends and the fools in the House of Commons kept bawling out that he was so till they persuaded him, themselves, and everybody else that it really was the case. Who would have dared to say that this Government could have gone on without either Stanley in one House or Lord Grey in the other? But anybody would have been scouted as mad who had argued that it would go on just as well when deprived of both of them. The Chancellor's amazing talents—his eloquence, sarcasm, and varied powers—can never fail to produce considerable effect; but in the House of Lords the field is narrow for the display of these qualities, the audience is cold and unfriendly, and he has excited such a general feeling of personal animosity against himself, and has done such irreparable injury to his character—having convinced all the world that he is desperately ambitious, false, capricious, intriguing, and governed by no principle, and under the influence of no sentiment of honour—that his influence is exceedingly diminished. Those who are charitably disposed express their humane conviction that he is mad, and it probably is not very remote from the truth.[1]

Henry Taylor brought me a parcel of letters to frank to Southey the other day; they are from Newton, Cowper's nephew (I think to W. Thornton), and they are to supply Southey with materials for Cowper's Life, which he is writing. There is one curious fact revealed in these letters, which

[1] [It is with pain and reluctance that I print these remarks on Lord Brougham, and several passages in the preceding pages of these Memoirs which are equally severe, and in some respects, I think, exaggerated. But I certainly do not feel myself justified in withholding them. They were all revised and corrected by the author himself with great care; and nothing but a true and full account of the sentiments which Lord Brougham's conduct had excited amongst his colleagues and contemporaries at that time can account for the catastrophe which awaited him, and which excluded him for the rest of his life from official life and employment.]

accounts for much of Cowper's morbid state of mind and *fits of depression, as well as for the circumstance of his* running away from his place in the House of Lords. It relates to some defect in his physical conformation; somebody found out his secret, and probably threatened its exposure.

September 19th.—Yesterday at Holland House; nobody there but Melbourne. We were talking of Reform, and Lord Holland said, 'I don't know if we were right about Reform, but this I know, that if we were to propose it at all, we were right in going the lengths we did, and this was Canning's opinion.' Melbourne said, 'Yes, I know it was, and that was mine, and that was the reason why I was against Reform.' Holland then resumed that he had formerly been one of Canning's most intimate friends at college; that at that time—the beginning of the French Revolution—when a general excitement prevailed, Canning was a great Jacobin, much more so than he was himself; that Canning had always hated the aristocracy (a hatred which they certainly returned with interest); that in after life he had been separated from Canning, and they had seen but little of each other. Just before he was going to India, however, Holland called on him, and Canning dined at Holland House. On one of these occasions they had a conversation upon the subject of Reform, when Canning said that he saw it was inevitable, and he was not sorry to be away while the measure was accomplished, but that if he had been here while it was mooted, he could have *let those gentlemen* (the Whig aristocracy) *know that they should gain nothing by it.* After dinner we had much talk about religion, when Allen got into a fury; he thundered out his invectives against the *charlatanerie* of the Apostles and Fathers and the brutal ignorance of the early Christian converts, when Holland said, laughing, 'Well, but you need not abuse them so violently.' They were in high delight at Holland House at the way the Edinburgh dinner went off. It was a very ludicrous incident that the Scotchmen could not be kept from falling to before Lord Grey and the grandees arrived, and when they did come most of the dinner was

already eaten up. The Chancellor is said to have made an admirable speech at the meeting of *savans*, full of dignity, propriety, and eloquence, and the *savans* spoke one more absurdly than another.

September 23rd.—On Saturday at Stoke; came up yesterday with Melbourne. We had a great deal of talk. As soon as we got into the carriage he asked me if I thought it was true that Talleyrand had taken such offence at Palmerston that he would not return here on that account, and if I knew what it was that had affronted him, whether any deficiency in diplomatic punctilio or general offensiveness of manner. I told him I had no doubt it was true, and that the complaints against Palmerston were so general that there must be some cause for them, and though Madame de Lieven might be prejudiced against him, *all* the foreign Ambassadors could not be so. He said it was very extraordinary if it was so, tried to argue that it might not be the case, and put it in all sorts of different ways; he said that Palmerston exhibited no signs of temper or arrogance with his colleagues, but quite the reverse; he owned, however, he was very obstinate. We then talked over the Stratford Canning business; he admitted that it was unfortunate and might lead to serious consequences, both as to our relations with the Emperor and to the question of diplomatic expenses here. I expressed my astonishment that Palmerston's obstinacy should have been permitted to have its own way in the matter, and I should guess, from his own strong opinion on the subject, that an Ambassador would be sent before long. He told me—what I did not know before—that the King of Prussia had desired to have Lord Clanwilliam recalled from Berlin.

He then talked of Brougham, and I found that he knows him thoroughly, and is more on his guard than I thought he was with regard to him. I told him of the change in Sefton's feelings towards him on Lord Grey's account, and also of Brougham's strange want of discrimination and his imprudence in congratulating himself to Sefton on the recent changes, and of his expectations of profiting by Melbourne's advancement to power. I touched lightly on the latter part,

because it is never prudent to dwell upon topics which are injurious to a person's vanity, and a word dropped upon so tender a part produces as much effect as the strongest argument. He seemed not a little struck by it, and when I said that I thought there was a taint of insanity in the Chancellor, he said that he thought a great change in him was manifest in the course of the last year, and admitted that he did not think him of sound mind certainly. This he rather implied than expressed, however. He talked of his conduct in Parliament, and observed upon the strange forbearance of the Tories towards him; he thought he had never given stronger evidence of talent than in some of his speeches during the last session. I asked him if the King and Brougham were well together. He shook his head: 'not at all, and the King can't bear these exhibitions in Scotland.' He said the King liked Palmerston, Auckland, Spring Rice, and Mulgrave; had no fancy for any of the rest. (I suspect he likes him (Melbourne), because he appears to talk openly to him, and to express his feelings about the others, and I dare say Melbourne puts him at his ease.) He can't bear John Russell, respects Althorp (and particularly Lord Spencer), but hates Althorp's politics; treats Lord Holland with the familiarity of a connexion,[1] but doesn't like his politics either; he is tenacious about having everything laid before him, often gives his opinion, but is easily satisfied; liked Lord Grey, but was never quite at his ease with him (this accounts for his taking Lord Grey's resignation as quietly as he did); has a very John-Bullish aversion to the French, and the junction of the English and French fleets two years ago was a bitter pill for him to swallow.

We afterwards talked of Canning and the Duke of Wellington, and the breaking up of the Tory Government. I told him that I believed the Duke and the Tories were aware of Canning's communications with Brougham. Brougham wrote to Canning and made him an unqualified offer of support. When the King asked Canning how he was to

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obtain support enough to carry on the Government, he pulled this letter out of his pocket, gave it to him, and said, 'Sir, your father broke the domination of the Whigs; I hope your Majesty will not endure that of the Tories.' 'No,' said the King; 'I'll be damned if I do;' and he made him Minister. This Canning told Melbourne himself.

September 25th.—Dined yesterday at Holland House; only Melbourne and Pahlen, and in the evening Senior came. He is a very able man—a conveyancer, great political economist, and author of various works on that subject. He was employed by Government to draw up the Poor Law Bill, and might have been one of the Poor Law Commissioners if he would have accepted the office; his profits in his profession are too great to be given up for this occupation. By a discussion which arose about Bickersteth's merits it was clear that there is a question of his being Solicitor-General. Melbourne said 'he was a Benthamite, and they were all fools.' (He said a doctrinaire was a fool, but an honest man.) I said 'the Austins were not fools.' 'Austin? Oh, a damned fool. Did you ever read his book on "Jurisprudence"?' I said I had read a great part of it, and that it did not appear to be the work of a fool. He said he had read it all, and that it was the dullest book he ever read, and full of truisms elaborately set forth. Melbourne is very fond of being slashing and paradoxical. It is astonishing how much he reads even now that he is Prime Minister. He is greatly addicted to theology, and loves conversing on the subject of religion. ——, who wanted him to marry her (which he won't do, though he likes to talk to her), is the depositary of his thoughts and notions on these subjects, and the other day she told me he sent her a book (I forget what) on the Revelation stuffed with marginal notes of his own. It was not long ago that he *studied* Lardner's book on the 'Credibility of the Christian Religion,' and compared it with the Bible as he went along. She fancies that all this reading and reflection have turned him into the right way. I can see no symptom of it at Holland House.

After dinner we talked of languages, and Lord Holland

insisted that Spanish was the finest of all and the best adapted to eloquence. They said that George Villiers wrote word that nothing could be better than the speaking in the Cortes—great readiness and acuteness in reply—and that a more dexterous and skilful debater than Martinez de la Rosa could not be found in any assembly. '*That* speaking so well is the worst thing about them,' said Melbourne. 'Ah, that is one of your paradoxes,' Lord Holland replied.

Allen talked to me about the Harley papers, which were left in a box not to be opened for sixty years; the box was only opened a few years ago at my cousin Titchfield's (the first) desire, and the papers submitted to Mackintosh, with permission to publish them in his 'History of England.' Mackintosh's death put an end to this, and Allen wants me to ask my uncle the Duke of Portland to put them in my hands and let me publish them. I never did so. Macaulay had all Mackintosh's papers, and amongst them his notes from these MSS.

London, November 13th.—For two months nearly that I have been in this country I have not written a line, having had nothing worth recording to put down. It is not worth my while to write, nor anybody else's to read (should anybody ever read these memoranda), the details of racing and all that thereunto appertains, and though several disagreeable occurrences have ruffled the stream of my life, I have no pleasure in recording these; for if their consequences pass away, and I can forget them, it is better not at any future time to awaken 'the scorpion sting of griefs subdued.' Of public events I have known nothing but what everybody else knows, and it would have been mere waste of time to copy from the newspapers accounts of the conflagration of the Houses of Parliament or the Durham dinner at Glasgow. My campaign on the turf has been a successful one. Still all this success has not prevented frequent disgusts, and I derive anything but unmixed pleasure from this pursuit even when I win by it. Besides the continual disappointments and difficulties incident to it, which harass the mind, the life it compels me to lead, the intimacies arising out of it, the

associates and the war against villany and trickery, being haunted by continual suspicions, discovering the trust-*un*worthiness of one's most intimate friends, the necessity of insincerity and concealment sometimes where one feels that one ought and would desire to be most open; then the degrading nature of the occupation, mixing with the lowest of mankind, and absorbed in the business for the sole purpose of getting money, the consciousness of a sort of degradation of intellect, the conviction of the deteriorating effects upon both the feelings and the understanding which are produced, the sort of dram-drinking excitement of it—all these things and these thoughts torment me, and often turn my pleasure to pain. On arriving in town I went to Crockford's, where I found all the usual set of people, and soon after Sefton came in. Lord Spencer's death had taken place the day before; he knew nothing of the probable arrangements, but he told me that he supposed Althorp would go to the Admiralty and Auckland to India. But what he was fullest of was that Mrs. Lane Fox's house was become the great rendezvous of a considerable part of the Cabinet. The Chancellor, Melbourne, Duncannon, and Mulgrave are there every day and all day; they all dine with her, or meet her (the only woman) at each other's houses, as often as they can. It certainly is a droll connexion. The squabbles between Brougham and Durham seem to have resolved themselves into a mere personal coldness, and there is no question now of any hostilities between them. I never thought there would be, though some people apparently did; but they both would much rather rail than fight.

November 14th.—Went down to the Council Office yesterday, and found them in the middle of Lord Westmeath's case —Lord Lansdowne, the Vice-Chancellor, Parke, Erskine, and Vaughan. Lushington was for Lady Westmeath, and Follett (with a civilian) for him. After the argument there was a discussion, and well did Westmeath do, for they reduced the alimony from 700*l.* to 315*l.* a year, and the arrears in the same proportion. Thus Westmeath succeeded in great measure in his appeal, which he would not have done

if the Chancellor had contrived to lug on the case as he wished; for Erskine was all for giving her more, the others did not seem averse, and but for Parke, who hit off the right principle, as well as what best accorded with the justice of the case, she would certainly have got a much larger award.

The Vice-Chancellor afterwards told me the history of the recent legal appointments. There never was any difference of opinion between Brougham and Melbourne on the subject of either. Campbell accepted the Attorney-Generalship on the express condition that he should not expect to succeed as a matter of right to any vacancy in the Courts, but on Leach's death he did instantly urge his claims. Brougham wrote to Melbourne, and speedily followed his letter to London, and they both agreed not to listen to this claim, and to promote Pepys. I don't know how they disposed of Horne's claim. Bickersteth [1] refused to be Solicitor-General on account of his health, and not choosing to face the House of Commons and its work. Shadwell told me that he wrote to Brougham and suggested Rolfe when the vacancy occurred, that he had not been in great practice, but was a good lawyer and excellent speaker, and that the Chancellor and Melbourne had likewise concurred in this appointment. Nothing is settled about the new arrangements rendered necessary by Lord Spencer's death, but Melbourne went to Brighton yesterday. Rice has worked hard to master the Colonial business, and probably will not like to be translated to the Exchequer; besides, it is supposed that his seat at Cambridge would be in great peril. People talk of their not going on; how can any others go on better?

Lord Lansdowne has just returned from Paris, where, he

[1] [Mr. Bickersteth refused to be Solicitor-General because the offer was made to him by the Lord Chancellor, and not by the Prime Minister. At that time he was personally unacquainted with Lord Melbourne, but he consented to call on him at Lord Melbourne's request, and the offer was repeated, but not accepted. The real reason of his refusal was his profound distrust of Lord Brougham, which amounted to aversion, and he thought it unworthy of himself to accept the office of a law officer of the Crown under a Chancellor with whom he could not conscientiously act. I have read a MS. narrative of the whole transaction by Lord Langdale himself, in which these sentiments are very strongly expressed.]

told me, he had frequent conversations with the King. The new Ministry is a wretched patched-up affair; but the Government of France is centred in the King, and it is his great power and influence in the Chambers, and not the ability of his Ministers (be they who they may), that keeps the thing going. This influence appears to be immense, and without enjoying any popularity, there is an universal opinion that Louis Philippe is indispensable to France. He told Lord Lansdowne that he had always been against the appointment of Marshal Gérard as President of the Council, although he had a high opinion of him, but that he was aware he had not tact and judgment sufficient for that post, and he had told his Ministers that he would consent to the appointment if they insisted on it, but that he warned them that it would break up the Government. Whatever may be the instability of this or any other Administration, it is said that nothing can be more firm and secure than the King's tenure of his crown. He appears, in fact, to be the very man that France requires, and as he is in the vigour of life and has a reasonable prospect of a long reign, he will probably consolidate the interest of his family and extinguish whatever lingering chance there might be of the restoration of the old effete dynasty.

CHAPTER XXV.

Fall of Lord Melbourne's Government—History and Causes of this Event—An Intrigue—Effect of the *Coup* at Holland House—The Change of Government—The two Camps—The King's Address to the New Ministers—The Duke's Account of the Transaction—And Lord Lyndhurst's—Difficult Position of the Tories—Their Policy—The Duke in all the Offices—Negotiation with Mr Barnes—Power of the 'Times'—Another Address of the King—Brougham offers to be Lord Chief Baron—Mr. Barnes dines with Lord Lyndhurst—Whig View of the Recent Change—Liberal Views of the Tory Ministers—The King resolved to support them—Another Account of the Interview between the King and Lord Melbourne—Lord Stanley's Position—Sydney Smith's Preaching at St. Paul's—Lord Duncannon and Lord Melbourne—Relations of the four Seceders to Peel—Young Disraeli—Lord Melbourne's Speeches at Derby—Lord John Russell's Speech at Totness—The Duke of Wellington's Inconsistencies and Conduct.

November 16th.—Yesterday morning the town was electrified by the news that Melbourne's Government was at an end. Nobody had the slightest suspicion of such an impending catastrophe; the Ministers themselves reposed in perfect security. I never saw astonishment so great on every side; nobody pretended to have prophesied or expected such an event. Thus it befell:—On Thursday Melbourne went to Brighton to make the arrangements necessary on Lord Spencer's death. He had previously received a letter from the King, which contained nothing indicative of the fate that awaited him. He had his audience on Thursday afternoon, and offered his Majesty the choice of Spring Rice, Lord John Russell, or Abercromby to lead the House of Commons and fill the vacant office. The King made some objections, and said he must take time to consider it. Nothing more passed that night, and the next day, when Melbourne saw the King, his Majesty placed

in his hands a letter containing his determination. It was couched in terms personally complimentary to Melbourne, but he said that, having lost the services of Lord Althorp as leader of the House of Commons, he could feel no confidence in the stability of his Government when led by any other member of it; that they were already in a minority in the House of Peers, and he had every reason to believe the removal of Lord Althorp would speedily put them in the same situation in the other House; that under such circumstances he felt other arrangements to be necessary, and that it was his intention to send for the Duke of Wellington. Nothing could be more peremptory and decisive, and not a loophole was left for explanation or arrangements, or endeavour to patch the thing up. The King wrote to the Duke, and, what is rather droll, the letter was despatched by Melbourne's carriage, which returned to town. It is very evident that the King has long determined to seize the first plausible pretext he could find for getting rid of these people, whom he dislikes and fears, and that he thinks (justly or not remains to be proved) the translation of Althorp affords him a good opportunity, and such a one perhaps as may not speedily occur again. It is long since a Government has been so summarily dismissed—regularly kicked out, in the simplest sense of that phrase. Melbourne's colleagues expected his return without a shadow of apprehension or doubt. He got back late, and wrote to none of them. The Chancellor, who had dined at Holland House, called on him and heard the news; the others (except Duncannon, who went to him, and I believe Palmerston) remained in happy ignorance till yesterday morning, when they were saluted at their rising with the astounding intelligence. All the Ministers (except Brougham) read the account of their dismissal in the 'Times' the next morning, and this was the first they heard of it. Melbourne resolved to say nothing that night, but summoned an early Cabinet, when he meant to impart it. Brougham called on him on his way from Holland House. Melbourne told him, but made him promise not to say a word of it to anybody. He promised, and the moment he quitted the

house sent to the 'Times' office and told them what had occurred, with the well-known addition that 'the Queen had done it all.'

They attribute their fall to the influence of the Queen, and fancy that it is the result of a preconcerted scheme and intrigue with the Tories, neither of which do I believe to be true. With regard to the latter notion, the absence of Sir Robert Peel, who is travelling in Italy, is a conclusive proof of its falseness. He never would have been absent if he had foreseen the remotest possibility of a crisis, and the death of Lord Spencer has been imminent and expected for some time past. I am convinced that it is the execution of a project which the King has long nourished of delivering himself from the Whigs whenever he could. His original dislike has been exasperated to a great pitch by the mountebank exhibitions of Brougham, and he is so alarmed and disgusted at the Radical propensities which the Durham dinner has manifested, that he is resolved to try whether the Government cannot be conducted upon principles which are called Conservative, but which shall really be *bonâ fide* opposed to the ultra doctrines and wild schemes which he knows are not distasteful to at least one-half of his late Cabinet.

His resentment against these people has been considerably increased by the discovery (which he believes he has made) of his having been grossly deceived at the period of Lord Grey's retirement and the formation of Melbourne's Administration. The circumstances of this part of the business I know only imperfectly, so much so as to leave a good deal that requires explanation in order to make it intelligible; but I was told on good authority yesterday that at that time Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were quite prepared to undertake the formation of a Government if it had been proposed to them, and that he had every reason to believe they had been betrayed by 'that scoundrel H——,' who had been employed by some of the other party to find out what their intentions and dispositions were upon that point; that H—— had gone to them and

asked them the question, and having at that time entire confidence in him, they had told him if it was offered to them they certainly would undertake it; that he had never told them or given them any reason to believe that he was commissioned to find out their resolution, and they think he returned to his employer and told him that they must take care how such an offer was made to the Tories, as they would certainly accept it if it was offered. Melbourne was no party to this transaction, but the consequence of it was that the King was given to understand that it would be useless to propose to them to form a Government, for they were not prepared to do so, and he was advised to make the proposal of a coalition, which was made, and which they of course rejected. The King, it appears, subsequently discovered what their disposition had been at the time, and that he had been misled and deceived, and this made him very indignant.

I should like to know this story more in detail, for it would be curious to learn who were the agents in the intrigue, and, above all, what could induce H—— to sacrifice the interests of the Duke of Wellington (with whom he had great influence and to whom he had great obligations) and of the party from which alone he could expect any solid advantages to those of the Whigs, from whom he could derive no benefit sufficient to compensate him for the danger as well as treachery of the transaction. I never liked this fellow, and always thought him a low blackguard, and, however shrewd and active, a bad confidant and 'fidus Achates' for the Duke to have taken up; but the folly and shortsightedness of this proceeding seem so obvious (to say nothing of its villany) that I cannot without strong proofs yield my belief to the story, though Peel is not a man to harbour such strong suspicions on slight grounds.

This morning Lord Lansdowne wrote me word that the Duke had accepted, but it is probable that nothing can be done till Peel returns from Italy. He will accept no post but that of Prime Minister, though the King would prefer to put the Duke there if he would take it.

November 17th.—It is only bit by bit that one ascertains the truth in affairs like these. It is true that the King imparted his resolution to Melbourne in a letter, but not true in the sense in which that fact is intended to be taken. I went to Holland House yesterday, but my Lord and my Lady were gone to town. I met the heavy chariot slowly moving back through Kensington, and stopped to talk to them. They seemed in tolerably good spirits, all things considered; like the rest, they had not a suspicion of what was going to happen. Melbourne was to have dined there on Friday, but did not arrive. At eleven o'clock everybody went away, without any tidings having come of Melbourne; the next morning Lord Holland read in the 'Times' that the Government was at an end. Allen swore that it must be a hoax, and it was only upon receiving a summons to the Cabinet at twelve instead of two that Holland began to think there was *something in it*. He told me that the King had two long conversations with Melbourne, in which he explained his opinions, motives, and intentions, and finally gave him the letter, that he might show it to his colleagues. It would now appear that no definite arrangements were proposed to him at all; nothing, in fact, could be settled till it was ascertained what Althorp would do—whether he would continue in office, and what office he would take—but they intended that Lord John Russell should be the leader in the House of Commons, or what they call 'try it.' This must have been peculiarly distasteful to the King, who dislikes Lord John, and thinks him a dangerous little Radical, and Melbourne is well aware of this antipathy. On *the* Friday night Melbourne, with a party of his colleagues—Mulgrave, Ben Stanley, Poulett Thompson, and one or two more—were at the play just opposite to me; the piece was the 'Regent,' and it was full of jokes about dismissing Ministers and other things very applicable, at which Melbourne at least (who does not care a button about *office*, whatever he may do about power) was heartily amused. To-day the King came to town to receive the resignations, for he is resolved to finish off the whole affair at once and make *maison nette*;

they have been ordered therefore to attend at St. James's and give up their seals.

Five o'clock.—Just returned from St. James's. In the outer room I found assembled the Duke of Wellington, Lyndhurst, Rosslyn, Goulburn, Hardinge, the Speaker, Jersey, Maryborough, Cowley, whom the Duke had collected in order to form a Privy Council: in the Throne Room the ex-Cabinet congregated, and it was amusing to watch them as they passed through the army of their enemies, and to see their different greetings and bows: all interchanged some slight civility except Brougham, who stalked through looking as black as thunder and took no notice of anybody. The first question that arose was, What was to be done about the prorogation? The Duke thought they might as well finish that business to-day, and I went on an embassy into the other room to propose it; but they declined to have anything to say to it and evinced great anxiety to take no part in any proceedings of this day. Accordingly Lord Lansdowne explained to the King that the presence of a Lord President was not necessary, and that there was a sufficiency of Privy Lords to form a Council, so His Majesty consented to the late Ministers going away. As I thought the company of those who were coming in would be more cheerful and agreeable than that of those who were going out, I passed my time in the outer room, and had a good deal of conversation with the Duke and Lyndhurst, from whom I gathered everything that I did not know before. After the Whigs had made their exit we went into the Throne Room, and the King sent for Lyndhurst, who only stayed with him a few minutes, and then the Duke and all the Privy Councillors were summoned. After greeting them all and desiring them to sit down, he began a speech nearly as follows:—Having thought proper to make a change in my Government, at the present moment I have directed a new commission to be issued for executing the office of Lord High Treasurer, at the head of which I have placed the Duke of Wellington, and his Grace has kissed hands accordingly upon that appointment. As by the Constitution

of this country the King can do no wrong, but those persons are responsible for his acts in whom he places his confidence—as I do in the Lords now present—it is necessary to place the seals of the Secretary of State for the Home Department in those hands in which I can best confide, and I have therefore thought proper to confer that office likewise on his Grace, who will be sworn in accordingly.' Here the Duke came round, and, after much fumbling for his spectacles, took the oath of Secretary of State. The King then resumed, 'It is likewise necessary for me to dispose of the seals of the other two Secretaries of State, and I therefore place them likewise for the present in the same hands, as he is already First Lord of the Treasury and Secretary of State for the Home Office.' Then, turning to me, he asked if there was any business, and being told there was none, desired me to retire. When I was gone he began another harangue, to the effect that he had endeavoured, since he had been upon the throne, to do for the best, and that he could not fill up any of the other offices at present.

Now for what I learned from the Duke and Lyndhurst. The former told me that he was just going out hunting when the messenger arrived; that the letter merely said that the King wished to see him, to consult with him as to the steps he should take with regard to the formation of another Government. He went off directly, and at once told the King that the best thing he could do was to send for Sir Robert Peel, and that until he arrived he would undertake to carry on the Government by a provisional arrangement, and would do nothing more until Peel's return. So the matter accordingly stands, and no other appointment will be made except that the Great Seal will be transferred to Lyndhurst without, however (at present), his becoming Chancellor. He talked a great deal about the state of the late Government, and what passed between Melbourne and the King, but I heard this still more in detail from Lyndhurst afterwards.

I asked the Duke if he had seen the 'Times' [illegible]. He said 'No,' and I told him there appeared [illegible]able disposition to support the new Gove[illegible]

it would be very advisable to obtain that support if it could be done. He said he was aware that he had formerly too much neglected the press, but he did not think the 'Times' could be influenced. I urged him to avail himself of any opportunity to try, and he seemed very well disposed to do so. Lyndhurst, whom I afterwards talked to for a long time, went into the whole business. He said that it was very desirable that the public should know the truth of what had taken place between the King and Melbourne, both in conversation and by letter, because it would be seen that the former was in no way to blame. [This case, such as Lyndhurst described it to me, was afterwards put hypothetically in the 'Times,' to which it was furnished probably by Scarlett, but the Whigs emphatically declare that it is not correct, and that it will be found, when Melbourne states the truth (as he will require the King's permission to do), that his Majesty had no case at all. In the midst of these conflicting assertions time must show.—*November 26th.*] Melbourne told him that, as he had only undertaken to carry on the Government in consideration of having the assistance of Althorp in the House of Commons, his removal made it necessary to adopt a new organisation altogether, that some considerable concessions to the principle of Reform were judged to be necessary, and the appointment of a successor to Althorp, who should carry them into effect; that he was of opinion that without these the Government could not go on, and at the same time it was necessary to state that there were members of the Cabinet who did not coincide with these views, and who would retire when Parliament met if they were adopted. These were Lord Lansdowne and Spring Rice; Lord John Russell was to lead in the House of Commons, but the loss of Rice would be a severe blow to them. The concessions related principally to Church reform. The disunion of the Cabinet being thus exhibited, it was clear the Government could not go on without some material alteration in its composition. The King urged this and asked Melbourne from what quarter the necessary accession of strength was to be procured, and whether he could hope for it from the

Conservative interest. He owned that nothing was to be expected from that quarter. It remained, then, that it was only from the more extreme party that their ranks could be recruited. To this the King would not consent, and he therefore imparted to him his resolution of placing the Government in other hands.[1]

Lyndhurst then went off upon the difficulties of their position. I told him that the Duke had said to me, 'If the King had been a very clever man, he would probably have played a more adroit game, by letting them go on till Parliament met, and then taking the opportunity which would soon present itself of breaking them up;' that I disagreed with the Duke, and thought it infinitely more convenient that this change should take place while Parliament was not sitting, to which Lyndhurst fully agreed. He said that they must dissolve as soon as Peel came home, that they had no alternative; that it would not do to *try* this Parliament, to run the chance of a failure and dissolve after having experienced it, that this would be too great a risk. He said that they had several seats quite safe in consequence of their superior management about the registration, such as Leeds and Ripon, where they were sure of both members. He then talked of the tactics to be used, and said they must direct their hostility against the Whigs rather than the Radicals, and make it their principal object to diminish the number of the former. I said I thought this a very perilous game to play, and that if it was avowed and acted upon, it would infallibly produce a reunion between the Whigs and Radicals, who would coalesce to crush their Government; that the Radicals were now very angry with the Whigs, who they thought had deserted the principles they professed, and it should rather be their care to keep Whigs and Radicals asunder than provoke a fresh alliance between them. He said the Whigs were certain to join the Radicals. I asked

[1] [This account of the transaction is confirmed in almost every particular by the statement drawn up by King William himself (or by his directions) for the information of Sir Robert Peel, and first published in Baron Stockmar's 'Memoirs' in 1872.]

him if he had seen the 'Times,' said what had passed between the Duke and me, and told him he would do well to endeavour to obtain its support. He said he desired nothing so much, but in his situation he did not like personally to interfere, nor to place himself in their power. I told him I had some acquaintance with Barnes, the editor of the paper, and would find out what he was disposed to do, and would let him know, which he entreated I would. The Duke had said, laughing, 'I hear they call me a Reformer.' I said, 'They think you will make as good a Reformer as the present men, if, as Brougham said in Scotland, they would have done less this session than they did the last.' I asked Lyndhurst if he had seen or heard of the Duke's letter to the Oxford people, and told him that it was very desirable that credit should be given them for intending to carry on their government upon principles as liberal as that letter evinced, that I hoped there would be no foolish declarations fulminated against Reform, and that they would all be convinced now that matters had been brought to such a state (no matter how and by whom) that the old principle of hostility to all reforms must be abandoned. He said that Peel would, he trusted, be *flexible*, that if such declarations were made, and such principles announced, they must be upset, but the Tories would be difficult to manage, and discontented if there was not a sufficient infusion of their party; and, on the other hand, the agricultural interest had assembled a force under Lord Chandos, a sort of confederation of several counties, and that Chandos had told him that he and the representatives of their counties would not support any Ministry that would not pledge itself to repeal the malt tax; that they would agree to re-enact the beer tax, but the malt tax must cease.

Brougham had written to Lyndhurst saying he should be ready to resign the Great Seal in a few days, and only wished first to give some judgments, that he was rejoiced at retiring from office and at the prospect of being able to do what was his great delight—devote himself to State affairs without being trammelled and having to fear the imputation of imprudence and indiscretion. 'He will be,' Lyndhurst said, 'the

most troublesome fellow that ever existed, and do all the mischief he can.' I said, 'What can he do? he was emasculated when he left the House of Commons.' 'Yes,' he said, 'he knows that, but he will come down night after night and produce plans of Reform upon any subject; he will make speeches two or three hours long to very thin Houses, which will be printed in all the newspapers or published by himself and circulated—in fact, a series of pamphlets.' I said that he had damaged himself so much that I did not think he could do a great deal of harm, with all his speeches and pamphlets. He said he had damaged himself in more ways than one. He then went off upon his admirable social qualities and his generous conduct to his family, both of which may most justly be praised, and said what a melancholy thing it was to see a man with such fine talents mar their effect by his enormous errors in judgment.

Lord Holland, who came out last of all his colleagues, upon his crutches, stopped in great good-humour and said to the Duke, 'You can't get me out, I can tell you, without going into Lancashire, for my seal is there.'

The Duke told me that he did not mean to make the slightest alteration in the transaction of the current business in the different offices, which would go on as usual through the under-secretaries, whom he should request to continue at their posts for the purpose. As, however, a disposition was evinced on the part of the late Cabinet not to afford him any facilities, he began to think that this might not impossibly extend to the subordinates, and he said that at all events he would have two people ready to put into the Treasury to transact the business there. I told him if he was in any difficulty he might make any use he pleased of me. There can hardly be any difficulty, however, when there are permanent under-secretaries in all the offices.

Thus ended this eventful day; just four years ago I witnessed the reverse of the picture. I think the Whigs upon this occasion were much more angry and dejected than the Tories were upon that. They had perhaps some reason, for their case is one of rare occurrence—unceremoniously kicked out,

not resignations following ineffectual negotiations or baffled attempts at arrangement, but in the plenitude of their fancied strength, and utterly unconscious of danger, they were discarded in the most positive, summary, and peremptory manner. Great, therefore, is their indignation, mortification, and chagrin, and bitter will no doubt be their opposition. They think that the new Government have no chance of getting a House of Commons that will support them, and certainly if they do not, and if the Tories are compelled after a fruitless struggle to resign, miserable will be the condition of the King and the House of Lords, and not very enviable that of any Government that may succeed them.

To speculate upon probabilities is impossible; the new Government at present consists of the Duke, Lyndhurst, and Peel, and till it shall be seen of what materials the complete structure is composed, and what principles they enunciate, it is idle to discuss the matter. Lyndhurst and I agreed cordially that all the evils of the last four years—the breaking up of their Government, and the Reform Bill that was the consequence of that catastrophe—were attributable to the High Tories. Whatever may be their wishes now, they can hardly play the same game over again; they must support this Government, even though it shall *not* act upon the high-flying principles which they so fondly and obstinately cherish. Their salvation and that of all the institutions to which they cling require that they should support the Duke and Peel in carrying on the government upon those principles on which, from the circumstances of the times and the events which have occurred, an Administration *must* act in order to have a shadow of a chance of being tolerated by the House of Commons and the country. Lyndhurst is sensible of this; I wish Peel may be so likewise. If they both are I have little fear for the Duke.

November 19th.—Laid up these two days with the gout in my knee, so could not go out to hear what is going on. The Duke, I find, after the Council on Monday (losing no time), repaired to the Home Office and ordered the Irish

papers to be brought to him, then to the Foreign Office, where he asked for the last despatches from Spain and Portugal, and so on to the Colonial Office, where he required information as to the state of their department. I have no doubt he liked this, to play the part of Richelieu for a brief period, to exercise all the functions of administration. They complain, however, and not without reason, of the unceremonious and somewhat uncourteous mode in which without previous notice he entered into the vacant offices, taking actual possession, without any of the usual preliminary civilities to the old occupants. Duncannon, who had been in the Home Office up to the time of the Council on Monday, and whose papers were unremoved, if he had returned after it, would have found the Duke seated in his still warm chair, issuing directions to Phillips, the under-secretary, while Macdonald, Duncannon's private secretary, was still at his vocation in the adjoining room. Pretty much the same thing he did in the other three offices. He has fixed his head-quarters at the Home Office, and occasionally roves over the rest. All this is unavoidable under existing circumstances, but it is enough to excite merriment, or censure, or suspicion, according to different tastes and tempers. The King offered to make Melbourne an earl and to give him the Garter, but he declined, and begged it might be given to the Duke of Grafton.

In consequence of what passed between Lyndhurst and me concerning the 'Times' (at St. James's) I made Henry de Ros send for Barnes (who had already at his suggestion adopted a conciliatory and amicable tone towards the embryo Government), who came and put on paper the terms on which he would support the Duke. These were: no mutilation of the Reform Bill, and the adoption of those measures of reform which had been already sanctioned by votes of the House of Commons last session with regard to Church and corporations, and no change in our foreign policy. I have sent his note to Lyndhurst, and begged him to call here to talk the matter over.

Powell, a Tory solicitor and *âme damnée* of the Speaker's,

has just been here; he declares that the Tories will be 420 strong in the new Parliament, which I mention for the purpose of recording their expectations and being able to compare them hereafter with the event. They have already put themselves in motion, despatched messengers to Lord Hertford and Lowther, and probably if ever these men could be induced to open their purse strings, and make sacrifices and exertions, they will do it now.

Six o'clock.—Lyndhurst has just been here; he had seen the Duke, who had already opened a negotiation with Barnes through Scarlett. I offered to get any statement inserted of the *causes* of the late break-up, and he will again see the Duke and consider the propriety of inserting one. He said, 'Why Barnes is the most powerful man in the country.' The 'Standard' has sent to offer its support; the Duke said he should be very happy, but they must understand that the Government was not yet formed.

November 21st.—To-day there was a Council at St. James's, at which Lyndhurst was sworn in Chancellor. Brougham took leave of the Bar this morning, and I hear did it well. The King speechified as usual, and gave them a couple of harangues; he said it was just four years since he had very unwillingly taken the Seal from Lord Lyndhurst, and he now had great pleasure in restoring it to him. He was all King to-day—talked of having '*commanded the ex-Ministers to retire;*' '*desired Lord Brougham to give up the Seal,*' which is true, for the Duke wrote to him for it, and instead of surrendering it in person Brougham sent it to Sir Henry Taylor. The King compared this crisis with that which befell his father in 1782, when he had placed the government in the hands of the Marquis of Rockingham; he said that the present was only a provisional arrangement, but that there was this difference, that the country was now in a state of excitement and disquiet, which it was free from then, but that he had full reliance on the great firmness of the Duke (here the Duke bowed); that the Administration which was then formed had lasted seventeen years (of course he meant that of Pitt, which succeeded the coalition), and

he hoped that this which was about to be formed would last as long, although at his time of life if it did he could not expect to see the end of it.

November 22nd.—I read Brougham's speech on quitting the Court of Chancery this morning, and admirable it is—not a syllable about himself, but with reference to the appointment of Pepys, brief, dignified, and appropriate. *Si sic omnia*, what a man he would be.

November 23rd.—This morning I received a note from Henry de Ros enclosing one from Barnes, who was evidently much nettled at not having received any specific answer to his note stating the terms on which he would support the Duke. Henry was disconcerted also, and entreated me to have an explanation with Lyndhurst. I accordingly went to the Court of Exchequer, where he was sitting, and waited till he came out, when I gave him these notes to read. He took me away with him, and stopped at the Home Office to see the Duke and talk to him on the subject, for he was evidently a little alarmed, so great and dangerous a potentate is the wielder of the thunders of the press. After a long conference he came out and gave me a note the Duke had written, saying he could not pledge himself nor Sir Robert Peel (who was to be the Minister) before he arrived, and eventually I agreed to draw up a paper explanatory of the position of the Duke, and his expectations and views with regard to the '*Times*' and its support. This I sent to him, and he is to return it to me with such corrections as he may think it requires, and it is to be shown to Barnes tomorrow.

On the way Lyndhurst told me an incredible thing—that Brougham had written to him proposing that he should be made Chief Baron, which would be a great saving to the country, as he was content to take it with no higher salary than his retiring pension and some provision for the expense of the circuit. He said he would show me the letter, but that he had left it with the Duke, so could not then. He knows well enough that, whatever may be the fate of this Government, he has no chance of recovering the Great Seal.

but I own I do not comprehend what object he can have in taking this appointment, or what there is of importance enough to induce him to apply for it to his political opponents, and incur all the odium that would be heaped upon him if the fact were generally known. He would not consider himself tongue-tied in the House of Lords any more than Lyndhurst was, for though the former took the situation under a sort of condition, either positive or implied, that he was to observe something like a neutrality, he considered himself entirely emancipated from the engagement when the great Reform battle began, and the consequence was that the secret article in the treaty was also cancelled, and Denman got the Chief Justiceship instead of him. I imagine that the King would not agree to Brougham's being Chief Baron even though the Duke and Lyndhurst should be disposed to place him on the bench. There might be some convenience in it. He must cut fewer capers in ermine than in plaid trousers. [As might have been expected, this intended stroke of Brougham's was a total failure. Friends and foes condemn him; Duncannon tried to dissuade him; the rest of his colleagues only knew of it after it was done. Duncannon told me he neither desired nor expected that his offer would be accepted.—*November* 30*th*.]

November 24*th*.—I sent Lyndhurst a paper to be read to Barnes, which he returned to me with another he had written instead, which certainly was much better. The Duke's note and this paper were read to him, and he expressed himself quite satisfied, was much gratified by an offer Lyndhurst made to see him, and proposed a meeting; so, then, I leave the affair. I took a copy of Lyndhurst's paper, and then returned it and the note to him.

At night I went to Holland House, where I found Brougham, Lord John Russell, and Lord Lansdowne. Lady Holland told me that she had been the channel of communication by which the arrangement of giving the Chief Baronship to Lyndhurst had been carried on, and she declared that there was no secret article in it. I believe, however, that there was one concluded between Brougham and Lyndhurst,

when they met to settle it in Burlington street. Leach brought the *original* message from Alexander, who offered to resign in favour of Lyndhurst. I hear of nothing but the indignation of the ex-Ministers at the uncourteousness of the Duke's conduct towards them; but though there is too much truth, there is also some exaggeration in the complaints. It is necessary to be on one's guard against what one hears, as I verified yesterday in a particular case.

November 26th.—Barnes is to dine with Lord Lyndhurst, and a gastronomic ratification will wind up the treaty between these high contracting parties. I walked home with Duncannon last night; he declared to me that though he could not tell me what did pass between the King and Melbourne, what is stated to have passed is not the truth. I heard elsewhere that the Whigs insist upon it there was no disunion in the Cabinet, and that Lord Lansdowne and Rice had seen the Irish Tithe Bill (the Irish Chancellor being the supposed subject of disunion), and that they both agreed to its provisions. Duncannon said that if the King had insisted upon the dismissal of Brougham, and had consented to go on with the rest, he would have put them in a grand dilemma, for that such a requisition would have met the concurrence of many of their friends and of the public. He thinks Brougham would not have *resigned* even then, and that it would have been very dangerous to turn him out. All this speculation matters little now. He is thoroughly convinced that the present appearances of indifference and tranquillity in the country are delusive, and that the elections will rouse a dormant spirit, and that the minor differences of Reformers and Liberals of all denominations will be sunk in a determined hostility to the Government of Peel and the Duke. He says that the Irish Church must bring the question between the two parties to an immediate and decisive test; that if the new Government are beaten upon it, as he thinks inevitable, out they must go; that the return of the Government just broken up will be out of the question, and the King must submit to receive one of still stronger measures. Duncannon does not conceal the ultra-Liberal nature

of his opinions, and he would not regret the accomplishment of his predictions. It cannot be concealed that there is nothing very improbable in them, although I am far from regarding the event as so certain as he does; still less can I partake of the blind confidence and sanguine hopes of the Tories. One thing is, however, very clear, that the Whigs and the Radicals will join (as Lyndhurst said they were sure to do), and that they will both declare war to the knife against the Tory Government. The best hope and chance is that a number of really independent men, unpledged, may be returned, who will hold something like a balance between the extreme parties, resist all violent propositions, protect the King from insult and peremptory dictation, and afford the new Government a fair trial, and on the other hand declare at once and without reserve their determination to continue without interruption the course of rational and effectual reform, making a virtual abandonment of High Tory maxims and acquiescence in the desires of the country with respect to the correction of abuses the indispensable conditions of the present Government's retention of office.

November 27th.—Yesterday Lord Wharncliffe came to me. He had just been with the Duke, who received him very cordially, and showed him the correspondence and minutes of conversations between the King and Melbourne. He says that it is evident that Melbourne despaired of being able to carry on the Government, and that the gist of the King's objection was the nomination of Lord John Russell to lead the Government in the House of Commons, which His Majesty said he could not agree to, because he had already declared his sentiments with regard to the Church and his resolution of supporting it to the bishops and on other occasions, and that Lord John Russell had signalised himself in the House of Commons by his destructive opinions with regard to the Establishment. I should be glad to see this correspondence and judge for myself, but I can't go to the Duke on purpose. Wharncliffe says that he is quite satisfied from his conversation that the Duke is thoroughly convinced of the necessity of adopting a line of conduct in conformity with the

state of public opinion and determination in the country, and that he is prepared to abandon (as far as he is concerned) the old Tory maxims. So far so good; but there is no concealing that, however this may (if Peel concurs) facilitate the formation and secure the duration of the new Government, there is a revolting inconsistency in it all, involving considerable loss of character. He gave no indication of such a disposition during the last session; it is all reserved for the period when he is possessed of power. It is, however, at present all very vague, and we shall see what his notion is of a Liberal course of policy. I fear that he and Peel are both too deeply committed on the Irish Church question to suffer them to propose any compromise likely to be satisfactory with regard to it, and then the difficulties of the question are so enormous that it seems next to impossible to compose them. The respective parties drive at different objects; one wants to appropriate the surplus revenue, the other wants to secure to the parsons their tithes, and while they are quarrelling with unmitigable fierceness upon these points, the Irish settle the question by refusing to pay any tithe, and by evading every attempt that is made to procure the payment in some other shape or under some other denomination.

The Duke told Wharncliffe that both he and the King were fully aware of the importance of the step that his Majesty had taken—that this is, in fact, the Conservatives' last cast—and that he (the King) is resolved neither to flinch nor falter, but having embarked with them, to nail his flag to the mast and put forth all the constitutional authority of the Crown in support of the Government he is about to form. I am strongly inclined to think that this determination, when properly ascertained, will have considerable influence, and that, provided a respectable and presentable Cabinet be formed and Liberal measures adopted, they will succeed. Though the Crown is not so powerful as it was, there probably still remains a great deal of attachment and respect to it, and if the King can show a fair case to the country, there will be found both in Parliament and out of it a vast number of persons who will reflect deeply upon the consequences of

coming to a serious collision with the Throne, and consider whether the exigency is such as to justify such extremities. It may be very desirable to purify the Irish Church, to remodel corporations, and to relieve the Dissenters in various ways, and nobody can entertain a shadow of doubt that all these things must and will be done; but the several cases are not of great and pressing urgency. The fate of the nation does not depend upon their being all accomplished and arranged off-hand, and if the Government which the King may form exhibits no spirit uncongenial to the public feeling generally, and wars not with the genius of Reform, which is dear to the people, it is my belief that a great majority of the nation will shrink from the mere possibility of a direct breach with the King, and from offering him an insult in the shape of dictation and peremptory demand, which he would consider himself bound in honour and in conscience to resist.

I walked home with Duncannon at night, and I told him this; he seemed struck by it, but still maintained that Parliament would, in his opinion, not accept the new Ministry on any terms. If Peel makes a High Tory Government, and holds High Tory language, I think so too, and I can scarcely hope that it should be otherwise. My mind, I own, misgives me about Peel; I hope everything from his capacity and dread everything from his character.

November 28th.—This morning I got a letter from my uncle the Duke of Portland, complaining of the Weights and Measures Bill, and begging that, if possible, an Order in Council might be passed suspending the operation of the Act. I availed myself of this opportunity to see the Duke of Wellington, and went to the Home Office to consult him on the contents of this letter. After settling this business I began about the recent negotiation between Lyndhurst and Barnes, and this led to a discussion of the circumstances and situation of affairs, in the course of which he told me everything that had occurred. I asked him if *he* had sent the 'Statement' which appeared in the 'Times.' He said no, and that he was utterly at a loss to guess how they had got

it, but that by whatever means it was as near as possible to the truth. I said that this was utterly and peremptorily denied by the other side, on which he called Algy,[1] and desired him to bring a letter which he had written to certain Peers of his party—a circular—which he read to me. In this he explained in general terms (without going into particulars) the causes of the break-up of the late Government and the advice he had given the King, and he told me that he had got papers and letters in confirmation of every word that he had written (Melbourne's correspondence with the King and the minute of the conversation), all which he said he would show me then, but that it would take up too much time. However, as we proceeded to talk it over he told me all that these papers contained, or at least all that was material. The substance as I gathered it and as I remember it was this:—Lord Melbourne had written to the King and descanted on the great difficulty in which the Government was placed in consequence of Lord Spencer's death, and had intimated that the measures which he should find it necessary to propose to him would produce a difference of opinion in the Cabinet—in point of fact that it was, to say the least, probable that Rice and Lansdowne would retire. When he went down to Brighton, and they talked it over, Lord Melbourne put it to his Majesty whether under existing circumstances he would go on, placing himself in their hands, or whether he would dispense with their services, only recommending that if he resolved not to endeavour to go on with this Government (with such modifications as circumstances demanded) he would declare such resolution as speedily as possible.[2] The Duke says he did not actually tender his or their resignations, did not throw up the

[1] [Mr. Algernon Greville, brother of Mr. Charles Greville, was private secretary to the Duke of Wellington both in and out of office.]

[2] [This statement has certainly not been confirmed by the subsequent publication of papers or by the narrative of the King himself. It is very extraordinary that the Duke of Wellington should have been led to believe ... but this is only another proof of the extreme difficulty of arriving at an exact knowledge of what passes in conversation between two persons, even when both of them are acting in perfect good faith.]

Government, but *very near it.* The King suggested the difficulty of his situation, and Melbourne told him 'he had better send for the Duke of Wellington, and depend upon it he would get him out of it.' 'In fact,' said the Duke, 'Melbourne told him I should do just what I did.' Accordingly the King did send for the Duke, and it is true that Melbourne offered to be the bearer of his Majesty's letter. When some question was asked about the messenger, Melbourne said, 'No messenger will go so quick as I shall; you had better give it to me.' The Duke said that no man could have acted more like a gentleman and a man of honour than Melbourne did, and that his opinion of him was greatly raised. I told him that I thought Melbourne could not have given his colleagues an exact and correct account of what had passed, for that they could not conceive themselves to have been so ill-treated if it was so, and that if he had told them *all* they would probably have thought he had abandoned their interests. He said that it was evident Melbourne was very happy to disengage himself from the concern. (As all this case will probably be discussed in Parliament, we shall see that the debate will turn principally upon the fact of disunion, and I have little doubt that Rice and Lansdowne will declare that they had no intention of quitting. So much depends upon verbal niceties, and the bounds between truth and falsehood are so narrow, the partition so thin, that they will, I expect, try to back up their party without any absolute breach of veracity.) When the King was reading the papers to him (the Duke), and telling him all that had passed, *he was in a great fright* lest the Duke should think he had acted imprudently, and should decline to accept the Government. Then the Duke said, 'Sir, I see at once how it all is. Your Majesty has not been left by your Ministers, but something very like it;' and His Majesty was rejoiced when the Duke at once acquiesced in taking office.

The Duke said he had received very satisfactory letters from all (or many) of the Peers to whom he had written—from the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Mansfield, the most violent of the Tories. I said, 'Are they ready to place themselves in your hands, and agree to whatever you may think it

necessary to do?' He said, 'I think they are; I think they will do anything.' He told me that affairs were left in a wretched state in the Treasury, that the late Ministers were no men of business, and minutes had been proposed to him finding fault with various things; but he had refused to do any such thing, and he would repair any error he could without casting any blame on others. On the whole he thought everything looked well, and that he should, when Peel arrived, put the concern into his hands in a satisfactory state.

It is perfectly clear, in the midst of assertion on one side and contradiction on the other, that in the first instance there was neither plot nor plan on the part of the King or anybody else. The death of Lord Spencer really did create an enormous embarrassment, which Melbourne felt much more than any of his colleagues; and though he told the King 'that he was ready to go on with the Government if such was his pleasure,' he felt no desire to be taken at his word, and no confidence or expectation that the arrangements he proposed would be palatable to the King or of a permanent nature. He seems to have been candid and straightforward in all that he said, and to have contemplated his dismissal as a very probable result of his correspondence and conversations with his Majesty. The Irish Church has evidently caused *the split*; the intended reforms in it and the elevation of Lord John Russell to the post of leader were more than the King could digest. I wish I had seen the papers, for the sake of knowing what it is they proposed to the King, and how far he was disposed to go.

November 29th.—I told the Duke yesterday what I had learnt from George Bentinck (and he from the Duke of Richmond) of Lord Stanley's[1] disposition. He is not at all desirous to be mixed up in the new concern, but has no objection to take office under Peel, and he is ready to *listen* to any proposition that may be made to him; but he is very much afraid of being accused of dereliction of principle by his old colleagues and friends. It is clear, therefore, that he would reject any

[1] [Edward, 12th Earl of Derby, died on October 21, 1834, from which date his grandson, afterwards 14th Earl of Derby, assumed the courtesy title of Lord Stanley.]

overture unless it included an agreement that the Government should be conducted upon Liberal principles, and unless his friends were invited to join the Government with him. The Duke took very little notice of this.

December 1st.—Went to St. Paul's yesterday evening, to hear Sydney Smith preach. He is very good; manner impressive, voice sonorous and agreeable, *rather* familiar, but not offensively so, language simple and unadorned, sermon clever and illustrative. The service is exceedingly grand, performed with all the pomp of a cathedral and chanted with beautiful voices; the lamps scattered few and far between throughout the vast space under the dome, making darkness visible, and dimly revealing the immensity of the building, were exceedingly striking. The Cathedral service thus chanted and performed is my *beau idéal* of religious worship—simple, intelligible, and grand, appealing at the same time to the reason and the imagination. I prefer it infinitely to the Catholic service, for though I am fond of the bursts of music and the clouds of incense, I can't endure the undistinguishable sounds with which the priest mumbles over the prayers.

I heard yesterday that there has been a breeze between Duncannon and Melbourne, arising out of his speech at Derby. This was in answer to an address they voted him, and it was exceedingly temperate and reserved. In the course of it he said that 'he had no personal cause of complaint.' A warfare has been raging between the 'Standard' and the 'Chronicle' about what passed, and the articles in the latter have been supplied by Duncannon or some of them; these are at variance with Melbourne's avowal, and they are very angry with him for what he said, and want him to make some statement (or to authorise one) of a different kind and more corresponding with their own declarations and complaints. This he refuses to do, and they have been squabbling about it with some vivacity. All this induces me the more to think that Melbourne has never told his colleagues how very easily and contentedly he gave up the reins of Government, not intending to deceive them, but

from a desire to avoid exasperating people whom he found so much disturbed and so bitter.

December 2nd.—Dined with Lord Lyndhurst yesterday; the dinner for Mr. Barnes. He had collected a miscellaneous party, droll enough—Mrs. Fox, Baron Bolland, Follett, Hardinge, &c. The Duke and Lord Chandos were to have been there. Barnes told Hardinge there was a great cry getting up in the country against the Duke. After dinner I had a long conversation with Hardinge, on the whole satisfactory. He said that he had been instrumental in bringing the Duke and Peel together again, after a considerable coldness and estrangement had existed between them; that after the failure in May 1832, when Peel refused to have anything to do with the concern, he had called upon him and insisted upon taking him to Apsley House and spontaneously consulting with the Duke how he should withdraw from the business; that with great difficulty he had persuaded him, and together they went, from which time the Duke and he have again become friends. He is convinced that Peel will at once make a fair and cordial overture to Stanley, and thinks it of the greatest importance that Stanley's disposition and probable demands should be ascertained before Peel arrives. I told him what I had before told the Duke, and what I had reason to believe were Stanley's sentiments. He asked whether Stanley would insist upon Richmond and Ripon coming in with him; he said that for the former he (Hardinge) was sure Peel would never admit him without the Duke's full and especial consent, which, however, he has no doubt the Duke would give without hesitation, and overlook any personal cause of offence, to facilitate a desirable arrangement; that there was some dispute among his friends whether it would be better that Stanley should join now or only support (if he would) at first and join afterwards. I said, 'Unquestionably it is better he should join at once,' to which Hardinge assented, though he added that many thought otherwise, that if Stanley made difficulties and declined the junction, he was persuaded Peel would keep nothing open, and would not make provisional arrange-

ments to admit him and his party when they should think it more safe and convenient to unite their future to his. What they would like evidently is to take Stanley and Graham and wash their hands of Ripon and Richmond, but I think they will be forced to admit them all, for Lyndhurst owned to me that he did not think they could stand without Stanley; and the King is so anxious for it that if Stanley insists on terms which are not very unreasonable (under the circumstances) they will not be refused. Hardinge said that four seats in the Cabinet would be a large share, but that the best men among them were prepared to make every sacrifice of their own just expectations or claims to render any arrangement feasible that circumstances might require, that 'all was right with the Speaker,' and as for the High Tories, the sooner they cut the connection with them the better, but that they (the High Tories) were now at their feet.

He then went into the details of the King's case with his late Ministers—much to the same effect as I had before heard from the Duke and Lyndhurst, but perhaps rather more clearly. He said that Melbourne had stated to the King that questions must soon be brought under the consideration of the Cabinet relating to the Irish Church on which a considerable difference of opinion prevailed, and that if the opinion of the majority of the Cabinet should be acquiesced in by his Majesty, the secession of two or more members of it would in all probability follow; that if the desire of his Majesty to compromise these differences of opinion and prevent any separation should have the effect of preventing such discussions in the Cabinet as should lead to any disunion *for the time*, it was only fair and right to own to him that it would be in the power of any member of the House of Commons who should become acquainted with the difference of opinion which prevailed to bring the question to an issue; and if such a thing should occur, the resignations, he apprehended, would only be retarded. The King, under these circumstances, asked how he proposed to fill up the vacancies that would thus occur, whether from any but what is called

the extreme party, and whether he (Melbourne), with a knowledge of the King's sentiments, could advise him to have recourse to Lord Durham and others of the same opinions. Melbourne acknowledged that he could look nowhere else, and that he certainly could not give the King such advice, upon which he said that as the breach sooner or latter appeared inevitable, he thought it better that the dissolution of the Government should take place at once, and he preferred making the change during the recess, when he should have time to form other arrangements, rather than have it forced upon him during all the excitement of the session of Parliament. This, I think, was the pith of the thing, and in my opinion it forms a good case. Hardinge said that if the King had been a clever man he would have postponed his decision and spun out the correspondence, in the course of which he would have acquired pretexts sufficient. This, however, explains what the other side means by insisting that there was *no difference* of opinion in the Cabinet; there was none *actual*, but it was on the prospective disunion so clearly announced to the King, and impending at such an indefinite and probably inconvenient time, that he took his resolution. Melbourne appears to have been bullied into a sort of exculpatory letter on account of his speech at Derby, saying that he spoke of having no personal cause of complaint because the King was very civil to him.

December 5th.—The dinner that Lyndhurst gave to Barnes has made a great uproar, as I thought it would. I never could understand the Chancellor's making such a display of this connexion, but whatever he may be as a lawyer, and how great soever in his wig, I suspect that he is deficient in knowledge of the world and those nice calculations of public taste and opinion which are only to be acquired by intuitive sagacity exercised in the daily communion of social life.

Melbourne has had to make another speech, which smells of the recent reproaches of his colleagues; without exactly recanting what he had said, he has ampilfied, modified, and

explained, so as to chime in to a certain degree with their assertions.

Brougham has been made to recall his letter offering to be Chief Baron. It matters not what he does for the present; his star is totally eclipsed, but not, I think, for ever quenched; his vast abilities must find scope and produce effect. It is true he can never thoroughly inspire confidence, but if adversity teaches him wisdom, and cools the effervescence of his temper and imagination, nothing can prevent his political resurrection, thought not in 'all his original brightness.'

December 6th.—The Chancellor called on me yesterday about getting young Disraeli into Parliament (through the means of George Bentinck)[1] for Lynn. I had told him George wanted a good man to assist in turning out William Lennox, and he suggested the above-named gentleman, whom he called a friend of Chandos. His political principles must, however, be in abeyance, for he said that Durham was doing all he could to get him by the offer of a seat, and so forth; if, therefore, he is undecided and wavering between Chandos and Durham, he must be a mighty impartial personage. I don't think such a man will do, though just such as Lyndhurst would be connected with.

Melbourne's two speeches at Derby, and the history connected with them, exhibit him in a very discreditable and lamentable point of view—compelled by the menaces and reproaches of Duncannon and the rest to eat his words; and all this transacted by a sort of negotiation and through the mediation of his vulgar secretary, Tom Young, and Mrs. Lane Fox. Such a thing it is to be without firmness and decision of character. Melbourne is a gentleman, liberal and straightforward, with no meanness, and incapable of selfish trickery and intrigue, but he is habitually careless and *insouciant*, loves ease, and hates contests and squabbles, and though he would never tell a lie, he has probably not that

[1] [Lord George Bentinck was member for Lynn Regis. It is curious that this, the first mention of Mr. Disraeli in political life, should have originated with the man who afterwards became his most powerful coadjutor and ally.]

stern and rigid regard for truth which would make him run any risk rather than that of concealing anything or suffering a false impression to be formed or conveyed with respect to any matter he might be concerned in.

Lyndhurst told me that Peel's letter was short and cautious, but satisfactory. He (Lyndhurst) is doing all he can to draw closer the connexion between the 'Times' and the Government, and communicates constantly with Barnes. He said they must make a liberal and comprehensive Government, and sketched an outline of such a Cabinet [illegible] like—four Stanleys, six of their own people, and [illegible] Tories, Chandos certainly, and Knatchbull probably [illegible] if Stanley's other scruples can be got over, how [illegible] be induced to unite with Chandos and Knatchbull [illegible] men I guess not. However, the time is drawing [illegible]

December 7th.—In a letter from the Duke [illegible] George Bentinck yesterday he says that the [illegible] had been there the day before, had talked [illegible] that in his opinion the leaders of his [illegible] way upon any one point. This is so di[illegible] Duke of Wellington understood from [illegible] I sent the letter to the Duke, [illegible] He said he thought the Duke of [illegible] for the Duke of Newcastle's [illegible] sense. This is one of the [illegible] there will yet be some trouble [illegible] in a speech somewhere [illegible] tive and unqualified [illegible] throw over the King [illegible] somewhere, which I [illegible] impossible to make [illegible] so different and [illegible] Sturges Bourne to [illegible] he declined. [illegible]

December [illegible] last night; [illegible] the occasion, [illegible] these points [illegible]

tinually opposed all Reform measures and been the enemy of all Reform principles; secondly, that they (the late Government) had done a great deal, without doing too much; and thirdly, that there really had occurred no circumstances in the Cabinet, or with the King, sufficient to account for their summary dismissal. There is no denying that his first position is incontrovertible, that he makes out a very fair case for his second, and his argument on the third throws great doubt upon the matter in my mind, having previously had no doubt that the King had a good case to show to the world. It is not so much the Duke's opposition to this or that particular measure, but the whole tenor of his conduct and opinions, which it puts one in despair to look at. There would be no gross inconsistency in his maintaining our foreign relations in their present state, notwithstanding his repeated attacks upon Palmerston's policy. He need not refuse to suffer any legislative interference with the Church, English or Irish, merely because he opposed the Tithe Bill last year (great, by the way, as I always thought that blunder was, and as events will prove it to have been), but in his opposition to the one or the other we look in vain for some saving declaration to prove that it is to the specific measure he is hostile, and not to the principles from which it emanates. If he now comes into office with a resolution to carry on the investigations that have been set on foot, and to propose various measures of reform in consequence of them; however wisely he may act in bending to circumstances, there is no escaping from the fact that his conduct in opposition and in office is as different as light from darkness, and that he adopts when in office those principles in the gross which he utterly repudiates and opposes with all his might when he is out. I should like much to have a conversation with the Duke, and (if it were possible to speak so freely to him) to set before him all the *apparent* inconsistencies of his conduct, to trace his political career step by step, and tell him concisely all that he may have read scattered through a hundred newspapers, and then hear what he would say, what his notions are of political honour and consistency, and how he

reconciles his general conduct with these maxims. I am persuaded that he deludes himself by some process of extraordinary false reasoning, and that the habits of intense volition, jumbled up with party prejudices, old associations, and exposure to never-ceasing flattery, have produced the remarkable result we see in his conduct; notwithstanding the enormous blunders he has committed, and his numerous and flagrant inconsistencies, he has never lost his confidence in himself, and what is more curious, has contrived to retain that of a host of followers. In each particular act and on every fresh occasion, there appear in him a decision, singleness of purpose, and straightforwardness which are inseparable from a conviction of being in the right, and he never seems to apprehend for a moment that he can be liable to the imputation of any selfish or dishonourable motive. And strange and paradoxical as it may appear, I do not think he is justly liable to it except when he is under the influence of some strong personal feeling. Such was his jealousy and dislike of Canning, and this led him into perhaps the most enormous of all his political mistakes, the overthrow of the Corn Bill of 1827. Upon other occasions I attribute his conduct to the circumstance of his being governed by one leading idea, and to his incapability of taking enlarged and comprehensive views of political affairs, such as embrace not only the complex relations of the present, but the extensive probabilities of the future. His judgment, instead of being determined by profound habits of reflection, an extensive knowledge of history, and an intimate acquaintance with human nature, seems to be wholly governed by his own wishes and his own conceptions of what the exigencies of the moment require. It would not be difficult, I think, and perhaps may hereafter be worth while to apply this delineation of his disposition to the events of his life, and to show how the leading idea in his mind has been the constant guide which he has followed, sometimes to the detriment of the best interests of the country and sometimes to that of his own reputation.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sir R. Peel arrives—The First Council—The King's Address—Lord Stanley and Sir J. Graham decline to join the Government—Lord Wharncliffe and Sir E. Knatchbull join—The Ministers sworn in—Peel's Address to his Constituents—Dinner at the Mansion House—Offer to Lord Roden—Prospects of the Election—Stanley's Want of Influence—Pozzo di Borgo's Views—Russia and England—Nomination of Lord Londonderry to St. Petersburg—Parliament dissolved—State of the Constituencies—A Governor-General for India—Sebastiani and St. Aulaire—Anecdote of Princess Metternich—The City Elections—Lord Lyndhurst's View of the Government—Violence of the Opposition—Close Contest at Rochester—Sidney Herbert—Sir John Hobhouse's Views—Anecdotes—County Elections—The Queen supposed to be with Child—Church Reform—Dinner of Ministers—Story of La Roncière—The King's Crotchets.

December 10*th*.—Sir Robert arrived yesterday morning at eight o'clock. Great was the bustle among his clan; there were the Ross's, the Plantas, and all of them pacing before his door while he was still closeted with the Duke. Sefton came up to town last night, and declares that Lord Stanley has announced his intention of supporting Wood for Lancashire and opposing Francis Egerton, which, if true, is ominous against a junction with Peel.

December 11*th*.—A Council yesterday. The King insisted upon giving Peel the seal of the Exchequer in Council, though it was not necessary. His object was to make a speech. The Chief Justice, who was trying a cause at Westminster, kept us waiting, and at last a carriage was sent to fetch him. Peel made his first appearance full of spirits and cordiality to the numerous greetings which hailed him. He told me that he had seen the letter which I had written to his brother Jonathan, that he agreed to every word of it, and that he had written to Stanley in exact conformity to

once consented. Graham was with Peel, having come up to town on getting his letter, but he declined joining. Wharncliffe told me that the correspondence between Peel and Stanley was extremely civil. The Cabinet is now pretty nearly completed; they all dined together at Peel's yesterday. I asked Wharncliffe how Sir Edward Knatchbull was to be converted into a Liberal, and he said, 'Oh, there will be no difficulty; he is very reasonable.' It would be (to me) a bitter pill to swallow to take Knatchbull; he is the man who led that section of High Tories which threw out the Duke's Government in 1830. The Whigs are sorry that Graham does not join, for they hate him and want to be rid of him. They are also discomposed at a letter of Stanley's in reply to an address to the King from Glasgow that has been forwarded to him to present, in which his sentiments appear to be alarmingly Conservative.

Stanley and Graham will support the Government, and it now appears that the Duke of Wellington is the real obstacle to their joining. To Peel Stanley has no objection; he has spoken of him in the highest terms; but after the speech which the Duke made when Lord Grey went out, in which he attacked him and his Government with a virulence which gave great disgust at the time, Stanley feels that he could not with any regard to his own honour, and compatibly with his respect and attachment for Lord Grey, form a part of this Government. So there is another evil resulting from one of those imprudences which the Duke blurts out without reflection, thinking only of the present time and acting upon his impulse at the moment. Spring Rice, whom I met yesterday, said that their great object (in which they hoped to succeed) was to keep the whole of their party together—their party in the House of Commons, of course. Whether he included Stanley in this or not I don't know, but if he did he reckons probably without his host.

December 15th.—Met the Duke of Richmond yesterday, who came to town for the cattle show, and had a long talk with him; he said they had discussed the whole matter (Stanley, Graham, and himself) at Knowsley, and decided not to

join; that the Duke of Wellington's violent speech against all the members of the late Government and their policy made it quite impossible, but that they were determined to support Peel if they possibly could; and he seems not apprehensive there would be any difficulty; he thinks Stanley's support out of office will be more valuable than if he had joined them, and perhaps under the above circumstances (for I had forgotten the Duke's speech) it may be. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the state of feeling between them all; and certainly all those who would have followed Stanley, had he taken office, may find as strong motives for supporting Government now as they could have done then. I told Richmond I thought Knatchbull was so High a Tory that I did not see how they could make him a Liberal. He said he was not at all strongly anti-Liberal, and that he had had the option of being a member of Lord Grey's Government, he having been himself commissioned to offer him the Secretaryship at War. This, however, it is very clear, was offered as a reward for the service he had done in giving the mortal thrust to the Duke, and as he is an honest man, and wanted at that time the Duke's life rather than his purse, he was probably satisfied with his exploit, and never would have done on any terms (what Richmond and others did) so inconsistent a thing as to join a Reform Ministry. It is, however, remarkable that this should have occurred. See what it was. Knatchbull, a High Tory, turns out the Duke and a Tory Government, and lets in the Whigs; he is offered office by the Whig Minister to whose triumph he has been instrumental, refuses it; and afterwards, on the exclusion of the same Whig Ministry, is offered office by the returning Tory Government, which he had four years ago destroyed, and takes it.

December 16th.—A great Council day at Court yesterday; all the new Ministers sworn in, except the Colonial Secretary, who is not yet appointed, and [illegible]. The King addressed each of them on his kissing hands [illegible] Scarlett he made a very pretty speech about the [illegible]tration of the law. Lord Rosslyn was substituted [illegible]

Aberdeen (only in the morning) as President of the Council; why did not appear, but I had learnt from Hardinge (in a conversation I had with him) that the arrangements would in some respects be only temporary, and made with a view to the subsequent admission of Stanley and his party; the nature of their communications has been such as to afford a very fair prospect of that junction. Peel is much elated at having got Sugden to go to Ireland as Chancellor. Lord de Grey has been asked to be Lord-Lieutenant. I find Stanley in his letter to Peel said that the Duke of Wellington's speech was an obstacle to his joining the Government. These scruples they think unreasonable; and they allege his own thimblerig speech, which was more violent against the Whig Government and more insulting than anything the Duke said; but they should comprehend that this speech forms one of the ingredients of the difficulty, as it in fact hampers his political conduct by putting him on uncomfortable personal terms with his old friends.

December 20th.—Peel's letter to his constituents has appeared as his manifesto to the country; a very well written and ingenious document, and well calculated to answer the purpose, if it can be answered at all. The letter was submitted to the Cabinet at a dinner at Lyndhurst's on Wednesday last, and they sat till twelve o'clock upon it, after which it was copied out, a messenger despatched to the three great newspapers ('Times,' 'Herald,' and 'Post') to announce its arrival, and at three in the morning it was inserted. The Whigs affect to hold it very cheap, and to treat it as an artful but shallow and inefficient production. It is rather too Liberal for the bigoted Tories, but all the moderate people are well satisfied with it. Of course it has made a prodigious sensation, and nobody talks of anything else.

December 24th.—Dined yesterday at the Mansion House; never having before seen a civic feast, I thought this a good opportunity. The Egyptian Hall is fine enough; the other rooms miserable. A great company, and all Tories almost. The Lord Mayor boasted of his impartiality, and how he had

invited all parties alike, but none of the Whigs would go. Peel spoke tolerably, but not so well as I expected; manly enough and in good tone. In the speeches of the others there was nothing remarkable. Ward made a violent speech, attacking Grote and Lushington, though not by name. The loyal party in the City are making great exertions, and they expect to bring in three out of the four members, which I doubt, not because I know anything of the matter, but because they are generally out in their calculations. In the meantime the vacant places have been gradually filled up, and generally with Tories of a bad description—e.g. Roden[1] as Lord Steward, which, though no political situation, would do harm merely from his name appearing in the list. It never will be believed that such men as he—bigoted and obstinate, and virtuous moreover—will consent to join Peel if he has resolved to act upon principles diametrically the reverse of those they have ever sustained, and they persist (the Whigs) in asserting that every fresh appointment of this kind is a new pledge that he means to govern on Tory principles.

A few days ago I fell in with Hobhouse, and he walked with me to my office. He told me that he and his fellow Committee men at Ellice's, astonished at the confident expectations of the Carltonians as to the result of a dissolution, went over the list scrupulously and jealously, and resolved to know the worst; that after making every allowance they could, and excluding all doubtful places and all Stanleyites, they found themselves with a majority of 195 votes, and deducting from that 50 men who might be Waverers, and on whom it might not be safe to count, they still found 145, which they saw no possibility of disputing. On the other hand the Conservatives, without going to actual numbers, retain their confidence, though I confess I do not think on any sufficient grounds as far as present appearances go. As far as I can judge by the slight indications which reach me, the managers of the late Government are acting with

[1] Roden refused on account of his health.—*January 4th.*

great dexterity, and I begin to think that Rice's expectation of being able to hold together the whole of those who are not with the new Government is not so chimerical as I at first imagined. Although there is a little feeling for the ex-Ministry and no excitement in the country, there is a calm which is quite as alarming to the hopes of one party as it is represented to be expressive with regard to the power of the other, for unless some enthusiasm can be created, some loyal motion to disturb the inertia of the mass, it must be considered as standing much in the same situation as before, and that certainly is not one favourable to the desires and pretensions of the Conservative Government. Then within this day or two there appear indications of a disposition to hold off on the part of Stanley and Graham, if not to join with their old friends, which might well alarm any watchful and anxious mind. Stanley's speech at Glasgow contained not a syllable expressive of regard for the royal prerogative, or of respect for Peel, or of a disposition to try the new Government, but extravagant compliments to Lord Grey, and Whig language generally. I asked Hardinge last night what he thought of it, and he said it struck him as 'too Whiggish.' I then told him that I was struck in like manner, and that I had seen a letter from Graham in the morning, the tone of which I did not at all like. It was to George Bentinck about the Lynn election, for which he was to endeavour to find a man, and failed. He said that Stanley's speech was very good; blamed the composition of the New Government, which would not give satisfaction, though it must always be remembered that Peel had made use of the old materials because he could not procure new ones; said that people were now beginning to discover that the Whigs need not be reduced to the alternative of joining with the Radicals or the Tories, and that when a standard was set up (Stanley's of course) on Conservatively Liberal principles he thought plenty would be found to join it. It is, therefore, very questionable what course Stanley will pursue, even though a party may range itself under him, which I doubt, and no position can be much worse than this

Government would be in if they were to hold office at his discretion, and only while he should be pleased to throw his weight into their scale. As far as one can judge his weight will be small, for it is very remarkable that while for some weeks George Bentinck has been endeavouring to find a Stanleyite candidate for Lynn, who would be brought in without trouble or expense, though he has ransacked the Bar and applied to Richmond, Ripon, Graham, and Stanley himself, no such man can be found. There are Whigs and Tories in abundance, but not one man who will come into Parliament as a follower of Stanley and owing his seat to the patronage of the Duke of Richmond.

It is the fashion to consider Peel's speech at the Mansion House less Liberal in tone and indicative of less confidence than his letter to Tamworth. I don't perceive much difference. Lord Roden has refused to be Lord Steward, but the invitation has done the mischief. Lord Haddington goes to Ireland, after making many difficulties, but finishing by liking the appointment. Both parties remain equally confident as to the result of the elections; the Whigs, as it appears to me, with greater reason, and as the resolution of the allies (the Whigs and Radicals) is to throw out the Government as speedily as possible, and without caring for consequences, I don't see how they ever can stand. The other night at Holland House, Mulgrave, who is one of the leading men of the electioneering committee, admitted that he did not see what was to follow the overthrow of the Government, but that the difficulty was one of their own creating; others of them assert that Melbourne or Spencer will return, and another Whig Government be formed, but they leave out of calculation that the Radicals with whom they have joined will not suffer themselves to be brushed off when done with, nor will the Tories come down to assist them if they endeavour again to make head against the Radicals. The Tories have shown themselves a reckless and desperate party, and I see no reason for supposing that their conduct will belie their character; they overthrow their friends from revenge, and will hardly save their enemies from charity; their

interest, their real interest, they seem destined ever to be blind to. There may be a hope that, having put themselves under the orders of Peel, they will act in a body as he shall direct them, and if so they may be a powerful and useful Opposition, and I really believe that he will not turn his eyes from the true interests of the country, or cease to regard all those contingencies which may, under dexterous management, be eventually turned to account. It is, however, impossible not to feel greatly disquieted at the aspect of affairs—at the mixture of bad spirit and apathy that prevails, for I consider the apathy an evil and not a good sign. Those who express most loudly their alarm and abhorrence of ultra doctrines make little exertion, personal or pecuniary, to stem their torrent. There have been some great examples of liberality. I heard only the other day that the Duke of Buccleuch subscribed 20,000*l.* for the election of 1831; Lord Harrowby (a poor man) has given 1,000*l.* for this. The fact is, it is in politics to a certain degree as in religion. Men fear in the one case in the same manner as they believe in the other; they have some doubts in both cases, but no convictions. Their conduct belies their assertions, and when compared with that which they observe on occasions where there is no room for doubt, it will be seen that their want of energy or decision, their various inconsistencies, proceed from self-deceit, which is just strong enough *to permit them* to try and deceive others without actual falsehood and hypocrisy.

December 28*th.*—My brother Henry came from Paris a day or two ago to take the place of *précis* writer in the Foreign Office. Just before he started old Pozzo gave him a whole string of messages to the Duke of Wellington, adding that he would give the world for an hour's conversation with him. These communications were evidently made upon a supposition that their opinions were generally congenial. He said that the affairs of Belgium required particular attention; that the Belgians were grown insolent, and meant, by deferring a final settlement, to avoid paying their portion of the debt and to keep the disputed Duchies, and that *un-*

fortunately the conduct of the King of Holland had not been such as to entitle him to assistance; that in Germany the spirit was good and tranquillity prevailed; in Spain nothing could be worse, and he told the Duke to be on his guard against what Alava should say to him, 'qui n'avait pas le sens commun, mais qui était dévoué au Duc,' and that he might *endoctriner* him a little. Henry took a memorandum of this and gave it to the Duke; but however disposed he may be to enter into Pozzo's views, he will probably soon be obliged to take a tone very unpleasant to Russia, for I find that the affairs of Turkey are in such a state that they are to be brought under the immediate consideration of the Cabinet. The great object of the late Government was (and that of this Government must be the same) to get the Porte out of the clutches of Russia. The Sultan is a mere slave of the Emperor, but throughout his dominions, and the Principalities likewise, a bitter feeling of hatred against Russia prevails. Our policy has been to induce the Sultan to throw off the yoke—by promises of assistance on one hand, and menaces on the other of supporting Mehemet Ali against him. Hitherto, however, the Sultan has never been induced to bestir himself. It is evident that if this matter is taken up seriously, and with a resolution to curb the power of Russia in the East, the greatest diplomatic judgment and firmness will be requisite in our Ambassador at St. Petersburg; and how under these circumstances the Duke can send Londonderry, and how Peel can have consented to his nomination, I am at a loss to conceive. It appears just worse than what Palmerston did, which was to send nobody at all. In all this complication of interests in the East, France is ready to act with us if we will let her, and Austria lies like a great log, favouring Russia and opposing her inert mass to anything like *mouvement*, no matter with what object or in what quarter.

1835.

January 1st.—Parliament dissolved at last, and all speculation about the elections will soon be settled in certainty.

It is remarkable what confidence is expressed by both sides. Three Tories stand for the City; but Ward told me they rather expected to run their opponents hard than to come in, but that such an exhibition of strength would be important, as it will. The Duke of Wellington is so well aware of the obstacle that he is to Stanley's joining the Government that he wanted not to belong to it originally, and he is now meditating his retreat, in order to open the way for Stanley. It cannot be denied that he has acted very nobly throughout this business, and upon nothing but a sense of duty, without regard for himself. Some doubts have occurred to me of the vast utility of Stanley, and his being so entirely without a party proves that he is not held in very high estimation, and though I should be glad to see a better set of names in the various offices (which are for the most part miserably filled) I should not altogether like to see the Duke of Wellington retire out of deference to such men as the four who would succeed him, and those who would have to retire with him. I heard a ridiculous anecdote of the King the other day. He wrote to the Duke about something—no matter what, but I believe some appointment—and added *à propos de bottes*, 'His Majesty begs to call the attention of the Duke to the *theoretical* state of Persia.' The Duke replied that he was aware of the importance of Persia, but submitted that it was a matter which did not *press* for the moment.

Yesterday I dined with Robarts, and after dinner he gave me an account of the state of his borough (Maidstone), and as it is a tolerably fair sample probably of the real condition of the generality of boroughs, and of the principles and disposition of their constituencies, I will put it down. There are 1,200 voters; the Dissenters are very numerous and of every imaginable sect and persuasion. He has been member seventeen years; the place very corrupt. Formerly (before the Reform Bill), when the constituency was less numerous, the matter was easily and simply conducted; the price of votes was as regularly fixed as the price of bread—so much for a single vote and so much for a plumper, and this he had to pay. After the Reform Bill he resolved to pay no

more money, as corruption was to cease. The consequence was that during his canvass none of the people who had formerly voted for him would promise him their votes. They all sulked and hesitated, and, in short, waited to see what would be offered them. I asked him what were the new constituencies. 'If possible worse than the old.' The people are generally alive to public affairs—look into the votes and speeches of members, give their opinions—but are universally corrupt. They have a sour feeling against what are nicknamed abuses, rail against *sinecures*, as they call them, and descant upon the enormity of such things while they are forced to work all day long and their families have not enough to eat. But the one prevailing object among the whole community is to make money of their votes, and though he says there are some exceptions, they are very few indeed. Robarts too is a Reformer, and supports all Whig and reforming Governments; but he does so (like many others) from fear. What he most dreads is collision, and most desires is quiet, and he thinks non-resistance the best way. There is no reason to believe that other constituencies materially differ from this; what therefore is the result? Power has been transferred to a low class of persons; so low as to be dissatisfied and malignant, high enough to be half-instructed; so poor that money is an object to them, and without any principle which should deter them from getting it in any way they can: they may, on the whole, be considered as disaffected towards existing institutions, for when they contrast their own life of labour and privation with the wealth and splendour which they see around them, there is little difficulty in persuading them that they are grievously wronged, and that the wrong is in the nature of the institutions themselves. These general considerations make them therefore lean towards those who promise better things, and strive to introduce changes; but as their immediate wants are always uppermost, their votes are generally at the disposal of the highest bidder, whatever his politics may be.

January 3rd.—They can find nobody to go to India. Lord Ellenborough (by Peel's desire) wrote to the Duke and

asked his advice, at the same time suggesting Sir James Graham. The Duke replied that he thought it better not to have anything to do with that party at present; that the best man he knew would be Lord Heytesbury, if he would go, or such a man as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, whom he mentioned, not because he had been long known to him, and had served under himself, but because he was a very able man, and the best man of business he was acquainted with. Kemp refused it; Ellenborough said that the more he looked into Indian affairs, the more clearly he saw the urgency of sending a Governor-General. Whether by this he means to imply that Lord William Bentinck has done ill, I know not; but he is always said to have done admirably well. In a letter which the Duke wrote to the King, not long ago, he told him that it was desirable to make as few changes in the foreign policy of the Government as possible. Notwithstanding the confidence of his underlings, and of the crowd of fools and females who follow the camp, it is clear that the Duke and Peel are both sensible of the danger of their situation.

January 4th.—There is every prospect of a miserable defeat of the Conservatives in the City, which will be doubly disastrous, first as to the election, which is an important one, and secondly because it will go far to neutralise the effect of the famous address they got up. This is owing to mismanagement. The Committee has been bad and negligent; then they did a very foolish thing in ousting Pattison from Harwich to make room for Bonham; if they had left Pattison alone (which Harris had, I believe, pledged himself should be done), Lyall would have come in for the City, and perhaps Ward too; but when the electioneering affairs are left to William Peel, Ross, and Granville Somerset, no wonder there is not much dexterity and finesse displayed. I have published a pamphlet to help them; but as I never put my name to my pamphlets, of course nobody reads them.

January 5th.—Sebastiani is coming here as Ambassador —that is, unless he changes his mind and pleads ill-health. The French Government notified to us his appointment

without asking our consent, and when the Duke stated it to the Cabinet, objections were made; he accordingly wrote the same day to Bacourt, stating that the Cabinet thought the appointment objectionable, and that there would be difficulties in transacting business with him. The French Government expressed surprise, and rather insist upon their appointment, and as ours does not think it worth while to have a dispute about it, he is to come; but we think they have behaved very ill, for the Duke never proposed the Paris Embassy to Lord Cowley till he had communicated with France, and ascertained that the nomination would be agreeable to the King. It was expected that St. Aulaire or Latour-Maubourg would have come here. It is of Madame de St. Aulaire that Talleyrand said, 'Elle cherche l'esprit que son mari trouve.' (This anecdote I suspect not to be true, or not true of Madame de St. Aulaire, who is a very intelligent, agreeable woman, more lively and with more *finesse d'esprit* than her husband.)

St. Aulaire is Ambassador at Vienna, and, however clever, he either wants presence of mind or is touchy, as the following anecdote shows. Madame de Metternich is a fine handsome woman, ill brought up, impertinent, *insouciante*, and *assez bourrue—au reste*, quick and amusing. She went to a ball at St. Aulaire's with a fine coronet of diamonds on, and when he came to receive her he said, 'Mon dieu, madame, quelle belle couronne vous avez sur la tête!' 'Au moins,' said she, 'ce n'est par une couronne que j'ai volée.' Instead of turning it into a joke, he made a serious affair of it, and went the next day to Metternich with a formal complaint; but Metternich said, 'Mais mon cher, que voulez-vous? Vous voyez que j'ai épousé une femme sans éducation; je ne puis pas l'empêcher de dire de pareilles sottises, mais vous sentez bien que ce serait fort inconvénant pour moi de m'en mêler. Allons! il n'y faut plus penser,' and so turned it off, and turned him out, by insisting on making a joke of the affair, as St. Aulaire had better have done at first.

January 7th.—Just as might have been expected, the Conservative candidates in the City are defeated by an enor-

mous majority. Pattison, the Governor of the Bank, the Liberal candidate who came in second on the poll, having been proposed by Jones Loyd,[1] the richest banker in the City, and perhaps the richest man in Europe.[2] Such outward demonstrations as these unquestionably afford a very plausible answer to the opposite cry, and the victory on the Radical side is great and important. Ward told me they should at least run them hard, so that the disappointment must be grievous; still it is asserted that the greatest part of the wealth of the City will be found in the columns of the address—but then the votes are in the other scale. The elections, as far as they have gone, are rather against the Government, but not showing any material difference in numbers—sufficient, however, to prove that, in point of fact, Peel's declarations have produced little or no effect, and that the various considerations that have been urged on the country and the appeals to its reason have been all alike thrown away.

I saw a letter which Barnes wrote to Henry de Ros yesterday, in which he speaks with horror and alarm of the prevailing spirit. He says the people are deaf with passion, and in the abrupt dissolution of the late Government and the bad composition of this they *will* see a conspiracy against their liberties, and mad and preposterous as the idea is, there is no eradicating it from their brains. I am afraid this is too true, and though no alarmist generally, and rather sluggish of fear, I do begin to tremble; and while I cast my eyes about in all directions to see what resource is in store for us, I can find none that is anything like satisfactory; the violence of party-spirit seems to blind everybody concerned in politics to all contingent possibilities, and every feeling of decency and propriety is forgotten.

Last night I was at Lady Holland's; there were Lord and Lady Holland, Mulgrave, Seaford, Allen and Burdett. I asked them if they had read Whittle Harvey's speech at

[1] [Mr. Jones Loyd, afterwards created Lord Overstone.]

[2] [The four City members were: Matthew Wood, James Pattison, William Crawford, and George Grote.]

Southwark, which was a tissue of the grossest and most outrageous abuse and ridicule of the King and Queen. They said 'No,' so I read to them some of the most offensive passages. Not the slightest disgust did they express. Holland *merely* said to one allegation, '*That* is not true,' and Mulgrave laughed, and said, 'Whittle is an *eccentric* politician.'

January 8th.—On the whole the returns yesterday presented a gain to Government of about 10 votes, many elections turning out contrary to expectation both ways, and some very severe contests. The City was a great defeat: the lowest Whig beat the highest Tory by above 1,400. It is remarkable that many who signed the address to the King voted for the Radical candidates.

At dinner yesterday at Lord Chesterfield's I met the Chancellor, whom I have not seen for some time. After dinner we talked about the state of affairs. 'Well,' he said, 'will it do? what do you think?' I said, 'I don't know what to think, but on the whole I am disposed to think it will *not* do. I don't see how you are to get on.' 'What do you think of Peel?' said he; 'is he a fit man for the purpose?' 'He is a very able man, and prudent.' 'Aye, but is he enough of a man of the world? does he know enough of what is going on in the world?' To which I said, 'You have just hit upon the point that I have been lamenting. He has not lived in the world, and he has not about him those who do, and who can give him that particular sort of information and advice of which he stands in need; and I think he has, in great measure owing to this, committed a great blunder in forming such a Government as he has done; he has not been able to throw off the old prejudices of keeping to his party, and thought it necessary to depend upon them, when he ought to have seen that the case was one out of ordinary rules, that the support of the Tories alone could not maintain him, and that, if they would not give it him for their own interest, and in furtherance of their own principles, without insisting upon being in office, though he might not be able to get on without it, he would

still less be able to get on with their support alone. In his place I should have told them I could not take them in, that if they would confide in me, and let me help the country out of its difficulties in my own way, I would do the best I could for it and for them.' Lyndhurst said that 'he was not much consulted;' that if he had had the formation of the Government he should have gone to work very differently; that he would have had a small Cabinet, eight or ten at most, composed of new men, leaving out Aberdeen, Goulburn, Herries, and the rest of that description, employing them if possible abroad, or if not, telling them that it was necessary to lay them on the shelf for a time, and that he would do what he could for them at a future period; that Ellenborough had told Peel he had much better not take him into the Government; that he was aware he was not popular, and though he might be of some use with regard to details of business, his support out of office would (he thought), on the whole, be more serviceable than his being in the Cabinet. Peel said that his willingness to sacrifice himself only made it more incumbent on him not to permit him to do so, and insisted upon having him. Lyndhurst said he had hoped that Sandon would have been taken, and he had suggested Lord Carnarvon, to which Peel replied that he was still so young that he thought he might be passed over for the present. I said, 'Why it is the present for which it is necessary to provide, and it is *now* that he might have been made available.' (Carnarvon would not join on account of ill-health.) We then talked over what sort of a Cabinet might have been got together, of new names, moderate men, few in number. He admitted that a great mistake had been committed, and that, as it was irreparable, so it would very probably be fatal. He praised the Duke of Wellington. I said I would not have taken him in, or have got him to go to Ireland, for he was ready to do anything to advance the cause. He liked this idea very much. I reminded him that the first day we had talked over the matter he had admitted that it would never do to bolster up the old concern again, and that Hardinge had told me the Tories were all ready to

:e any sacrifices or postpone their claims, so that such a :se as we suggested need not have been difficult. I told of Barnes's letter, and of his fears, and what he said of effect produced by the composition of the Government. said the 'Times' had behaved admirably to them, and Government were under great obligations to me for what *:d done in that matter. I told him I was glad to hear* r were on such good terms, as having been instrumental he connection, which I had no doubt had entailed an ıediate loss on the proprietors of the paper.

He asked me if I thought the Opposition meant to refuse Supplies. I said I had no doubt they did. 'Then we t go.' But he still expects they will have 300 votes in House of Commons, and with that he calculates that r may struggle on with one-half of the House of Commons, House of Lords, the King, and a large proportion of the lth and respectability of the country. It would be diffi-, but he thought they might get on; but that the fact , there was *no going on* after the transfer of power to ther class, which the Reform Bill had effected. I said :e was no doubt of that, and that the Reform Bill had luced virtually a complete revolution in this country. 'e,' said he, 'much more than that of '88.'

January 9th.—Dined at Holland House; they are satisfied *h the elections. Mulgrave said that, out of the present re-*ı, they had to add thirty to their list and to deduct thirteen their original calculations, giving them seventeen more n they expected. There is a small gain to the Tories, but hing like enough. It cannot do; all the moderate Whigs it is not a question of Tories) are beaten in the metropo-n districts. Spankie's admirable addresses have ensured defeat. Duncombe, immediately after an exposure of most disgraceful kind, will be returned by a majority ıbling that of any of the other candidates; and it is not a le remarkable that Duncombe is supported by all the senters, even the Quakers, with whom austerity of rals and a decent behaviour are supposed to have weight— ; the rabid spirit of disaffection to government and rule

bears down every other consideration, and these 'enlightened electors' (as their flatterers always call them) are frantic with passion against everything belonging to what they call 'the aristocracy' of the country. But who can wonder at these people, when we see the great Whig Lords smiling complacently at their brutal violence and senseless rage? At Holland House they talk in the same strain; not that they utter any indecent language, but they are passionate for the success of the movement. One single object have they—to eject Peel and the Tory Government; they own they don't know what is to follow; they do not deny that the movement must be accelerated, but they don't care; they say the Duke is responsible, for he ought not to have accepted the King's commission, and then Melbourne must have been sent for again the next day. Now *they* must take the consequences—that is, the King and the Tories. They said last night that by the old Government the movement might have been checked; by any that can be formed on the downfall of the new it cannot—or at least that it must go farther than it would have done. I asked, 'Then is there anything you think worse than advancing the movement?' 'Yes,' cried out Lord Holland, 'making the movement stand still.' 'And do you mean that you believe there is any danger of that, and that the movement (the progress of improvement) ever can stand still?' 'Yes, I do believe it,' &c. . . . Such a miserable apology for their insane violence puts argument and reasoning out of the question; they are resolved to fight for power, 'to let slip the dogs of war,' ignorant whither they will go, and careless what shall be their prey.

January 10th.—Nothing is more remarkable in these elections than the confidence of both parties in the result, and the difference of their statements as to actual numbers, Bonham, who is now, *faute de mieux*, the man-of-all-work of the Tories, told me last night that they had an actual majority on the returns of about twenty, whereas I went through the list, and after detecting some errors, made out that there is a majority of about thirty the other way. The Whig lan-

guage is still the same always, and everywhere—that they do not see what is to happen when this Government is out; that no daylight appears, but still that out it shall go. They own that they must (if they return to power) do a great deal more than they would otherwise have done, but that while they obey that necessity, they make it easy to their consciences, because it is the other party which has imposed it upon them.

January 11th.—The Government people still declare their satisfaction at the result of the elections, and make out that the numbers are tolerably even. The contests are curious from their closeness. Charles Wellesley lost at Rochester by one, Lushington by four. There is a great number of similar cases; in that of Rochester it is more remarkable from the accident by which the election was lost. There were two ships in quarantine, one of which had one voter on board and the other two; they had both sailed the same day from the port they left, but one had been longer on the voyage. The ship with one voter had a right to be released on the 9th, the last day of the election, the other not till three days later. As the circumstances were the same, Sir J. Marshall, the Superintendent, suggested that both might be released together, but I did not dare relax the severity of the restriction.[1] Rosslyn was rather for doing it, but I persuaded him it would be dangerous, as, if the election should turn upon it, we should never hear the last of it, especially the Duke, to whose charge it would be laid; and the election *actually turned on those two votes.* The best chance that I see is, that when the hour of struggle arrives there may be more moderate men than the Whig leaders are aware of—more who, without supporting, still less joining, the new Government, will abstain from taking a violent part against them. This is my only hope, for as to a majority, I have not the slightest expectation of any such thing, and am at a loss to conceive on what they count.

January 12th.—Up to the latest returns the Tories make

[1] [The administration of the Quarantine Regulations is vested in the Privy Council, and exercised by the Clerk of the Council.]

out that they have a majority, or at least an equality; the Whigs, that they have a majority of about seventy. The latter calculation is nearer to the truth, and it only remains to be seen how many of their people will refuse to support extreme measures. Last night at Holland House Mulgrave was perfectly furious with Charles Fox for saying he would not oppose Manners Sutton being put in the chair. It has been asserted all along by some of the opposite party that Peel's measures have been influenced (especially in the composition of his Government) by a desire to keep the Tories together, and prepare a strong Opposition. I suspect there is some truth in this, for I can account in no other way for the strange appointments he makes, and the undiluted Toryism of his Government. He goes on the old aristocratic principle of taking high birth and connection as substitutes for other qualifications, and he never seems to consider the former avowed sentiments of any man in weighing his fitness for office. He has just made Sidney Herbert Secretary to the Board of Control, an office of great labour and involving considerable business in the House of Commons.[1] He is about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, unpractised in business, and never spoke but once in the House of Commons, when he made one of those pretty first speeches which prove little or nothing, and that was in opposition to the Dissenters. He may be very fit for this place, but it remains to be proved, and I am surprised he did not make him begin with a Lordship of the Treasury or some such thing, and put Gladstone, who is a very clever man, in that post. Praed is First Secretary to the Board of Control, and will do the business.

I very much incline to believe that, although Peel says

[1] [The injustice of this remark has since become very obvious, for no man was better qualified to enter upon official life, or to run a great career in it, than Sidney Herbert. It must also be said of Sir Robert Peel that he was ever on the watch for the young and rising statesmen who, he said, were hereafter to govern the country; and a very large proportion of the men who have since played a most conspicuous and useful part were introduced by Sir Robert Peel to public life—Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Cardwell, and others.]

he is satisfied with the returns, he does not expect the thing will last, and that upon this conviction he is determined to secure a retreat with such a force as shall make him formidable hereafter. Such as the appointments are at home, so are they abroad: Londonderry to St. Petersburg, Stuart to Vienna, and in all probability Strangford to Constantinople—the three men who are considered the great upholders of the Anti-Liberal system. (Stuart told everybody he had the offer, but it was not true.)

The Duke of Leuchtenberg arrived last night. The picture of the young Queen of Portugal (which is probably flattered) does not make her very tempting.

January 15th.—The day before yesterday I fell in with Hobhouse, and we walked together for some time. He said he could not understand what the Government people meant by claiming a majority, as he heard they did; that on the Borough returns the Opposition had a majority of 100 more or less, but that the difference could only be accounted for by one party including all those who call themselves Whigs, and who supported the late Government, and by the other party counting those who, though not supporters, would be disposed to give them a trial. He wondered at and blamed the constitution of the Government, ridiculed the idea of Stanley succeeding Peel, acknowledged that he saw no possibility of any other Government being formed on the dissolution of this, and had no conception what would happen—that another dissolution would be indispensable. I said that I did not see any more than he did what they were to do when they had got Peel out; that their junction with the Radicals must end there, unless (which I could not believe) they meant to come into office on the principle of supporting and carrying all the measures they had opposed last year. He said, 'I for one will go no farther than I did then; no, that is out of the question.' He said the restoration of Melbourne's Government was impossible after what had passed; they could not look the King in the face again, nor he them, after such a clear intimation on his part that he disliked them, and dreaded their principles. Soon after, however, he said that any other Govern-

Theodore Hook, whom I met at dinner the other day, and who is an *âme damnée* of the Speaker's, said that he was ready to give up the chair if it was thought imprudent to fight for it; he also said (which I don't believe) that the Home Office had been offered him, and that he had declined it because he could not quit the chair without a peerage, and that he should be of more use in it than in the House of Lords.

Theodore Hook *improvised* in a wonderful way that evening; he sang a song, the burthen of which was 'Good Night,' inimitably good, and which might have been written down. I heard two good things at dinner yesterday, one of Spankie's. In his canvass he met with a refusal from some tradesman, who told him he should vote for Duncombe and Wakley. Spankie said, 'Well, my friend, I am sorry you won't vote for me, and I can only say that I hope you may have Tom Duncombe for your customer, and Wakley for your tenant.'[1] The other is attributed to Alvanley. Some reformer was clamouring for the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords, but said he would not have them all go; he would leave two: 'To keep up the breed, I suppose,' said the other.

January 17th.—The Middlesex election terminated in the return of Hume by about 400 votes—Wood got a majority of about 250 at first, but could not sustain it. It would have been a capital thing to turn out Hume, but I never expected it.

January 20th.—Sir George Murray is beaten at Perth; James Wortley at Forfar—blows to the Government. On the other hand, Palmerston is beaten in Hants, at which everybody rejoices, for he is marvellously unpopular; they

[1] [The one was celebrated for the non-payment of his bills, and the other had been suspected of setting fire to his house. Wakley's house was

1821, they found a verdict of 1200*l.* and costs for the plaintiff. Subsequently, when the story was revived in the House of Commons in July 1844, Mr. Wakley completely vindicated himself to the satisfaction of the House, as expressed by Sir Robert Peel.]

would have liked to illuminate the Foreign Office. Lord Harrowby called on me yesterday; he told me my pamphlet had been attributed to Croker in some company where he had been. Jonathan Peel told me yesterday morning that Lady Alice Kennedy had sent word to his wife that the Queen is with child; if it be true, and a queer thing if it is, it will hardly come to anything at her age, and with her health; but what a difference it would make!

January 23rd.—Within the last few days the county elections have given a considerable turn to the state of affairs. The Conservatives have been everywhere triumphant. Norfolk, Derbyshire, Hants, Lancashire—two Whigs turned out and two Conservatives returned; Ingilby in Lincolnshire; one in Surrey, one in Kent: and if these affairs had not been infamously managed, they would have returned two in Surrey, two in Kent, and (if they had put up a better man) one in the other division of Norfolk. The great and most important victory, however, is Francis Egerton in Lancashire, who is nearly 1,000 above his opponents, and has been received with astonishing enthusiasm, and was the popular candidate, even at Manchester and with the mob. These elections have damped the spirits of the Radicals, and proportionally raised those of the Government. The 'Morning Chronicle' was yesterday quite silent on the subject, and at Holland House, where I dined, they were evidently in no small disgust. I told Lord Holland that I considered the Lancashire election as the most important event that had occurred, and one calculated to have a great moral effect in favour of the Government, which he owned was true, and they did not deny that the Government had cause for elation.

In the morning we had a meeting at the Council Office to consider of the removal of assizes, when Lyndhurst in his offhand way said to me, 'Well, I think we are safe now; I have no fears.' 'Haven't you,' I said, 'but I have.' 'Oh no, we are on a rock—adamant.' I don't think they are yet in a condition to begin triumphing, but I certainly see daylight, which I did not before. Nobody can possibly deny that there is a great reaction in the country; and though the

weight of the towns, and the power of the ten-pounders thrown into the other scale, make it preponderate, there is a strong counteracting force which will enable the better cause to maintain a respectable fight. I expect that Francis Egerton's election will produce indirectly very important consequences, and will be the means of proving to moderate, doubting, timorous politicians that they need *not* shrink from avowing whatever Conservative sentiments they really do entertain. Much remains to be done, many difficulties to be surmounted, before anything like security can be felt, but undoubtedly the political horizon looks much brighter than it did.

January 25th.—A ridiculous thing happened the other day. The Speaker came to the Council Office in a great stew about the attacks on him, and wanted to look at the register of the names of those who had attended at the different Councils. Though I think he is a *pauvre sire*, he has a very tolerable case here, and I wrote a letter to the 'Times' in his defence, and signed it 'Onslow,' happening to think of Speaker Onslow. The next day appeared a letter from *Lord Onslow*, declaring that he was not the author of a letter which had appeared in his name. The 'Times' published it, adding they thought he could hardly be serious. Munster told me the day before yesterday that he was told of the Queen's being with child on the day of the Lord Mayor's dinner; that she is now between two and three months gone. Of course there will be plenty of scandal. Alvanley proposes that the psalm 'Lord, *how* wonderful are thy works' should be sung. It so happens, however, that Howe has not been with the Court for a considerable time.

January 27th.—There is a Committee sitting at my office to arrange the Church Bill—Rosslyn, Wharncliffe, Ellenborough, and Herries. It is generally believed they mean to bring forward some very extensive measures. Allen says, 'The honest Whigs cannot oppose it with honour, nor the Tories support it without infamy,' that all the honest Whigs would support it, the honest Tories oppose it, the dishonest Tories would support, and the dishonest Whigs oppose it. He

told me an anecdote at the same time which shows what the supineness and sense of security of the Church were twenty years ago. An architect built a chapel on Lord Holland's land, near Holland House, and wished it to be appropriated to the service of the Church of England, and served by a curate. The rector objected and refused his consent. There was no remedy against him, and all that could be done was to make it a Methodist meeting-house, or a Roman Catholic chapel, either of which by taking out a licence, the builder could do. However, he got Lord Holland to speak to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sutton), to tell him the difficulty, and request his interference with the rector to suffer this chapel to be opened to an Orthodox congregation. After some delay the Archbishop told Holland that he had better advise his friend to take out a licence, and make it a Catholic or Dissenting chapel, as he *thought* best. The builder could not afford to lose the capital he had expended, and acted upon the advice of the Primate. The chapel is a meeting-house to this day. I shall be very glad if this reform of the Church is well done and gives satisfaction, and I do not know that any of the present Ministers are pledged against a measure which improves the discipline without diminishing the revenues of the Church, but certainly reforms, and especially ecclesiastical reforms, do come with a bad grace from them. It is ludicrous to see the 'Standard' writing Church reform articles; and the other day I looked back at Knatchbull's speech at the Kentish meeting, a week after the dissolution of the late Government, in which he expressed an earnest hope that he might leave this country 'without *any change* in *Church* or *State*.' He has been Anti-everything during his whole life, and now he is come into office to carry into effect 'safe and necessary reforms,' which he never could perceive the slightest occasion for while he was out. All these things are disgusting; they disgust one with political life, they lower the characters of public men. One strains one's eyes in vain to catch a sight of sincerity, straightforwardness, disinterestedness, consistency; each party we have constantly acting with a view to its own

interests *as a party*, and always disregarding consequences with miserable shortsightedness.

February 2nd.—The elections are over, and still each side claims a majority. It will turn out probably that the Government have about 270 thick and thin men. Since the Lancashire election, the Whigs have certainly not been so elated, though they still expect to succeed. They begin with the Speakership, and put up Abercromby, who is probably the best candidate they could select; he is a dull, grave man, sensible and hard-headed I fancy, but it has always been matter of astonishment to me that they should make so much of him as they do. The Duke of Wellington is constantly regretting that he did not abstain from taking office, as he wished to do, and I hear that Peel now thinks it would have been better: but he thinks so because he fancies that Stanley would have joined if the Duke had not been there, which is after all very doubtful. Stanley has preserved the strictest neutrality through the late contest, and been very guarded and cautious in his language—so much so, that the Whigs think he will vote for Abercromby against Manners Sutton, which I don't believe. The Church Reform is in active preparation; I know nothing of its details.

Pozzo di Borgo is coming here, and the Emperor sends him partly to save time and, Madame de Lieven writes me word, 'to prove his goodwill, by sending his ablest and most confidential diplomatist.' Old Talleyrand would very likely have been glad enough to come back too (while the Duke is in office), but he is gone to Richecote. A great mystery is still made about the Queen's *grossesse*; the medical men believe it, though they think it no certainty.

February 8th.—On Monday last we had the Sheriffs' dinner at Lord Rosslyn's,[1] where I met for the first time all the new men. Murray did not come, for since his defeat in Perthshire he no longer considers himself of the Cabinet. Before dinner Peel told me he had offered the vacant Lord-

[1] [The Lord President's annual dinner to the Cabinet, at which the Sheriffs for the ensuing year are selected, to be appointed by the King at the next Council.]

ship of the Treasury to Charles Canning,[1] in a letter to Lady Canning, saying it would give him great pleasure to introduce her son into public life, and that he should be glad to treat him with confidence, and do all that lay in him to promote his success. Lady Canning wrote a very gracious answer, saying that she preferred his being in Parliament some time before he took office, but neither he nor she was indisposed to support him and his Government. At this dinner the Duke talked to me about Spain, and said that the affair at the Post Office at Madrid, in which Canterac was killed, was the most lamentable thing that had happened, and the most discreditable to the Government; that if the Carlists did not rise upon it all over Spain, it was clear there were none; that it was a most extraordinary war, in which the Carlists had the superiority in the field, but possessed no fortified and even no open town; and that, notwithstanding all the plunder and devastation incidental to such a state of things, all the farmers in the disturbed provinces regularly paid their rents.

Sandon is to move the address in the House of Commons, Lord Carnarvon refused to move it in the House of Lords. I think the Church Reform Commission, which was gazetted a few days ago, has done good, especially as it is backed up by Peel's refusing to fill up the vacant Prebendary of Westminster, and placing it at the disposal of the Commissioners.

I went to Oatlands on Wednesday for two nights, and met the Duchess-Countess,[2] the Granvilles, and Pahlen. It was agreeable enough. Lord Granville told us a curious story of an atrocity very recently committed in France. The governor of a military academy had objected to one of the officers, a professor, bringing a woman who lived with him into the establishment. The man persisted, and he finally ordered her to be ejected. Resolving to be revenged, the officer took these means; he bribed a servant of

[1] [Afterwards Viscount Canning and Governor-General of India in 1856.]

[2] [The Countess of Sutherland in her own right was styled the Duchess-Countess, after her husband, the Marquis of Stafford, who was raised to the rank of Duke of Sutherland.]

the governor's, who let him into the house at night; when he got into the bedroom of his daughter, ravished her, and then wounded her severely with some sharp instrument, but not mortally. The girl is still alive, but in a state of frenzy; the case is coming before the French tribunals. [This was the famous case of La Roncière, very inaccurately stated above. There is now little doubt that La Roncière was innocent, and that the story was got up by the girl to revenge herself on him for some slight.]

My brothers tell me that the Duke is bored to death with the King, who thinks it necessary to be giving advice and opinions upon different matters, always to the last degree ridiculous and absurd. He is just now mightily indignant at Lord Napier's affair at Canton, and wants to go to war with China. He writes in this strain to the Duke, who is obliged to write long answers, very respectfully telling him what an old fool he is. Another crotchet of his is to buy the Island of St. Bartholomew (which belongs to Denmark, and which the Danes want to sell) for fear the Russians should buy it, as he is very jealous of Russia. The Duke told him that it would cost 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.*, for which they must go to Parliament; and he did not think any House of Commons we were likely to have would vote such a sum for such a purpose. *Then he does not at all like Pozzo di Borgo's* coming here, and wrote to say that since he was to come, it was well that he would have the vigilant eye of the Duke to watch him, for he never could look upon him in any other light than as the servile tool of advancing the ambitious objects of an aggrandising and unprincipled Power, or words to that effect. He thinks his present Ministers do not treat him well, inasmuch as they do not tell him enough. The last, it seems, constantly fed him with scraps of information which he twaddled over, and probably talked nonsense about; but it is difficult to imagine anything more irksome for a Government beset with difficulties like this than to have to discuss the various details of their measures with a silly bustling old fellow, who can by no possibility comprehend the scope and bearing of anything.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Speakership—Temporary Houses of Parliament—Church Reform—Dissenters' Marriage Bill—Peel's False Position—Burke—Palmerston's Talents as a Man of Business and Unpopularity—Sympathy of Continental Courts with the Tories—Abercromby elected Speaker—Defeat of the Government—Tactics of the Opposition—The Speaker does not dine with Peel—Meeting of Stanley's Friends—Debate on the Address—Lord John Russell leads the Opposition—The Stanley Party—Second Defeat of the Government—Peel's Ability—The Lichfield House Meeting—Debate on Lord Londonderry's Appointment—His Speech in the Lords and Resignation—Sir E. Sugden resigns the Great Seal of Ireland—Lady Canterbury—Brougham in the House of Lords—Peel's Readiness and Courage—Lord Canterbury and Stratford Canning proposed for Canada—Approaching Fall of the Peel Government—Meetings of the Opposition—Further Defeat—Sir Robert Peel's own View of the State of Affairs—He resigns.

February 14th.—There has been a wonderful lull for some time past, and though we are said to be, and I believe we in fact are, on the eve of a crisis of great importance, perfect tranquillity prevails universally (except, of course, in Ireland), and men go about their daily occupations without any signs of apprehension. The state of this country is a curious political paradox; however, speculation will soon be lost in certainty, so it is of no use thinking more of the matter. The newspapers have been filled *usque ad nauseam* with the debates about the Speakership, and both parties are equally confident, but the bets are in favour of Sutton. The argument on his side has been triumphant, and the Abercrombians have not urged the best that they might. Tom Duncombe, who at first said he would vote for Sutton, and now votes the other way, puts it on the true ground, 'that it is a good factious vote.' I have little doubt that Peel will come down

in Parliament with a fair and reasonable case, but I have no hope that he will propose or agree to anything satisfactorily about the Irish Church; and if anything overturns his Government, it will be that unhappy question of appropriation. From George Dawson's language, whom I fell in with the other morning, I see they are resolved to stand like rocks in defending 'the Church,' as they call it. All this week and the last I have been at my office the whole day with our Judicial Committee, which works very well. We have Shadwell, Parke, Bosanquet and Erskine continually; and Vaughan, Nicholl and Jenner occasionally. Alava talked to me about the Duke of Wellington, of whom he said everybody was afraid, even his nearest relations, and that he found him, 'très changé pour lui.'

February 15th.—Dined at Miss Berry's, and Lord John Russell came after; told me he had 320 people to vote with him on the Speakership (of whom perhaps 20 will not come), so his party make sure of it. Nobody talks of anything else, and what has been written on the subject in pamphlets and newspapers would fill volumes. Though it is become inconceivably tiresome, I cannot help writing and talking about it myself, so impossible is it to avoid the contagion. I went yesterday to see the two Houses of Parliament;[1] the old House of Lords (now House of Commons) is very spacious and convenient; but the present House of Lords is a wretched dog-hole. The Lords will be very sulky in such a place, and in a great hurry to get back to their own House, or to have another. For the first time there is a gallery in the House of Commons reserved for reporters, which is quite inconsistent with their standing orders, and the prohibition which still in form exists against publishing the debates. It is a sort of public and avowed homage to opinion, and a recognition of the right of the people to know through the medium of the press all that passes within those walls.

[1] [The old Houses of Parliament were burnt down on October 16, 1834, during Mr. Greville's absence from town in the autumn. The Houses here spoken of were the temporary buildings used during the erection of the new Houses.]

Lord John said to me, 'Do you remember last year, when we were talking, I told you I thought the House of Lords would throw out some measure or other—that there would be a change of Government, a dissolution; and then we should have a Parliament returned with which *nobody* could govern the country? You see we have reached that point.' According to their several calculations, both the opposite parties continue to claim a majority, or rather on the Tory side an equality; and as these are made by men experienced in the composition of the House, and as almost everybody is pledged and committed in some way or other, it is a perfect enigma to me how one or the other can be so deceived. The Whigs, having discovered that Abercromby must be proposed 'upon a great principle' (which is great as *omne ignotum* is *magnificum*—for they have never given a hint of what the principle is), have now found out that the English Church Reform which is in agitation is a very bad move on the part of the Government, as *the people* do not care about Church Reform here—do not want any such thing. This is, very possibly, in great measure true; for *the people*, who are urged and excited by the Radical leaders, will be sure to grow indifferent about such reforms as they can obtain by legitimate means, and with the concurrence of legitimate authority, and be invited to agitate for those which may be more difficult or slow of accomplishment. Sydney Smith said last night that he hears from those who know that it will be very sweeping; but he thinks it will not touch the great livings, nor meddle with advowsons. He concludes that at the same time the Dissenters will be relieved from Church rates, that tithes will be extinguished, and the question of Dissenters' marriages settled. This has been an enormous scandal, and its continuance has been owing to the pride, obstinacy, and avarice of the Church; they would not give up the fees they received from this source, and they were satisfied to celebrate these rites in church while the parties were from the beginning to the end of the service protesting against all and every part of it, often making a most indecent noise and interruption. All these grievous abuses must be done away

with; and deeply responsible are those who never would hear of their being done away with before. These guilty parties are the clergy and the Tories, both of whom, now that it is almost too late, have consented to drop their arrogant pretensions, and to submit to those necessary and reasonable reforms against which they have so bitterly inveighed, and so resolutely fought. We are disgusted and shocked at reading Croly's account of the scandalous conduct of the Catholic clergy in Ireland, with regard to the emoluments they extort from their miserable flocks, and at the systematic desecration of holy things which they countenance and practise; but when the difference is considered between their spiritual condition and their moral composition as a class, the conduct of the clergy here appears just as revolting. The Irish clergy are generally sprung from the lowest class, and have received a bad education at Maynooth; they depend for subsistence upon the voluntary liberality or devotion of their people, they have few motives or principles of restraint, and every incentive to follow the shameful course which they do; but the English clergy are generally respectably born, well educated, and amply endowed, and yet they are content to be the ministers of a scandalous system, which, if it were not a source of profit to themselves, they would not tolerate for an instant. Instead of compelling [illegible] Dissenters to be married in church, if they had been really penetrated with any devotional feelings, or by any considerations of delicacy and charity, they would long ago have complained of this necessity as a grievance, and assailed the Legislature with entreaties to relieve the Dissenters from the scandal, and themselves from so painful and [illegible] But it was a badge of inferiority and [illegible] the Dissenters, and a source of [illegible] therefore they defended and maintained [illegible] they call defending the Church; and [illegible] themselves pray to be relieved from [illegible] tion, and liberal men support their [illegible] that the Church is in danger. [illegible] having prayed in vain, [illegible]

demands, and the cries of the Churchmen gradually sink into a whine, which is at last silenced in submission, the Church really is in danger; and then, when it no longer can be refused, it becomes perilous to grant the boon which justice and wisdom have so long required. So it is, and has been with all obstinate and senseless denials, followed by reluctant and tardy concessions—with Catholic emancipation, the Test and Corporation Acts, Parliamentary Reform, and with everything else; and thus, one of the great difficulties which beset Peel and his Government is, that they stand in an utterly false position. As a statesman, it must be mortifying to him to reflect that all the great measures which his political life has been spent in opposing have been carried in spite of him, and that whatever danger may have resulted from this cause is in great measure owing to the opposition he was enabled, by his great talents and his influence, or rather the influence of the party which he led, to give to those measures. He contrived totally to fail in preventing the success of the measures themselves, but so to mar and delay them as to obviate the good that might have been produced by timely and voluntary concessions; and now, coming forward as he says, 'to resist the pressure from without,' he finds himself compelled to yield to that pressure; for what, after all, is the language which he now holds, what are his addresses, his speeches, his promises, his Church Commission, but a surrender to the spirit and the principle of Reform, and to the demands of the people—*the people*, as contra-distinguished from those great interests on whose support he has depended, and whose wishes or prejudices he has consulted? For assuredly, neither the King, nor the Church, nor the aristocracy, seriously and sincerely desire these or any other reforms, and only agree to them from necessity. Peel is, I think, right; he has no other alternative. Such is the force and power of public opinion, that no Government can resist it; and if Peel can succeed in restraining and directing it, if he can convert it from a destructive into a conservative element, he will render such a great service as will cancel all the former mischief he has done; but he

enters with disadvantage upon a course which implies at the outset the surrender of much of the governing principle of his political life, and in which neither friend nor foe can doubt that the conduct he adopts, however justifiable, necessary, indispensable, is compulsory and unpalatable. A man who is called to the head of affairs must undoubtedly act, not according to any impracticable obstinate theories of his own, but according to the state in which he finds affairs, no matter how produced or by whom; but it is a very different thing to adopt a system reluctantly and under necessity, because somebody else by his incapacity or his misfortune has rendered it indispensable, and to do so after you yourself have brought about this state of things: and such is the false position of Peel with all his Tory associates. This, however, is begging the question in dispute between the two great antagonistic parties. Peel would say that the imprudent concessions and reckless changes of the Whigs have made the difficulty; the Whigs would say that the resistance of the Tories to all moderate and gradual reforms produced the sweeping measure of '31, and the excitement that was partly its cause and partly its consequence.

February 17th.—Yesterday I read Burke's appeal from the new to the old Whigs, which contains astonishing coincidences with the present times. His definition of the people is somewhat tumid and obscure, and involved in a splendid confusion of generalities and abstruse doctrine; but it is a wonderful monument of his genius, and exhibits that extent of knowledge and accuracy of insight into the nature of parties and the workings of political ambition which make him an authority for all times, and show him to be in the political what Shakespeare was in the moral world. But his writings, however as objects of study they may influence the opinions or form the judgment of young men, would have no more power than a piece of musty parchment to arrest the tide of present violence, and superinduce reflection and calmness. A speech of Tom Duncombe's would produce far greater effect than the perusal of a discourse of Burke's. Wisdom never operates directly on masses; it may work

upon them through secondary and by indirect means, but it cannot face the noise of actual contest, where passion and not reason is always uppermost. Nobody but Burke could have described so well the Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford of the present day, who appear to have lost their senses, and to be ready to peril all their great possessions to gratify the passions of the moment. He says:—'But riches do not in all cases secure even an inert and passive resistance; there are always in that description men whose fortunes, when their minds are once vitiated by passion or evil principle, are by no means a security from their actually taking their part against the public tranquillity. We see to what low and despicable passion of all kinds many men in that class are ready to sacrifice the patrimonial estates which might be perpetuated in their families with splendour, and with the fame of hereditary benefactors to mankind, from generation to generation. Do we not see how lightly people treat their fortunes when they are under the passion of gaming? The game of resentment or ambition will be played by many of the great and rich as desperately and with as much blindness to the consequences as any other game. Passion blinds them to the consequences as far as they concern themselves, and as to the consequences with regard to others, they are no part of their consideration.'

The other night I met some clerks in the Foreign Office to whom the very name of Palmerston is hateful, but I was surprised to hear them (Mellish particularly, who can judge both from capacity and opportunity), give ample testimony to his abilities. They said that he wrote admirably, and could express himself perfectly in French, very sufficiently in Italian, and understood German; that his diligence and attention were unwearied—he read everything and wrote an immense quantity; that the foreign Ministers (who detest him) did him justice as an excellent man of business. His great fault is want of punctuality, and never caring for an engagement if it did not suit him, keeping everybody waiting for hours on his pleasure or caprice. This testimony is beyond suspicion, and it is confirmed by the opinions of his

colleagues; but it is certain that he cut a very poor figure in Parliament all the time he was in office before.

At the Travellers' yesterday I fell in with Bülow, who is just come back from Berlin to resume his mission. He told me that he was on such terms with Palmerston that it was impossible for him to stay here, and that for some time past he had given up communicating with him except upon the most indispensable matters and in the most formal way. He then gave me an account of the reception of the news of the change of our Government at Berlin, where the Emperor of Russia happened to be at the time. The Empress had come there on a visit to her father, and the Emperor (who is supposed to have preserved his conjugal fidelity immaculate) had rushed from Moscow without any notice to see her, and was still there when news of this great event arrived. There is something very characteristic in the first impression which the intelligence produced, at once manifesting the secret wishes of the party and their ignorance and apparent incapacity of comprehending the nature of our Constitution, and the limited extent of the power of the King of England. The Emperor immediately conceived that the whole system of the late Government would be reversed at home and abroad, that Leopold would be driven from Belgium, the Dutch dominion restored, and the Quadruple Alliance dissolved. Bülow, who has been in England long enough to know better the real state of things, endeavoured to undeceive him, and succeeded, though not without great difficulty; but when he proceeded to explain to him that the new Government would very likely not be able to keep their places, and that at any rate they would be compelled to conduct the Government upon the principle of Reform which the late Government had established, the Emperor could not by any means comprehend it, nor why or how there could be any difficulty in keeping their places if the King was resolved to support them, and had appointed them at his own pleasure. It would seem as if they had never read the last two or three years of our history, or, having read it, as if the habits of unbounded power in which they are born, educated,

and expect to die, had rendered their understandings utterly impervious to the apparent paradox of a crowned head destitute of power to choose his own Ministers. The Duke of Cumberland, who was likewise there, began by talking the same nonsense, and was full of the destruction of the Reform Bill; but Billy Holmes, who, whatever else he may be, is a very sharp fellow, succeeded in muzzling him. This account which Bülow gave me is, however, more than amusing; it is instructive, because it shows which way the real wishes of the absolute sovereigns point, and makes it highly probable that they look upon the present settlement of Europe as one only *ad interim*, and to be remodelled whenever an opportunity shall present itself. They are satisfied at present with damming and dyking out the waters of Liberalism, but they hope to drain the lands in which they are collected, and to place themselves for ever out of the danger of an inundation. The war of opinions is in fact declared; it may languish, there may be truces, but there will be no peace in our time.

February 19th.—The important day is arrived, and it dawns in sunshine and south wind. In a few hours the question of the Speakership will be decided, and there will at least be the gain (wherever the loss may fall) of getting rid of a subject which has become intolerably tiresome. For the last three weeks every newspaper has been literally filled with the controversy, every club engaged in betting on the event; in every room, at the corner of every street, nobody talked of anything else. It was the first enquiry of every man you met, 'Well, what do you hear to-day? they say Sutton will win by 30.' The next man (a Whig) would say, '*It is safe;* Abercromby will have 317 votes sure'—each party unboundedly confident, and both securing a retreat by declaring that defeat will not signify. Half the Opposition think it a false move to try it, and the more sober of the Government are conscious that a defeat will be very injurious.

We had a Council yesterday, and a levee more than usually brilliant; all the new Ministers and all the old, the

whole Corps Diplomatique, with a host of others, mixed up in the first *entrée* room, and all very civil and good-humoured. The King received the ex-Ministers very graciously, and talked to them all, at least to all I saw pass by. Brougham alone was absent, and Lord Spencer, who was hardly to be considered as one of them, and is not in town, though, by-the-bye, I think I am wrong in this, because there were others whom I did not see—Duncannon, Spring Rice, and Hobhouse.

February 20th.—The great battle is over and the Government defeated, 316 to 306. Such a division never was known before in the House of Commons, and the accuracy of the calculations is really surprising. Mulgrave told me three days ago they had 317 people, which with the Teller makes the exact number. Holmes went over the other list, and made it 307—also correct. In the House so justly had they reckoned, that when the numbers first counted (306) were told to Duncannon in the lobby he said, 'Then we shall win by 10.' Burdett and Cobbett went away, which with Tellers makes a total of 626 members in the House. All the Irish members voted but 4, all the Scotch but 3, all the English but 25. The Irish and Scotch, in fact, made the majority.

The elation on one side and the depression on the other were naturally considerable, and there was not time last night to adjust scattered thoughts. Much money was won and lost; everybody betted. I won 55*l.*, for on the whole I thought (though quite a toss-up) that the chances were rather in favour of Abercromby. I had a better opinion of the cleverness of the managers on his side, and their amazing confidence staggered me, so that after at first believing Sutton to be sure, I finished by leaning the other way. The debate seems to have been dull—Sutton was dull, Peel was dull; Stanley clever, strong against the Opposition, but thought to have been indiscreet. A Tory told me it was a second edition of the thimblerig speech, which, if so, will not do him good. He carried apparently very few people with him, but made one convert—Angerstein—who changed h

vote because Stanley made out that Abercromby was for the Ballot. This seems an excellent reason why he should be opposed as a Minister or a candidate, but none why he should not sit in the chair of the House. Lord John Russell is said to have spoken remarkably well, which is important to them as a party, being his first appearance as their leader. Peel and the Duke dined at Lord Salisbury's, and all the Tories were invited there in the evening, with the intention probably of celebrating their anticipated victory; and, if so, their merry meeting must have been changed to dismal alarms, for there is no denying or concealing that it is a very serious disaster. The moral effect of beginning with a defeat is bad; it discourages the wavering and timid, who might have felt half disposed to support the Government and the constitution. The trial of strength leads to very uncomfortable reflections, for every man of these 317 is prepared to go all lengths; and though there are probably none among the majority who will support Government, there are some among the minority who will oppose them—Dudley Stuart, Angerstein, and Burdett, who went away.

The majority of the world naturally look at this event with the eye of party, and as a triumph one way and a mortification the other; but I, who have no party prejudices and predilections, and care nothing who is in the chair, and not much who is in office, provided 'the thing,' as Cobbett calls it, is kept going, look at this division with sorrow and alarm, as affording undoubted evidence that no prospect appears of the possibility of this or any other Government being able to accomplish the purposes for which a Government is intended. We seem to be arrived at what is vulgarly termed a dead lock. Nothing can be more clear than that the present Ministers are in a minority, and that all the other parties in the House united can beat them when they will. It is equally clear that they can beat any section of their opponents whenever these are disunited. The political attraction which binds together the mass cannot last long, and there are too many elements of repulsion in *esse* or in *posse* not to insure the speedy disjunction of the several

atoms; but in the meantime, if they can be held together, what is to happen? Peel will take a beating or two, but he *may* be so beaten as to be compelled to resign or again dissolve. Suppose he dissolves. The Tories think the reaction is on the increase, and that the Conservative interest would gain largely by another dissolution; still there is scarcely a hope of their gaining enough to enable Peel to carry on the Government with such constant and dependible majorities as can alone render it efficacious and secure. On the other hand, if Peel resigns, the Opposition, should they return to power, must dissolve; for what can they do against 300 Tories? and what Ministry can by possibility be formed that can have a certain majority *of its own* out of the heterogeneous mixture of Whigs, Radicals, Repealers, and men of every shade and gradation of opinion? Their situation, notwithstanding their victory, seems worse than that of their antagonists with reference to their power as a party; and if they do storm Downing Street and St. James's, and go again to the country, as far as appearances go, what chance have they of materially bettering their condition, and getting another House of Commons more manageable and better adapted to their purpose than this? This victory, therefore, will not enable the old Government to triumph over the new, or materially affect the positions of the two parties, and, as somebody said last night, they will be very much puzzled what to do with their majority now they have got it.

The first impression of great events is generally one of alarm, which upon this occasion subsequent reflection has diminished as far as relates to the *immediate* peril of the present Government. Speculation already began last night as to the Address, on which some pretend no amendment will be moved, others that one will, which as certainly will be carried. No question can, however, be more embarrassing to the Whig leaders, for they would be disposed in prudence to abstain from any very violent measure, but will find great difficulty in dealing with their associates. If they resolve upon pushing their victory and amending the

Address, they run the risk of exciting terror by their violence; if they avoid this, probably some of the Radicals will do it, and then they must support Government on the Address against a Radical section of the House, or join with the Radicals in one of two ways, either by supporting their amendment or persuading them to withdraw it; in either case drawing closer the bonds of that connexion which they are ashamed and afraid to avow, and which will, I strongly incline to believe, be in the end fatal to the Whig party. The only thing that can truly be predicted is, that all is confusion, uncertainty, embarrassment, a state of things full of difficulty and peril, but not *totally* without hope.

February 21*st*.—The Government were grievously annoyed at the event of Thursday, and the Duke rejected all the commonplaces of consolation, 'that it would turn out a good thing.' At Lord Salisbury's dinner (to which Peel did not go) they were all very dejected, and the Duke said at once it was as bad as could be; and the thing appeared the worse because they had been led to feel so very secure. He desired his private secretary to have everything ready to quit the Foreign Office at a moment's notice. However, at dinner yesterday at Peel's (a great dinner to all the Ambassadors and twenty-six people) he said to me, 'It is very bad, but I consider the country *on its legs again*.' 'Do you?' I said, 'I am glad you think so.' 'Oh, yes, I think that, however this may end; I think the country is on its legs again.'

The Whigs are resolved to push their victory with all their energies, and they appear to have no doubt of ousting the Government, and as they are determined to proceed by any and every means in their career, and the others are equally resolved to fight the battle while any means of resistance remain, the strife must be deadly, and such as to extinguish any hope of a coalition between moderate men of both sides for the simple reason that moderation has ascended to Heaven, and such men will no longer be found.

February 23*rd*.—The Opposition mean to move an amendment to the Address, which they expect to carry by a larger

majority than the last. Their tactics are completely arranged, and their understanding with O'Connell and all the Radicals so good that they think there is no danger of any indiscreet ebullition in any quarter. Discarding every prospective consideration, and prepared to encounter all consequences, they concentrate all their energies upon the single object of turning out the Government, in which they have no doubt of succeeding. It is the first time (as far as I know) that any great party ever proceeded upon, and avowed, such a principle as that which binds these people together and puts them in action; namely, to destroy the King's Ministry, without any reference to the measures that Ministry may propose, and without waiting to see how they may intend to carry on the Government. Not only do they throw out of their consideration the conduct of the Administration, but they are resolved to accomplish its destruction, without being prepared to substitute any stronger Government in its room, and with a perfect knowledge that its dissolution must necessarily produce a state of extraordinary embarrassment, from which they do not pretend to have the power of extricating the country. All that they ever condescend to say, in answer to any such remonstrances, is this: 'The King exercised his prerogative in a most extraordinary and unjustifiable manner. We have the same right to reject his Government, that he had to turn out ours; if there is embarrassment, it is none of our creating, the King and the Tories must be responsible for it. We care not what are the principles now avowed by them. If they are not Reformers, they cannot govern this country, and are not to be tolerated at the head of affairs. If they are, it is not to be endured that they should usurp our places, and then in defiance of all their principles, and in opposition to all their previous conduct, carry into effect the measures which we should, with perfect consistency, have brought forward. We will listen therefore to nothing. Out they shall go, and till we have got them out, we will never rest, nor desist from our attacks.' 'Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere,' such is the manner of their reasoning. Their intention seems to be

to avoid doing anything very desperate, but to keep beating the Government, constantly exhibiting their own power and the helpless state of their adversaries to the world. Some of them affect to deny their union with O'Connell, but they say whatever suits their present purpose. In the case of Manners Sutton, they took care to have the charges against him disseminated through the country, and did their best to have them believed. The constituencies believed them, and instructed their representatives accordingly; and when, by these means, they had secured a majority, they came down at the last moment to the House of Commons and owned that there was not one word of truth in the allegations against him. John Russell had written a letter (perhaps more than one) in which he urged opposition to Sutton, on the ground of his having advised the dissolution of the last Parliament. Goulburn got possession of this letter, which was handed to him during the debate, he does not know by whom. (Goulburn *told me this himself.*) He gave it to Peel while he was speaking, or just before. Peel asked John Russell if he had ever said so, and John Russell denied it. Peel did not produce the letter as he might have done, but the story was told in the 'Times' the next day. So in the case of the Bishop of Exeter, and Lord John's controversy with him. He told an untruth, undoubtedly without knowing it, but he might have known it; the lie did its business—

> In public spoke, it fell with greater force,
> And, heard by hundreds, was believed, of course;

and though he afterwards made a very handsome apology, half the people who were influenced by the original statement never heard of the contradiction, or cared for it, if they did; and to show the candour of the Liberal press, the 'Morning Chronicle,' and other papers of that persuasion, which trumpeted forth the original lie, never inserted the subsequent correspondence, and Lord John's contradiction of his own statement. I like him so much personally, that I am sorry for all this. To return to the party, they are boiling with indignation at the idea of another dissolution, and talk of

such advice to the King as affording good ground for impeachment, though till they have settled the House of Lords, and had their wicked will of it, the Ministers would be pretty safe before that tribunal for such an act. It is the general opinion that Peel will dissolve, and go once more to the country if he can, but this must depend upon the sort of opposition they offer, and the majorities they can bring into the field. Adolphus FitzClarence told me that he never saw the King so determined as he is to stand by this Government to the last, and I do not think any of these men will prove deficient in courage.

February 24th.—The Opposition expect a majority of from thirty to forty on the amendment. The union with O'Connell is complete, however long it may last, and he has agreed to give up Repeal, and they are to find some lucrative place for him when they get in again. What he wants is to be a Master of the Rolls in Ireland; the rent fails, and money he must have. It is a wretched thing that there is no buying that man *now* without disgrace; well would it have been to have made the purchase long ago; and it will not be the least curious part of his curious life if this bargain takes place, and he settles down into the regular discharge of his professional duties, and *bonâ fide* abandons agitation. There was great curiosity last night to know whether the Speaker dined with Peel. It is usual for him to dine with the leader of the House of Commons on these occasions, and hear the speech read. Sutton always dined with Althorp, but then Althorp put him in the chair. Abercromby, however, very properly told Peel the difficulty he felt, and that he thought he should only embarrass the company, and Peel acquiesced in his excuse.

February 25th.—The King went down to Parliament in the midst of a vast crowd, and was neither well nor ill received; nobody takes his hat off, but there was some slight cheering. The speech disappointed me, it was rather bald, and so thought some of the moderate men. In the morning there was a meeting at the King's Head, Palace Yard, to which moderate members of Parliament were invited by an

anonymous circular. Thirty-three were present, Sir Oswald Mosley in the chair. Graham came to it, and said Lord Stanley would have come also, but that he had invited a few of his friends to assemble at his house, with an object similar to that which had brought the present meeting[1] together and that if it were agreeable to any of these gentlemen to meet his friends that afternoon he should be glad to see them. They all went, and there were present forty-five or fifty, of whom eight had voted for Abercromby. He made them a speech, stating that it was evident the Government must fall if they were to be repeatedly defeated, and his view of the necessity of obstructing violent measures directed against them was something to this effect. The result was an agreement to meet again this day, and last night a few more names were added to their list. This may, therefore, be considered the Stanley party, and the best thing that can happen will be that this party should grow numerous. Many men do not like the composition of the Government, and yet wish to support it, without being identified with it, as the majority of those who attend the meetings are disposed to support Peel. Stanley securing them as his adherents, and placing himself at their head, must in fact subscribe to their opinions and disposition; and as men are more inclined to join a numerous than a scanty sect, fresh adherents may repair to that standard. Eventually he will join the Government, and the best chance of weathering the storm will be through this moderate Liberal party.

[1] [This meeting (which will probably have important results, as it was the foundation of that which met afterwards at Stanley's, and the formation of this party will turn the balance on the Conservative side) originated in the most insignificant causes. Sir Oswald Mosley, an ordinary person, and a Mr. Young, talking the thing over, suggested to one another to try and get together moderate men, and they penned and sent out a parcel of notes addressed to those who they thought came under that description, bearing no signature, and giving no indication of the quarter from which they emanated. When the thirty-three people who came were assembled, they found themselves for the most part strangers to each other, and each asking who such and such an one was. When Graham invited any who chose to go to Lord Stanley's, Mosley rather wanted to decline, to go on with his own meeting, and play an important part, but nobody would hear of this, so he was obliged to go with the rest to Stanley's house.]

The debate was opened by Sandon in a speech feebly delivered, but containing good matter. Morpeth made a good speech, moving the amendment. The debate was very dull indeed, Dr. Bowring a total failure. It was expected the House would adjourn, if not divide, and the Speaker put the question, when Peel got up. It was curious to see the lulling of the uproar, and the shuffling and scrambling into seats, till all was quiet and the whole coast clear. He spoke very ably for nearly two hours and a half, his speech not containing much oratory, but in a tone at once lofty and firm, yet discreet, calculated to inspire confidence and to make an impression on all who are impressible. There is no use in entering into details of speeches which are now reported with such perfect fidelity. This may not be without its effect on Stanley's meeting to-day, and his speech will be listened to with intense anxiety to-night. The Opposition (as Duncannon told me) expected a majority of between thirty and forty, so that if it is considerably less than that, it will be tantamount to a defeat.

February 26th.—Stanley spoke last night, attacking both sides, not violently, but announcing his intention to vote against the amendment. The Government were annoyed at his speech, especially at his expressing some sort of disapprobation of the Duke of Wellington, which he would have done well to omit, for many reasons. Lord John Russell, by universal admission even of his enemies, made an excellent speech. I did not hear either him or Stanley. John has surpassed all expectations hitherto, as leader, which is matter of great exultation to his party, but the tide is already beginning to turn, and there are evident symptoms of weakness in the great unwieldy heterogeneous body he is at the head of. Tavistock came to me yesterday morning, and told me his brother had sent for him, 'finding himself in difficulties.' He did not particularise them, but said that naturally, in a situation of such novelty, he found considerable difficulties to contend with. He owned that the meeting at Lichfield House, which O'Connell had attended by invitation, had alarmed and disgusted many of the old Whigs, and it was

settled there should be no more such meetings. Then there has been some little correspondence between Ward and Lord John about the Irish Church question, the former wishing to manage the matter, which he brought forward last year, and he wrote to John about it, who replied rather shortly, that he himself intended to submit a motion on the subject. This is a trifle, but trifles like these contribute to form an aggregate of importance, and the moment there is any beginning of disunion or weakness in such a party, a very short time will make it fall to pieces.

Lord Stanley assembled his followers again yesterday to the number of about fifty; other adhesions, and half-adhesions, occurred in the course of the evening, and the result is an expectation that the boasted majority of thirty or forty will dwindle down to four or five, or perhaps be no majority at all. The erection of this standard will therefore, in all probability, save the Government, and defeat the factious designs of the great Whig and Radical coalition; but I distrust Stanley himself, and see the great chance there is of his vanity and selfish ambition producing other difficulties, the pressure of which, though he may not feel it now, will some time hence become heavy to him. His object at present is to gather to himself the largest party he can; but though he may lead them, he can only lead them the way they are minded to go, and the design of his friends is to show themselves Conservatives without being Tories, to save this Government, not from love to it, but from fear of its opponents and of the alternative. He certainly may have the appearance of being the arbiter of all great questions, and actually be so to a certain degree, but as his ultimate object must be his return to office, he can only hope to return (at least with any prospects of success) with Peel and the Tories. It is, therefore, egregious folly in him, by an affectation of neutrality and independence, to shock and disgust that great body, which must ever be the strength of a Conservative Government, by twitting the Duke of Wellington and attacking with sarcasms or reproaches certain measures

or omissions, or particular members of Government, and especially the Duke himself. The Duke is, after all, the idol of the Tories, and they will not endure that a youth like Stanley *shall avail himself of his accidental advantages to* treat their great man with levity and disrespect; and all this he has not coolness, sagacity, and temper enough to see, nor to discern that his most becoming and dignified course would be to conduct himself with a seriousness and gravity suitable to the importance of the crisis and of the part he aspires to play and the magnitude of the interests which are at stake. If he believes in his conscience that the Opposition are animated with a spirit of faction, and that their triumph would be the forerunner of revolution or confusion, he should take his stand on a great principle, and support the Government *in such a manner as might best enable it to confound* the schemes of its antagonists; but all this time he is dreading to be called a Tory, and he does not certainly give up the hope and notion of reuniting himself with the moderate section of his late colleagues. He endeavours to keep up an amicable intercourse with them, and to make them believe that he has no intention of connecting himself more closely with this Government. Such ambiguous conduct, and his occasional asperities and incivilities, have begun already to disgust and alienate the Tories; and though they have too much need of him now not to be obliged to restrain the expression of their feelings, the time may come when he will have need of them, and he will then find the inconvenient consequences of his present behaviour.

February 27th.—They divided at half-past one this morning, 309 to 302. I went over the list before dinner, and made out a majority of six (correct all but one). Gisborne, Howick, and Graham spoke tolerably, O'Connell very good for the first ten minutes, and very bad all the rest. I was not there. Certainly Stanley's conduct is queer. Notwithstanding the sharp things he said against Government in his speech on Wednesday, and various little marks of scorn he throws out here and there, he said to Francis Egerton on Tuesday, after all the Opposition men had been speaking,

'Why does not Peel get up, or at least put up one of the Government, to put an end to all this balderdash?' Francis went and told Peel, who was very much out of sorts (at the state of the debate I suppose), and asked rather angrily for Sir G. Clerk. Francis went to look for Clerk, and when he returned Peel was on his legs. This he told me yesterday morning.

March 5th.—Met Mulgrave at dinner at Seaford's, and he still talks with confidence of turning the Government out; that five or six of Stanley's tail have whisked round again to the Whigs; that they can beat the Government on every question by greater majorities than on the two they have already tried, which were the worst for them, and that any other Government (of their party) would get through the business of the session.

March 11th.—The repeal of the malt tax was defeated by a majority of 158, much more than was necessary, and it is thought that Government would have done wisely, when they found they were sure of not being beaten, to allow their friends to redeem their pledges (or as many of them as stood deeply committed), for it will be found that several of them will suffer greatly from this vote in their counties. Peel (as usual) made an admirable speech; he continues to distinguish himself by a marked superiority, both in oratory and management, which cannot fail to produce a great effect both in the House of Commons and the country. There is nobody who approaches him, and every day he displays more and more his capacity for government and undoubted fitness for the situation he is in. He cannot help being a great man, because he lives in an age of pigmies; and he will be as great as great talents without a great mind can make anybody. Even some of the violent Radicals say that if Peel's associates could be disposed of, they would not object to him.

March 13th.—There was a meeting of the Opposition at Lichfield House yesterday, to consider what they should do about Hume's motion to grant the supplies for three months, and the result was that the design should be abandoned.

Thus they have shown their teeth without daring to bite. Many of their people would not have gone with them, and if this grand project failed *now* thus early in the session, still less chance will it have at a later period. Peel's skill and great superiority, and the disunion and uncertainty of the vast unwieldy body opposed to him, will carry him through.

March 14th.—Last night was a terribly damaging night to the Government, and fully justifies all that I, in common with almost everybody else, thought of that miserable appointment of Londonderry.[1] Shiel brought it forward, and a storm burst from every side. Stanley made a strong speech against it, and Mahon totally broke down. Peel spoke cleverly, as usual, but fighting under difficulties, and dodging about, and shifting his ground with every mark of weakness. The result is that Londonderry cannot go, and must either resign or his nomination be cancelled. This is miserable weakness on the part of the Government, and an awkward position to be placed in. It is very questionable if the Duke of Wellington will not resign upon it, which would make another great embarrassment, for there is nobody to fill his place. It serves the Government right, and the Duke especially, for having built up such a wall to run their heads against. They knew the loathing people had for the man, how odious and ridiculous he had made himself, how obnoxious and indefensible the appointment would be, and yet, though there was no reason or occasion for it, and their circumstances were so difficult that the utmost caution and prudence were requisite in all their subordinate and collateral proceedings, as well as in the great and essential ones, they had the blind and obstinate folly to make this appointment. It is not *contempt* of public opinion in the Duke, but it is that ignorance or indifference, or disregard of it, which has been the besetting sin of his political life, and has so largely affected his political sayings and doings. Peel ought to have known better, and have taken a more correct view of his

[1] [The Marquis of Londonderry had been appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg.]

position, and the effect such an appointment would have on it. It is difficult to say what consequences may flow from this affair. The Government can stand no shocks and buffets; if they go on, it can only be by the most dexterous management, and by obtaining constant advantages in the petty and daily warfare of Parliament, and thus gathering confidence by degrees, that they can accomplish it. It would be too mortifying if such a man should be the cause of the downfall of the Government and of all the evils that would result therefrom. Knatchbull, who was dragged into the discussion by Peel (in order to make a diversion), defended himself and spoke remarkably well. He is the only Cabinet Minister who has shown anything like a faculty to support Peel. It was rather amusing to see the attempt of Peel to take the dogs off the scent of Londonderry and throw them on that of Knatchbull; but they were soon whipped off, and put again upon the right track. There was one good hit. A Sir George Strickland, attacking Knatchbull, said, 'Talk of the Right Honourable Baronet as a Reformer, indeed, when *I remember* his coming down night after night during the Reform Bill, and opposing every part and particle of it, clause after clause,' when Knatchbull took his hat off and said, 'I was not a member of that Parliament.'

March 15*th.*—The Londonderry debate has made a great sensation, and is a source of prodigious triumph and exultation to the Opposition. In the morning I met Lady Peel, who was full of compassion for Londonderry, and said, 'He had behaved very nobly about it.' Nobody doubts that he cannot go, whether he resigns voluntarily or not; but, end how it may, it is a disastrous occurrence. If Government should persist in the appointment, they would be beaten by a great majority, and the House of Commons would vote him out; if it is given up, it is a monstrous concession to the violence and power of the House of Commons, for however objectionable the appointment may have been, it is not so outrageous as to call for the interference of Parliament with the King's undoubted prerogative, and on the whole the principle of such interference may be considered more incon-

venient than submitting to the appointment itself. It will probably lead before long to other encroachments upon the Executive power, and we shall soon see the House of Commons interfering about everything.

In the evening I met the Duke of Wellington at Lady Howe's, who talked about the affair, and said that he was not particularly partial to the man, nor ever had been; but that he was very fit for that post, was an excellent Ambassador, procured more information and obtained more insight into the affairs of a foreign Court than anybody, and that he was the best relater of what passed at a conference, and wrote the best account of a conversation, of any man he knew. I said this might be all true, but that though *he* knew it, the generality of people did not, and the public could only judge of him by what they heard or read of his speeches, and what was related of his conduct on former occasions; that on that account he was very obnoxious, and that his violent and intemperate attacks upon the foreign policy of the late Government, the sentiments he had displayed generally, had raised a great prejudice against him, and I had therefore been sure from the moment I heard of the appointment that it would be severely attacked, and regretted exceedingly for that reason that it had ever been made. I had told Lady Peel the same thing, for it is difficult to resist telling them the real truth; and I know not why it should not be told them.

Last night I met Lord Howick, who is bitter enough against the Ministers, and expressed his earnest desire that they might be well dragged through the mire, but not be turned out. I asked, 'Why, if he wished they should stay in, he desired that they should be discredited?' and he replied, 'That it would be very difficult *at present* to replace them, but that he saw the prospective means, and he would have them go on till the time was ripe for change, but that they should be made every day more odious.' These means, I doubt not, are the reconciliation of Stanley with the Whigs, which is clearly contemplated by both one and the other. Hobhouse's speech the other night was very civil to Stanley, no doubt with that

view, and much personal intimacy is affected
and the Whig leaders. Then much light is
in my mind by the account I have just heard
(who enlisted under the Stanley banner) of
animus displayed at the last meeting at St
Stanley was pressed by Mr. Young to declare
his want of confidence in the Government
Stewart said that if Hume's motion, for li
plies to three months, was placed in the hand
Russell, he thought he must vote for it. S
this suggestion, and declared his disappro
would bring it on) of so strong a measure
supplies, and he said he thought the wan
might be sufficiently evinced without havi
any murderous measures, anything absolu
of the Government. The general tone
of the meeting was very inimical to the p
and Charlton was himself so little satisfied wi
and especially with Stanley's apparent bias
he wrote to him to say that he had joined h
express notion that he was prepared to give
a fair trial, and to ask whether he did
him correctly in attributing to him still such
He replied very courteously, and tole
it certainly seems probable that he is
with his old friends than to form an
men, though what is uppermost i
own consequence and authority
gain he eventually can. C
tried to engage him in conv
democratic tendency of the
to discuss the subject. Ch
dangerous fellow, that it
aloof from him, and was not
civil to him.

March 17th.—Londonde
House of Lords last night
He got a good deal of em

of the solid pudding he is obliged to give up. He said 'that he had had no communication with the Government, nor had sought any advice, neither had any been tendered to him; that he had after due deliberation determined on the course he should pursue.' All this is untrue; he went to Peel on Saturday morning, and told him he was ready to do what he pleased; but Peel said he could give him no opinion. He then consulted various people, the Dukes of Cumberland and Buckingham *inter alios*, who advised him not to resign. It appeared to be his object to obtain opinions to that effect, and up to late yesterday afternoon nobody knew what he meant to do; so much so, that the Duke left the Foreign Office without being apprised of his intentions, and desired if any letter came from him that it might be sent after him to the House of Lords. He received the letter on the stairs, which he read and instantly sent to Peel. It has altogether been a miserable affair, and it is certainly true what John Russell said, that in 'the experiment they are now making, that which the Right Honourable Baronet called a fair trial, they were running considerable hazard that the most useful prerogatives of the Crown would lose that dignity and respect in which they had formerly been held.' It is clearly true that this most dangerous precedent of interference has occurred because the Government has not strength to prevent it, and because we have the anomaly of a Government beating up against a hostile majority. The man was utterly unfit, and ought never to have been appointed, but the case against him (such as it appears in their hands) is quite insufficient to warrant the interference of Parliament.

I take it that the effect abroad will be prodigious, for though Londonderry resigns of his own accord, and Peel says he would have stood by him if he had not, the simple case is (and such will be the appearance of it all ove Europe) that the King appointed Londonderry Ambassado to Russia, and the House of Commons cancelled the ap pointment.

Everything meanwhile continues in a state of uncertain

it is not also made a civil contract for everybody else, and that the law ought to be changed universally. I think it would be better if it was a civil contract, but nothing can be more captious than such an objection, or more impertinent, and I do not desire to see the law changed, because I believe the majority of members of the Church of England are content that it should remain as it is, and that their feelings or *prejudices would be shocked by the alteration.*

The King is in great indignation at the proceedings in the House of Commons about Londonderry. The Duke sent Londonderry's letter of resignation to him, and his Majesty returned it with a letter in which he expressed his approbation of Londonderry's conduct, and added, that 'he was more than ever satisfied of the correctness of his determination in November last, to refuse his consent to his Government being led by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, since he had witnessed his conduct upon the occasion, and the support he had given to the unconstitutional attack that had been made upon this appointment.' He made no allusion to Stanley, whose conduct must have galled him still more.

Sir E. Sugden has resigned the Chancellorship of Ireland because his wife is not received at Court. He might have ascertained very easily beforehand what would happen, or have contrived to keep her away from Dublin. It was understood when he took the Great Seal that he declined being made a peer, on account of the illegitimacy of his eldest son. Half the world had never heard of Lady Sugden, or knew anything of her history; and as she is an excellent woman, charitable and kind-hearted, I fancy she has moved without obstruction in his natural circle of society. He went to Ireland before any Lord-Lieutenant was named, and Lady Sugden was received as a matter of course. When Lady Haddington was apprised of her origin and history she foresaw the difficulty, and asked the Queen what she was to do. Her Majesty told her to do what she pleased, but that certainly she could not be received at Court here. The Lady-Lieutenant therefore was compelled to decline receiving her

for all Ireland would have been affronted had she received at the Castle a lady not presentable at St. James's. Sugden was very angry, and his indignation arose principally, it would seem, from Lady Canterbury's having been received at Court, which he considers (with some reason) as a case equally flagrant. Her reception was a matter of bargain, I forget at this moment on what occasion, and certainly a strong measure. The talk is that James Parke will go to Ireland, and Sugden return to the Bar, which will be hard upon those who had shared his vast business, especially on the silk gown men.

March 21st.—Lord Grey is come to town; he is very strong against the Radicals, and highly disgusted at so many of them having been admitted to the Opposition meetings. He and Stanley met with excessive cordiality. Sefton was there when Stanley called upon him. The King received Lord Grey at the levée with such civility and attention as to excite peculiar observation.

March 22nd.—A few nights ago Brougham was speaking in the House of Lords (upon Lord Radnor's motion about university oaths), and was attacking, or rather beginning to attack, the Duke of Wellington in that tone of insolent sarcasm which is so familiar to him, when in the midst of his harangue the Duke from the opposite side lifted up his finger, and said loud enough to be heard, 'Now take care what you say next.' As if panic-struck, Brougham broke off, and ran upon some other tack. The House is so narrow, that Lords can almost whisper to each other across it, and the menacing action and words of the Duke reached Brougham at once. This odd anecdote rests upon much concurrent evidence. Alvanley told it to De Ros, and Lord Salisbury said he was sitting close to the Duke, and witnessed it all. The Chancellor afterwards confirmed it.

On Friday night, on the debate upon Irish Tithes, Peel bowled down his opponents, Howick, Rice, and Thomson, like so many ninepins; for, besides his vigour and power in debate, his memory is so tenacious and correct, that they never can make any mistakes without his detecting them;

and he is inconceivably ready in all references to former debates and their incidents, and the votes and speeches of individual members. It cannot be denied that he is a great performer in his present part. Old Sir Robert, who must have been a man of exceeding shrewdness, predicted that his full energies would never be developed till he was in the highest place, and had the sole direction of affairs; and his brother Lawrence, who told this to Henry de Ros, said that in early youth he evinced the same obstinate and unsocial disposition, which has since been so remarkable a feature of his character. I wish he was not hampered with the Irish Church fetters, which he cannot throw off.

Peel wrote a letter to Hume, demanding an explanation of certain offensive expressions he had made use of in the House of Commons, and got an answer, which was sufficient, though not very civil. It was rather unnecessary that he should take any notice of what Hume said, but Peel is a man of very high and prompt courage, and seems to have made a rule to himself never to suffer impertinence from any quarter to pass unchecked. It is certainly of great service to a public man, and it largely increases the estimation in which he is held, to establish such a character. It is no small detriment to Brougham that he is accounted an arrant coward; and it is remarkable that Peel never was known to deal in the insolence, and bullying, and offensive personalities in which the other has so copiously indulged, both in Parliament and at the Bar.

March 24th.—A meeting at Lichfield's yesterday, when they resolved to reserve themselves for the great battle on Monday next, in full persuasion that Peel will resign after the division. Whether he means it or not, I have no idea, but it is surprising to me that they do not think it better to attack him on his Tithe Bill than on the Appropriation clause; for I think he must go out if beaten on the former, but need not if beaten on the latter. They are, however, bent upon his expulsion; and Lichfield (who is more or less in their secrets) told me they feel no difficulty as to making another Government under Melbourne's auspices. There was a great

dinner of the Opposition at the Duke of Sussex's on Sunday, to which Brougham was not invited. It will not be the least of their difficulties how to deal with him. Sugden, after all, stays in Ireland. The Bar were up in arms at his menaced return among them, which would have had the effect of half ruining some of those who took silk gowns upon his retirement. His absurdity will, therefore, have had no other effect than that of revealing his wife's misfortune to the whole world in a very noisy way. Lord Canterbury gives up Canada on account of his wife's health, and probably not liking to face the disagreeable things that would have been said about himself and her. Lord Aberdeen has offered it to Stratford Canning, who, though clever enough, is so *difficile à vivre*, that nobody can be less calculated for conciliatory objects; so that for a situation which required an agent of strong understanding and good temper, they successively selected a foolish man of good temper, and a clever man of bad.

March 26th.—On Tuesday night Government was beaten on a division about the Chatham election; a thing of no consequence in itself, but the whole affair was mismanaged. John Russell had said he should not divide, but his people were not to be restrained. Peel would have given way, but his whippers-in told him he was strong enough in the House to carry it, which only shows how stupid they are. It is now universally believed that he will resign next week, after the division on John Russell's motion, upon which he is sure to be beaten by twenty or thirty votes. I am inclined to believe that he has made known his intentions to Stanley, for the latter entertains no doubt on the subject. The Greyites are all alive, and patting Lord Grey on the back all day long to incline him to obey the summons they confidently expect him to receive from the King. It is very obvious that Peel cannot go on; and I doubt much if he could even were he to obtain a majority on Monday. His physical strength would not suffice for the harassing warfare that is waged against him, the whole brunt of which he bears alone. This, however, is his own fault, for he will not let anybody else take a part, whether from distrust of his colleagues, or his own rage

for being all in all. Then, from the relative constitution of the two parties, he must be in continual danger of defeats upon minor and collateral questions, or suddenly started points. His party is in great part composed of the rich and fashionable, who are constantly drawn away by one attraction or another, and whose habitual haunts are the clubs and houses at the west end of the town; and it is next to impossible to collect his scattered forces at a moment's notice. The Opposition contains a dense body of fellows who have no vocation out of the walls of the House of Commons; who put up in the vicinity; either do not dine at all, or get their meals at some adjoining chop-house, throng the benches early, and never think of moving till everything is over; constituting a steady, never-failing foundation, the slightest addition to which will generally secure a majority in the present state of the House. In old times the placemen and immediate hangers-on of Government, who make it their business to attend in order to carry the public business through, afforded a regular certain majority for the Ministers of the day; but now this household phalanx is outnumbered by these blackguards, the chief of whom are O'Connell's Tail and the lower Radicals. All this immensely increases Peel's embarrassment; and the tactics of his opponents have been extremely able, considered with a view to obstruct the march of Government. While the leaders have abstained from any violent measure, and have always resolved at their consultations not to stop the supplies or impede the public service, their active partisans have taken good care to produce all the same effects, by raising debate after debate upon every description of personal question, and every miscellaneous matter they could drag in, so as to prevent any progress being made in the public business; and in this they have completely succeeded, for never was there more noise and violence, and less business done, than in this session.

In anticipation of Peel's resignation there are thre parties all animated with different hopes and desires—th Grey party, the Melbourne, the Stanley. The first want Lor Grey back with all the moderate Whigs, throwing over th

Radicals; and leaving out the 'Dilly' (as Stanley's party is derisively called); in fact, Lord Grey would only come back to carry the Irish question, which Stanley will be no party to. The second want Melbourne and all his kit back again, to go on with all the strength that the united force of Whigs and Radicals amounts to. The third, expecting that Lord Grey will decline to return without Stanley, desire that the Radical Whigs should attempt it, with (as they think) the certainty of failing, and then, that the urgency of the case may bring about a coalition between Lord Grey, Peel, and Stanley. Such a coalition would be very desirable in many respects, but I much doubt Peel's ever consenting to take office *under* Lord Grey (though with an equality of authority and influence in the Government), and to lead a party from which all his old friends, and those who look up to him with unbounded devotion, must necessarily be excluded, and to give up all pretensions to ascendency and domination in the Cabinet.

March 28th.—It appears now very doubtful whether Peel will resign after a defeat on Monday; and I am disposed to believe that it is not his intention; indeed, I never could understand why he should. He has over and over again declared that whenever the Opposition would bring forward a direct motion against him, he should be prepared to resign, but not till then. Still, I do not see how he can go on, and am much inclined to think he ought not. Weak as he is, at the mercy of this furious and reckless Opposition, Government suffers in his hands; the Crown and all Executive authority suffer. Every Government, to be useful and respectable, should have the power of carrying its measures in its own way through Parliament; but Peel cannot do this, and instead of quashing any mischievous or untimely motion, he is compelled to submit to one defeat after another upon matters which would never have been stirred (or certainly not successfully) with the late Government, or with any which possessed the confidence of the House of Commons. It was expected that Hume would persist in his motion for referring the Army estimates to a committee, and that the Whigs would support

him; but when it came to the point, at the suggestion of John Russell and Stanley, he very sulkily withdrew it; but the night before, Government was beaten on two divisions, one about the Leicester election, upon which all the lawyers in the House were unanimous. But these opinions had no effect upon the Radical majority, and they voted an address to the Crown to confer a charter upon the London University, Lord John Russell supporting it, although this question had been argued before the Privy Council, which had still to report upon it; and I believe that the general opinion of the Lords was against conferring the charter in the present circumstances of the university. Certainly, there was no discussion in Council after the arguments were closed, but I gathered that the impression was unfavourable to the grant of the charter. The House of Commons knows nothing of the argument, and rejected Goulburn's amendment to have the proceedings before the Privy Council laid upon the table, voting the address merely because Government opposed it.

March 29th.—A meeting yesterday of Tories at Bridgewater House for the purpose of securing a better attendance. Twenty-nine Moderates met at the 'King's Head,' passengers in the 'Dilly;'[1] but of these, nine mean to vote with John Russell, and one stays away; also, two or three others vote against Stanley: queer partisans and *soi-disant* followers, who oppose him on his own vital question. Peel concerted with Stanley in the House on Friday, that the resolution should be met with a negative. Wharncliffe was here today, loud in his praises of the Duke of Wellington, and delighted with the Cabinet of which he is a member, *jam morituri* as they are.[2] He owned that they could not probably go on, but that they would not give in till they could show their friends that they had done all that men

[1] [The 'Derby Dilly' was the nickname given to Lord Stanley's sectio of a party, from a joke of O'Connell's, who had applied to it the well-know lines in the 'Anti-Jacobin,'

'So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby Dilly, carrying six insides.']

[2] [Lord Wharncliffe was Lord Privy Seal in Sir Robert Peel's Administration.]

could or ought to do; so that they are resigned to their fate, and only studying in what attitude they shall meet it.

March 31st.—It is uiversally believed that Government will go out after this debate. I think it very doubtful, but the sooner they now go the better; they are well aware they must retire, and the question is, whether they shall do so immediately or wait till they have passed the Mutiny Bill. If the House of Commons refused to pass the Mutiny Bill, I think they would dissolve again. The King is in a dreadful state of mind, as well he may be; however, it is all his own doing; he had the courage, or rather rashness, to dismiss his late Ministers, but I fear he has none of the cool and reflecting resolution, and calm moral courage, which are necessary for this crisis; he will again submit to whatever is dictated to him.

In the meantime, the perplexity of the Opposition increases as the moment of their triumph approaches. There were 260 people at Lord John Russell's dinner, all prepared to go any lengths, and 20 more who were absent put their names down. O'Connell, who declared 'it was the most delightful evening he ever passed in his life,' publicly acknowledged John Russell as his leader, and the Radicals were all present but Hume. Lord Auckland (who called upon me about a house he is thinking of taking through my mediation) said he would not do anything about it till this week was over, as circumstances might render it unnecessary for him to provide himself with a residence, but that he did not see how anything permanent could come out of the present state of things. He expected Ministers would resign, that there would be audiences and negotiations, and that at last they would come back again; that in the present state of parties he saw not how any other Government could go on any better than this; and when I asked him about John Russell's dinner, he said it went off very well, but the composition of it was *frightful* (or some such word, but not, I think, quite so strong). John Russell and Melbourne, however, are satisfied they can go on with the Radical assistance, and they have gone too far now to throw these allies over; they must and will make sacrifices to secure them for their own

protection, and if the House of Lords is swamped in the first instance, they will have things all their own way.

If it were not for the peril to all that is worth preserving, I should not be sorry for anything that happened to the House of Lords, to whose bigoted and senseless obstinacy (upheld and directed I am sorry to say by the Duke and Lyndhurst) the present miserable condition of affairs is mainly attributable. Their rejection of the Tithe Bill last year was their crowning exploit. After all their blunders and impotent struggles against a stronger power, if they had passed that Bill, or restored Stanley's in committee, and returned it to the House of Commons, I believe everything might have been retrieved. It has been remarked, and certainly with truth, that Peel has never once endeavoured to excuse the House of Lords or to vindicate the peers from the taunts and reproaches which have repeatedly been thrown out against them. In point of fact, I believe that the Lords either did not consult him, or did not care for his opinion. There is no disguising that the Lords liked nothing so well last year as beating the Government, and exhibiting their puny and spiteful power; now they are mightily shocked and disgusted at the majority of the House of Commons taking their revenge, though certainly the latter do it with much more rage and factious violence, but with them it is a system of tactics for a specific and attainable object. The Lords really had no intelligible object but to embarrass a Government they could not demolish, and gratify their own spite. If the most violent Radical had been permitted to chalk out the most suicidal course for the House of Lords to follow, he could have devised nothing more ingenious and well contrived than what they have actually done, taking care to keep up their character in the nation for intolerance, and inculcating a belief in their adherence to the most illiberal maxims of foreign and domestic policy, instead of devoting all their energies to the recovery of the ground they had lost in popular estimation, and strengthening themselves for the contest, which anybody might have seen was not very remote.

April 3rd.—They divided at I know not what hour this *morning*—321 to 289,[1] a smaller majority than I was led to expect when I heard that 18 or 19 of Stanley's (so-called) party meant to go against him. Anybody who records from day to day the shifting appearances of the political sky must constantly recant one day the opinion and expectation of the preceding. Stanley's speech the night before last may very likely make an important difference in the result of this extraordinary contest, for he has, as it seems to me, put a final end to any possibility of junction with the great body of the Whigs now arrayed under John Russell; he attacked Lord John himself—his Whig and Radical alliance and the inconsistency of his present conduct—with the utmost vehemence and scornful reprobation, and he poured forth a torrent of sarcasm and ridicule upon the prospective Government that he concludes they meditate. This is so conclusive that it paves the way to his junction with Peel, or if the latter goes out and John Russell does come in, it is clear that he will have both Peel and Stanley in opposition to him, against whom in the nearly balanced state of parties he could not struggle on for a month. He was miserably feeble in this debate (in his opening speech), and though he may just do to lead an Opposition which wants no leading, and merely sticks him up as a nominal chief, he could no more lead a Government in the House of Commons than he could command an army in the field. [So much for my prediction. Stanley's followers dropped off and left him alone, the Government had no difficulty, and John Russell proved a very good leader.—*January* 1837.] Whatever may be the fate of Government for the present, I believe it to be impossible that anything can prevent Peel's speedy return to office; he has raised his reputation to such a height during this session, he has

[1] [On the 30th of March Lord John Russell moved the resolution which was carried by this division: the terms of it were, 'That this House resolve itself into a committee of the whole House, in order to consider the present state of the Church Establishment in Ireland, with the view of applying any surplus of the revenues not required for the spiritual care of its members to the general education of all classes of the people, without distinction of religious persuasion.']

established such a conviction of his great capacity and of his liberal, enlarged, and at the same time safe views and opinions, that even the Radicals, such as Hume, join in the general chorus of admiration which is raised to his merits; he stands so proudly eminent, and there is such a general lack of talent, that he must be recalled by the voice of the nation and by the universal admission that he is indispensable to the country.

I am much inclined to think that this debate on the Irish Church question will eventually damage the Whigs not a little. Their speeches this year might all have been answered by their speeches last year on the same subject, and nothing can be so glaring as their inconsistency and the factiousness of their motives. The question is not a popular one in the country, where nothing like favour to the Catholics of Ireland or their religion is agreeable to the mass. The arguments in the debate have been triumphantly in favour of the Government *upon the resolution* as contradistinguished from the principle; for though I am decidedly favourable to the principle, and never had a doubt that it is preposterous to contend that if there is a reform of the Church, and there turns out to be a surplus, such surplus should not be dealt with as Parliament in its wisdom shall deem best for the general interests, under the actual circumstances of the country, at the time the appropriation takes place; still it is perfectly consistent with that opinion to refuse to vote for the appropriation of the surplus which may never exist at all, or only exist at some distant period, when other circumstances may render the proposed appropriation altogether inexpedient.

In the afternoon.—Peel's speech was not a good one: it was laboured, and some say tame. In the morning I met him and walked with him; *he seemed in very good spirits*, talked of the thing as over, *said he* [illegible] any meddling with the Tithe Bill, that he considered [illegible] good had been done by the dissolution, which had [illegible] a party strong enough to obstruct any violent measure on the part of their opponents, said he understood they [illegible] for

Lord Spencer, but did not believe Lord Grey would have any concern with it. I said that it was clear after Stanley's speech that *he* would have nothing to do with the Whigs. He said he conceived so, but that it was very odd that Lord John Russell did not see it in that light, and had said that Graham could not join them, but he did not see why Stanley might not. I told Peel that in my opinion the best thing that had been done was the proof that he had been enabled to exhibit that he was indispensable to the government of the country, and that if he could infuse some firmness and courage into the King, and persuade his Majesty stoutly to resist any requisition to swamp the House of Lords, and rather to appeal to the country than consent to it, in a very short space of time he must come back. I asked him if he thought the King was capable of any such firmness. He said he thought he was, that he was in a miserable state of mind at the prospect before him, and all the more so from feeling how much there was in it which fell personally upon himself. In the meantime it does not seem that the Ministers have come to any positive resolution, or even conviction, as to the moment of their retirement, nor as to its absolute, unavoidable necessity. Peel evidently considers the contest at an end. Lord Rosslyn this morning thought he would resign immediately; the Duke, on the other hand, appears by no means so certain that the Tithe Bill will be mutilated, and that they shall be compelled to go out at all. Stanley and Graham are angry that they don't resign directly; they think Peel would retire more brilliantly at once than by waiting for more defeats. They forget that he is bound to satisfy his own party. Stanley, with that levity which distinguishes all his conduct, talks of him as of 'a hunted fox, who, instead of dying gallantly before the hounds in the open, skulks along the hedgerows, and at last turns up his legs in a ditch.' This he said to George Bentinck, who told it to me; it is not the way that Lord Stanley ought to speak of Sir Robert Peel. What I certainly do regret is that he condescended repeatedly to entreat John Russell to put off bringing up the report till Monday, and

exposed himself to a refusal. He should have invited the decision of the contest rather than have tried to protract it.

April 4th.—I told Jonathan Peel last night that Stanley and Graham blamed Sir Robert for not resigning at once. He said that Sir Robert would, as far as his own feelings were concerned, have preferred resigning long ago, but that a vast number of his supporters were furious at the idea of his resigning at all, and wanted him to persist at all hazards, and he was compelled to resign only upon such a point as might enable him to satisfy them that he had abided by the pledge which he gave at the beginning to persevere while perseverance could be useful or honourable. He then told me (which I certainly did not attach the slightest credit to [1]) that he should not be at all surprised if his brother were now to retire from public life. Such an idea in some moment of disgust may have crossed his mind, but if he were to do so in the vigour of his age and at the climax of his reputation, it would be the most extraordinary retirement that history ever recorded. Men of the most splendid talents have often shrunk from entering public life, but I am not aware of any instance of a man who had attained the eminence and the fame of Peel who has withdrawn from the theatre of his glory and power without some stronger motive than any that can be found for him.

I was told last night that the scene of noise and uproar which the House of Commons now exhibits is perfectly disgusting. This used not to be the case in better, or at least more gentlemanlike, times; no noises were permissible but the cheer and the cough, the former admitting every variety of intonation expressive of admiration, approbation, assent, denial, surprise, indignation, menace, sarcasm. Now all the musical skill of this instrument is lost and drowned in shouts, hootings, groans, noises the most discordant that the human throat can emit, sticks and feet beating against the floor. Sir Hedworth Williamson, a violent Whig, told me that there were a set of fellows on his side of the House whose

[1] A great fool indeed I should have been if I had.—1838.

regular practice it was to make this uproar, and with the settled design to bellow Peel down. This is the *reformed* House of Commons. Peel told Lord Ashley the other day that he did not think it possible for the same man to be Prime Minister and leader in the House of Commons (he meant to be First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer), that no physical strength was adequate to the labour of both employments. He may therefore hereafter put some Peer at the head of the Government, but it is equally indispensable, as it seems to me, that the real substantial power should be vested in the leader of the House of Commons, especially when he is a man so superior as Peel must always be to any colleagues he may be associated with.

April 5th.—I understand now what Jonathan Peel meant by talking of the possibility of his brother's retiring from public life. He is no doubt thoroughly, heartily disgusted with his own associates. It appears that they (the Tories, or many of them) are indignant at his declaration the other night that on the Tithe Bill being altered he would go out, so that while others are blaming him for not going out at once his own followers are enraged that he will not set the House of Commons at defiance and stick to his post. It is very evident that many of them are desirous (if Peel does resign) of continuing the fight under the Duke of Wellington, if they could prevail on him to try it, and to dissolve Parliament and get up a 'No Popery' cry. They say that 'the country' (by which they mean their own faction) looks up to the Duke, and that Peel has really no interest there. The fact is that they cannot forgive him for his Liberal principles and Liberal measures, and probably they never believed that he was sincere in the professions he made, or that he really intended to introduce such measures as he has done. They feel (not without reason) that they cannot follow him in the broad path he has entered upon without abandoning all their long-cherished maxims of exclusion and ascendency, and that in so doing they would incur much odium and disgrace. Peel sees and knows all

this, and cannot fail to perceive that he is not the Minister for them and they no longer the party for him. It is no wonder that he is anxious to break up this unmanageable force, and he probably would rather trust to that increasing feeling and opinion about himself, which is so apparent among all classes of politicians, to place him by-and-by at the head of a party formed upon Conservative principles and embracing a much wider circle of opinions. Still this Tory body, obstinate and bigoted as they are, have no other chief, and can find none, and it is essential to Peel to keep them if possible under his influence and direction, and therefore (I believe very reluctantly) he defers his resignation.

April 6th.—Yesterday Wharncliffe came here; very low indeed; he says he never thought they were safe, though he owns that he was surprised and disappointed that there were no defections—not one—from the enemies' ranks when these measures were brought forward. He says he was with the King the other evening, and asked him if he was going back to Windsor. His Majesty said 'he could not go back, that he could not bear being there; there he had none of them (his Ministers) to talk to, and day and night his mind was absorbed in public affairs.' Poor wretch! he suffers martyrdom, and has more to suffer yet, for I expect they will have no mercy on him. Yesterday I had more proofs of the animus of the Tories. One of them, a foolish, hot-brained fellow certainly (but there is no such enormous difference between the best and the worst), told me that if Peel really did go out upon the Tithe Bill he would abandon his party; that he ought to let them alter the Bill as they pleased, wait till the House of Commons threw it out, and then dissolve Parliament.

April 7th.—Each day elicits some new proof of what I have written above—the totally altered feelings and expressions of all conditions of politicians about Sir Robert Peel. It would seem as if his friends were suddenly converted into his enemies, and his enemies into his friends. The Tories still cling to the expectation that he will hold on to office; they say that if he goes out he abandons his party, abandons the

King. They call to mind Pitt in 1784. 'Very slippery,' said one to me yesterday, when I read to him Peel's answer to the City address. On the other hand Mulgrave was last night enthusiastic in his praise; he owned that he had done admirably—given proof of his perfect sincerity and acted in accordance with all his declarations and professions. 'I am,' said he, 'astonished; nothing in Peel's past political career led me to expect that he would have done so admirably as he has. He has raised himself immensely in my opinion.' Such is the language of them all, swelling a choral note of praise; and then, to make the whole thing more ridiculous (if anything so serious can be ridiculous), the Tories, who abuse him lustily, are moving heaven and earth to retain him, by violence almost, in his place; while the Whigs and Radicals, who laud him to the skies, are striving with might and main to turn him out. In a state of profound tranquillity these Ministers are quietly transacting business with a perfect consciousness and an universal understanding that their Government is at an end, and the Opposition are redoubling their blows in the House of Commons, and waiting in the complete certainty of returning to office, for which they are already making all their arrangements. The parts are all so quietly performed, the catastrophe is so clearly before everybody's eyes and understanding, that it more resembles a dramatic representation than a mighty event in real life, big perhaps with incalculable consequences.

April 8th.—There was a majority of twenty-seven last night, which I conclude settles the business.[1] There was to be a Cabinet this morning at eleven, at which they had resolved to agree upon their resignations. Wharncliffe saw the King last night. He is very composed; they think they can infuse courage and firmness into him, but when he is left to himself, I doubt him. Nothing can be imagined more painful on both sides than his approaching interview

[1] [The Ministry was defeated on the Irish Tithe Bill on the 3rd of April by a majority of 33 in a House of 611; on the 6th of April by a majority of 25 in a House of 499; and on the 7th of April by a majority of 27 in a House of 543.]

with the once rejected and now triumphant Whigs. Yesterday I rode with Ellice up the Park. He said, 'Grey will do anything they wish him to do, but I think he had better have nothing to do with it.' He talked of the new Government that will be formed as having no difficulty; that they might have if Peel and the Tories went into violent opposition, which he is convinced Peel will not do. I said they might go on till the Tithe Bill went to the House of Lords, when they would expunge the appropriation clause. He said, 'They won't be so mad; there is no Church of Ireland now, and the question is whether there shall be one, for without that clause no Tithe Bill will ever pass.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lord Grey and Sir James Graham express Conservative Views—Opinions of Lord Stanley—Lord Grey sees the King, but is not asked to resume Office—Lord Melbourne's Second Administration—His Moderation—A Difficulty—Spring Rice—A Joyless Victory—Exclusion of Brougham—The New Cabinet—Lord John Russell defeated in Devonshire—Lord Alvanley and O'Connell—Duel with Morgan O'Connell—Lord Wellesley resigns the Lord Stewardship—The Eliot Convention—Swift *v.* Kelly—The Kembles—London University Charter discussed at the Privy Council—Corporation Reform—Formation of the Conservative Party—The King's Habits—Secretaryship of Jamaica—Lord Melbourne's Tithe Bill—The Pope rejects the Recommendation of the British Government—Relations with Rome—Carlists and Christinos in Spain—Walcheren—The King's Address to Sir Charles Grey—Stanley and Graham cross the House—Failure of Stanley's Tactics—Alava and the Duke of Cumberland—A Sinecure Placeman—Lord Glenelg and the King—Concert at Stafford House—The King's Aversion to his Ministers and to the Speaker—Decision on the Secretaryship of Jamaica—Archbishop Whately—Irish Church Bill—Payment of Catholic Clergy—Peel and Lord John Russell—Factious Conduct of Tory Peers—The King's Violence—Debate on the Corporation Bill.

April 9th.—Yesterday the Ministers resigned. Peel announced it to the House of Commons in a short but admirable speech by all accounts, exactly suitable to the occasion and to his principal object—that of setting himself right with his own supporters, who begin to acquiesce, though rather sulkily, in the course he has pursued. Lord Grey is to be with the King this morning. He was riding quietly in the Park yesterday afternoon, and neither knew nor cared (apparently) whether he had been sent for or not. His daughter told me (for I rode with them up Constitution Hill) that his family could not wish him to return to office, but would not interfere. She then talked, much to my surprise, of the possibility of a junction between him and Peel; she owned that

Peel had done wonders, but said that she could not wish for such a junction *now*, however it might be possible and desirable that it should take place some little time hence. This shows a very Conservative spirit and a marvellous thaw in the rigidity of the Grey politics.

In the morning I went to Graham to ask him to advocate my cause in the Sinecure Committee and defend my interests there. After talking over my case (about which he was very obliging and promised his zealous assistance) we discussed general politics at great length. It is very evident that he and Stanley have no leaning towards the Whigs, and look *now* solely to a junction with Peel and the construction of a Liberal and Conservative party and Government. He talked of this, and of the mode of accomplishing it, with as much zeal and fervour as if he had been a member of the Cabinet which has just fallen, and I think his opinions coincide very much with my own. He wants the King to be well *endoctriné*, and that his firmness (if he has any) should be directed to one or two points, and his mind not puzzled with complicated instructions. He should be advised never to admit O'Connell to any office, and to resist a creation of Peers. He thinks, if his Majesty is stout on these points, that things will come round, and he by no means despairs of the feeling and animus of the country. I told him the Tories and late Government people still contended that if he and Stanley had joined the thing would have gone on, which he vehemently denied, and declared that they could not have saved Peel and should have entirely compromised themselves; he talked with great admiration of Peel, and of the reception he had met with from him in the interview they had on his return, which he said was cordial and obliging to the greatest degree, and without any appearance of that coldness and reserve of which he has been so often accused. He then talked of Stanley with great openness—of his talents, character, and political views. I told him that Stanley had not raised himself this session, that he had given much offence by the general levity of his conduct, and especially to the Tories by the occasional flippancy or severity of his attacks upon them, that 't was

clear that any Conservative Government must depend upon the great body of the Tory party for support, it was imprudent in him to make himself obnoxious to them, and that he would do well to exert his influence over Stanley for the purpose of restraining those sallies in which he was too apt to indulge, and showing him the expediency of conciliating that not very wise but still powerful body. He asked in what way Stanley had offended. I told him generally in the sarcastic or reprobating tone he had used, and particularly in his personal attack on the Duke for holding the offices. He owned there was truth in this, 'but what could you do? it was impossible to change a man's character, and Stanley's was very peculiar. With great talents, extraordinary readiness in debate, high principles, unblemished honour, he never had looked, he thought he never would look, upon politics and political life with the seriousness which belonged to the subject; he followed politics as an amusement, as a means of excitement, as another would gaming or any other very excitable occupation; he plunged into the *mêlée* for the sake of the sport which he found it made there, but always actuated by honourable and consistent principles and feelings, and though making it a matter of diversion and amusement, never sacrificing anything that honour or conscience prescribed.' I said that this description of him (which I had no doubt was true) only proved what I already thought—that, with all his talents, he never would be a great man. He said he always must be very considerable; his powers, integrity, birth, and fortune could not fail to raise him to eminence. All this I admitted—that nothing could prevent his being very considerable, very important, as a public man—but I argued that one who was animated by motives so personal, and so wanting in gravity, to whom public care was a subsidiary and not a primary object, never could achieve permanent and genuine greatness. He said that Stanley had a great admiration for Peel, without any tincture of jealousy, and that he was quite ready to serve under him, though he could not help doubting whether it would be possible for two such men, so different in character, to go on

well together in the same Cabinet. I told him what Wharncliffe had told me, that no man was ever more easy to act with, more candid and conciliatory, and less assuming than Peel in the Cabinet; and Graham said that Stanley was likewise [illegible] it may be hoped there would [illegible] [illegible] I was with him two hours [illegible] fully all political contingencies with the freedom [illegible] years ago, when we were great friends.

April 10th.—Nothing decisive yesterday. Lord Grey was with the King in the morning; he there met Lord Melbourne, Lord Holland, Lord John Russell, and Lord Lansdowne, and went back to St. James's. It was said in the evening that Lord Grey was to assist in the formation of the Government, but not to take office himself.

April 11th.—The intention of Lord Grey evidently was to avoid office if he could, but if strongly urged by the King, and his feelings appealed to, to yield. The King, however, did not urge him at all, probably much to his astonishment, but, assuming apparently that he would under no circumstances return to office, consulted him as to the course he should adopt. All my information as to what has hitherto taken place amounts to this:—His Majesty has been in a very composed state of mind, has received the Whig leaders in a way that has given them complete satisfaction, and as far as personal intercourse goes the embarrassment appears to be removed. He has given Melbourne *carte blanche* to form a Government, and he is proceeding in the task. Notwithstanding the good face which the King contrives to put upon the matter in his communications with his hated new-old Ministers and masters, he is really very miserable; and the Duchess of Gloucester, to whom he unbosoms himself more than to anybody, told Lady Georgiana Bathurst that with her he was in the most pitiable state of distress, constantly in tears, and saying that 'he felt his crown tottering on his head.'

It is intended to leave O'Connell out of the arrangement, and at the same time to conciliate him and preserve his

support. In this they have apparently succeeded. O'Connell 'has behaved admirably well,' and the difficulty with regard to him is at an end. Of the Radicals some are to be included and no notice taken of the rest. Brougham is to be set at defiance; his fall in public estimation, his manifold sins against his own colleagues, and his loss of character all justify them, and enable them (as they think) to do so with impunity. Melbourne, who when Lamb[1] is here is greatly influenced by him, is strongly against any Radical measures or Radical colleagues, and has no thought of a creation of Peers or of any desperate expedients, and he is not at all satisfied with the resolution which John carried, and which was the immediate cause of Peel's resignation, being fully alive to all the inconvenience of it.

Just now Tavistock was here, having come from St. George's Church, where he went to assist at Lord John Russell's marriage, and as the ceremony could not begin for half an hour, he came over to pass the interval with me.[2] He told me that 'there still existed *one* difficulty, one only, which I should not think of, apparently unimportant, but which circumstances rendered important, and if this was got over, the Government would be formed and go on, that he thought it was an *even bet* whether it was got over or not.' What this difficulty is, so little obvious, but so important, I do not guess; but in such affairs *one* difficulty will not stand in the way of completing an arrangement the consummation of which has cost such incredible exertions, and such sacrifices of consistency and of public interests to the interests or ambition of a party.

April 12*th*.—Nothing settled yesterday, and great doubts if anything would be. Lord John was married in the morning; he returned to Kent House with his bride, and Melbourne was to have sent him word at *one* what was definitively

[1] [Meaning Sir Frederick Lamb, his brother, usually residing abroad in the diplomatic service.]

[2] [Lord John Russell married, in April 1835, Theresa, widow of Lord Ribblesdale. Mr. Greville lived at this time on the north side of Hanover Square.]

settled; he waited till two, when no news arriving from Melbourne, he went off to Woburn. He was at that time by no means sanguine as to the arrangements being completed, and talked in doubt of the Foreign Office, to which he is to go. However, Melbourne was to be with the King this morning to announce that the Ministry would or would not do. Sefton told me last night that the *difficulty* proceeds from Spring Rice; if it should fail (which it will not, I expect) Peel must stay in and take in the Dilly, who would not then scruple to join him. The Government would be formed upon the *principle* of not settling this eternal Irish Church question, which I think so great an evil that it is on the whole better that Melbourne should form a Government and go on as long as he can—that is, till something decisive is done about the Irish Church. I met the whole Dilly at dinner yesterday at Stafford House, and when I told Stanley and Graham that I understood Spring Rice made the difficulty, they both said that it must be what they called 'his conundrum,' which I had never heard of before; but it means his determination to apply the surplus to the purposes of *general education*, but not to go a jot further, and they suppose that this is not far enough for the others, and hence the difficulty.

April 13th.—Nothing positively known yesterday, but that the thing is settled in some way, Clusterings and congregations of Whigs about Brooks's, audiences with the King, and great doubt whether Grey took office, and the Foreign Office.

April 14th.—Yesterday it was understood that everything was settled, but after all it was only the night before last that Melbourne was definitively charged with the formation of a Government. The difficulties were O'Connell and Spring Rice; the former was got over by his waiving all claim to employment and promising his gratuitous support. By what underhand management or persuasion, and what secret understanding, this was effected will be a mystery for the present, but nobody doubts that it has been accomplished by some juggle. Spring Rice wanted to wash his hands of

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the concern; he did not think it promised sufficient stability, and without some assurance of its lasting he wished to decline taking office. They would not hear this, and represented to him that he was indispensable, and it ended in his giving way. It certainly would have been very unjustifiable of him, after going all lengths with them, to hold back at last, but it shows the opinion of the best men among them of the rottenness of the concern. Lord Grey declined taking office, but wrote to say that the Government should have all his support, and that he wished Howick to be included in it, which is the same thing as if he were there himself. Nothing was settled about the cast of offices, and they were waiting for Lord John's arrival from Woburn to discuss that matter. Between the pretensions of one man, the reluctance of another, and the hymeneal occupation of the leader, the matter hobbled on very slowly. I certainly never remember a great victory for which Te Deum was chanted with so faint and joyless a voice. Peel looks gayer and easier than all Brooks's put together, and Lady Holland said, 'Now that we have gained our object I am not so glad as I thought I should be,' and that I take to be the sentiment of them all.

Riddlesworth, April 16th.—At Newmarket the day before yesterday, and came here to-day, where I find the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland and two or three others. I know nothing but by my letters from London, by which I learn that nothing is yet settled, but they go on negotiating and endeavouring to arrange their rickety concern. Having concluded their bargain with O'Connell, they have taken fright about Brougham, and degraded as he is, and contemptuous and confident as they were about him, they are endeavouring to make terms with him, and it will probably end in his recovering the Great Seal. When this is done they will have consummated their disgrace. Shiel said, 'The difficulty is how to deal with a bully and a buffoon;' and as they have succumbed to and bargained with the one, now they are going to truckle to the other; there is not one of them who has scrupled to express his opinion of Brougham,

but let us see if he really does come in or much indignation may be thrown away. The general opinion (I am told) is that this Ministry will last a very short time, and that ultimately a coalition must take place under the direction and supremacy of Sir Robert Peel. This is jumping to a conclusion over many difficulties. However, nothing can be more meagre than the triumph of the Whigs nor more humiliating than their position; even my Whig-Radical friends write me word that 'O'Connell holds the destiny of the Government in his hands, and is acknowledged to be the greatest man going.' It was hardly worth while (in a national point of view, whatever it may have been in a party one) to turn out Sir Robert Peel in order to produce this result.

Buckenham, April 29th.—At Newmarket all last week; here since Monday. I know nothing of politics but from newspapers and my letters; racing and hawking are my present occupations. There seems to be an impression that the present Government will not last very long, but as the grounds of that opinion are the badness of its composition, I do not see that its speedy dissolution is so certain; the public seems to have got very indifferent as to who governs the country. I was curious to hear how the Council went off at which the Ministers took their seats, and how the King comported himself. He seems to have got through it tolerably, though it must have been a bitter ceremony to him. He made no speeches and took no particular notice of anybody except Lord Howick, to whom he was very civil, on account probably of his father, and because he is a new man. The threatened contests of most of them ended in smoke. Devonshire and Yorkshire will, however, be important and severe. Of all the appointments those that are most severely criticised are Mulgrave's and Morpeth's. It is said that Charles Kemble and Liston might as well have been sent, as the former has always imitated the one, and the latter involuntarily resembles the other. Mulgrave, however he may be sneered at, has been tried and found capable and I think he will do very well; he has courage and firm

ness and no want of ability. He is besides hospitable, generous, courteous, and agreeable in private life.[1]

May 1st.—Morpeth made an excellent speech on introducing his Irish Tithe Bill, and has raised himself considerably. Morpeth is (as it appears to me) ill selected for the difficult post he occupies; he has very fair ability of a showy kind, but I doubt the solidity and strength of his material for the rough work which is allotted to him.

The last day of Parliament was distinguished by a worse attack of O'Connell upon Alvanley for what he had said the day before in the House of Lords. Alvanley has sent him a message through Dawson Damer demanding an apology or satisfaction, and the result I don't yet know.[2]

London, May 17th.—Newmarket and gout have between them produced an interval of unusual length in my scribblings, though I am not aware of having had anything particularly interesting to record. We had Stanley at Newmarket the second week as well as the first, taking a lively interest in John Russell's defeat in Devonshire. This defeat was a great mortification to his party, and was not compensated by the easy victory which Morpeth obtained in Yorkshire. These elections and the affair between Alvanley

[1] [Lord Melbourne's second Administration was composed as follows:—

First Lord of the Treasury	Viscount Melbourne.
Lord President of the Council	Marquis of Lansdowne.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Lord Auckland.
Lord Privy Seal	Viscount Duncannon.
Home Secretary	Lord John Russell.
Foreign Secretary	Viscount Palmerston.
Colonial Secretary	Lord Glenelg.
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	Lord Holland.
Board of Control	Sir John Cam Hobhouse.
Secretary at War	Viscount Howick.
Board of Trade	Mr. Poulett Thomson.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. Spring Rice.
Irish Secretary	Viscount Morpeth.

The Earl of Mulgrave was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.
The Great Seal was put in Commission.]

[2] [O'Connell had called Lord Alvanley a 'bloated buffoon;' and as usual took refuge in his vow never to fight another duel. Upon this his son, Morgan O'Connell, offered to meet Lord Alvanley in lieu of his father, which was accepted and the duel took place.]

and O'Connell have been the chief objects of attention; all the newspapers are full of details, which I need not put down here. Alvanley seems to have behaved with great spirit and resolution. There was a meeting at De Ros's house of De Ros, Damer, Lord Worcester, and Duncombe to consider what was to be done on the receipt of Morgan O'Connell's letter, and whether Alvanley should fight him or not. Worcester and Duncombe were against fighting, the other two for it. Alvanley at once said that the boldest course was the best, and he would go out. It was agreed that no time should be lost, so Damer was despatched to Colonel Hodges, and said Alvanley was ready to meet Morgan O'Connell. 'The next morning,' Hodges suggested. 'No, immediately.' The parties joined in Arlington Street and went off in two hackney coaches; Duncombe, Worcester, and De Ros, with Dr. Hume, in a third. Only Hume went on the ground, for Damer had objected to the presence of some Irish friend of O'Connell's, so that Alvanley's friends could only look on from a distance. The only other persons who came near them were an old Irishwoman and a Methodist parson, the latter of whom exhorted the combatants in vain to forego their sinful purpose, and to whom Alvanley replied, 'Pray, sir, go and mind your own affairs, for I have enough to do now to think of mine.' 'Think of your soul,' he said. 'Yes,' said Alvanley, 'but my body is now in the greatest danger.' The Irishwoman would come and see the fighting, and asked for some money for her attendance. Damer seems to have been a very bad second, and probably lost his head; he ought not to have consented to the third shots upon any account. Alvanley says he execrated him in his heart when he found he had consented to it. Hodges acted like a ruffian, and had anything happened he would have been hanged. It is impossible to know whether the first shot was fired by mistake or not. The impression on the minds of Alvanley's friends is that it was *not*, but it is difficult to believe that any man would endeavour to take such an advantage. However, no shot ought to have been fired after that. The affair made an amazing noise. As

O'Connell had threatened to mention it in the House of Commons, Damer went to Peel to put him in possession of all the circumstances, but he said that he was sure O'Connell would not venture to stir the matter there.

Lord Wellesley's resignation of the White Wand has set conjecture afloat as to his motives, and it is asserted on one side, but denied on the other, that disgust at O'Connell's predominance is the reason, following disappointment at not having been himself reinstated. I do not know the truth of the matter. Lord John Russell takes his seat on Monday, after which business will begin again in earnest in the House of Commons. There is an impression that this Government will not be of long continuance, and that the Ministers are themselves aware that their tenure of office must be brief. They will at all events get through this session, for much remains to be done in the way of approximation and combination between different sections of public men before any satisfactory arrangement can be made for replacing the present Ministers. If it was not for the Irish question, and the apparent impossibility of bringing that to any final adjustment, I should not despair of the introduction of a better state of feeling and the mitigation of the bitterness and animosity which set men of different parties so irreconcilably against each other. At present there is certainly a great calm after the storm which raged so fiercely a little while ago. I have been so out of the world between Newmarket and the gout that I know but little of what has been passing, and merely throw in this brief notice to keep up the chain of my observations and remarks.

May 24th.—Came from Newmarket on Thursday night. Melbourne is said (by his friends) to be doing very well in the House of Lords, but the discussion on Friday about Lord Wellesley's resignation gave him great annoyance. Lord Wellesley declined to say why he had resigned, and merely declared it was not on account of Mulgrave's procession, but he did not contradict any one of the assertions that the cause was disgust at O'Connell's ascendency. When Lord Harrowby said that 'if he had been Mulgrave he

would rather have been torn in pieces than have marched in under such banners as were displayed,' Lord Wellesley loudly cheered him. Peel's speech at the dinner the other day has made a great deal of noise, for he is supposed to have thrown over his High Tory friends very completely in it, and to have exhibited a determination to adapt his opinions and conduct to the spirit of the times. However, the Tories affect to be satisfied, laud it to the skies, and distribute it through the country. In the House of Commons up to this time nothing has been done; Peel has made over his Dissenters Bill to the Government, who will probably do nothing with it this session. Nobody expects the present Administration to last long, as it is said, not even themselves; but nothing is prepared for the formation of a better and more durable Cabinet.

Lord Eliot[1] and Colonel Gurwood have returned from Spain, satisfied that the Carlist party cannot be put down, and having had a conversation with Louis Philippe, the substance of which appeared in the 'Times,' and very correctly. Great indignation is expressed at the indiscretion which let this out, and it is understood that Gurwood has been chattering about what passed in all directions. The King of France, it is clear, will not interfere, and so they must fight it out. Spanish stock fell 15 per cent. in one or two days. The King is in such a state of dudgeon that he will not give any dinners to anybody.

Yesterday Swift and Kelly's[2] case came on before the Privy Council. It was to have been heard the Monday

[illegible]

contest raging in Spain. He was eminently successful in his mission, and a Convention (commonly known as the Convention of Asarta) was signed under his Lordship's mediation at Logroño on the 27th of April, 1835. A narrative of this mission was printed by Lord St. Germans in 1871.]

² [The curious case of Swift v. Kelly was heard by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and is reported in Knapp's 'Privy Council Reports,' vol. iii. p. 257. Mr. Greville had known the parties in Rome, and their adventures are related in a former part of these Journals, vol. i. p. 379.]

before, when it would have been argued and decided, because every day in the week was disposable for the purpose, but Brougham thought fit to interfere. He insisted upon being there to hear it, and compelled Lord Lansdowne to put off the hearing till Saturday, to the extraordinary inconvenience of all parties. On Saturday the court met, but no Brougham. They began, and in about two hours he made his appearance, read his letters, wrote notes, corrected some paper (for the press, as I could see), and now and then attended to the cause, making flippant observations, much to the terror of Jervaise—Miss Kelly's uncle—for all his interruptions appeared to be directed adversely to them. I told Mr. Jervaise he need not pay any attention to what Brougham said. As he came late, so he went away early, breaking up the court at half-past three, and as other engagements occupied the Judges the rest of the week, it was put off till the 18th of June.

May 30th.—On Wednesday last went to Charles Kemble's in the evening; singing and playing; Mrs. Arkwright, Miss Strutt, old Liverati (horrible squabbling), and Miss Adelaide Kemble. The father and mother both occupied with their daughter's book, which Kemble told me he had 'never read till it appeared in print, and was full of sublime things and vulgarities,' and the mother 'was divided between admiration and disgust, threw it down six times, and as often picked it up.'

Thursday night.—To Horace Twiss's what he called 'a Judy party'—a supper and jollification, where all were expected to contribute to the amusement of the company who possessed wherewithal. The contributors were Twiss himself, Mrs. Arkwright, Miss Cooke, Dance, Miss Dance, Planché, Mrs. Blood, Mrs. Groom, Theodore Hook, Billy something, who imitated Cooper and Ward. I stayed till two, and they went on till three. It was sufficiently amusing altogether, though noisy and vulgar; company very miscellaneous, but everybody ready to amuse and be amused.

Friday.—The Committee of Council met on the matter of the London University; Brougham of course the great per-

former; the same persons were summoned who had attended before, but great changes had since taken place, which made the assembly curious. There were Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne and certain of his colleagues, Brougham and Lyndhurst—both ex-Chancellors since the last meeting—Richmond, Ripon, Stanley and Graham, the Dilly complete, and Lord Grey. When they came to discuss the matter nobody seemed disposed to move; at last Brougham proposed a resolution 'that the King should be advised to grant a charter making the petitioners an University, the regulations and restrictions to be determined hereafter.' The Bishop of London objected on behalf of King's College to any advantages being conferred on the London University which would place the latter institution in a better condition than the former. After much tedious discussion the words 'university,' &c., were omitted, and the resolution moved was '*to grant a charter.*' The Duke of Richmond formally opposed it, his principal objection being to the insolvent state of the concern. Brougham sat in contemptuous silence for a few minutes while the Duke spoke, and then replied. There was a squabble between them, and an evident inclination on the part of the majority present to refuse the charter, but the address of the Commons with the King's answer were read, which presented a very difficult case to act upon. The King's answer amounted very nearly to an engagement to grant a charter; the Privy Council was bound to decide without reference to the address and answer, and the bias *there* was to advise against the grant. Brougham, after much ineffectual discussion, said in a tone of sarcastic contempt that 'their hesitation and their scruples were ridiculous, for the House of Commons would step in and cut them both short and settle the question.' This is doubtless true, and he can effect it when he will; but how monstrous, then, was the vote. The House of Commons had never heard a tittle of the evidence or the argument; the Council had heard it all, and were bound to report upon it, when the House, while the judgment of the Privy Council was still pending, voted an address to the Crown for the purpose of obtaining an

adjudication of the matter one particular way, without reference to the proceedings before the tribunal. They all seemed agreed that if it was expedient to grant a charter it required much consideration to decide under what restrictions and regulations it should be conceded, and Lord Grey declared that if he was called upon, without reference to any proceedings elsewhere, to decide upon the arguments they had heard at the bar, he should decide against giving the charter, but if he were called upon to advise the Crown what under all the circumstances it was expedient to do, his advice might be very different. Graham said he could not divest his mind of the knowledge he possessed of what had passed in the House of Commons, and he thought the Government ought to advise the Crown on its own responsibility what course it was expedient to adopt. After wasting an hour and a half in a very fruitless and not very interesting discussion (everybody looking bored to death except Brougham, who was talking all the time) the Council broke up without doing anything, and agreed to meet again on Friday next. Old Eldon was very busy and eager about it, and had all the papers sent to him; he could not attend, being wholly disabled by the gout. Of course the charter (at least *a* charter) will be given, because the House of Commons in the plenitude of their ignorance, but of their power, have so decided.

June 14th.—Taken up with Epsom since I last wrote, and indisposed to journalising, besides having nothing to say. I did not attend the second meeting at the Privy Council on the London University question. Lord Eldon came to it, and there was some discussion, but without any violence; it ended by a report to the King, requesting he would dispense with the advice of the Council; so the matter remains with the Government. It is clear that they would have advised against granting the charter but for the answer which the King made to the address of the House of Commons, which was in fact a *promise* to grant it. This answer was the work of Peel and Goulburn, and I can't imagine what induced them to put such an one into his

Majesty's mouth, when they might have so properly made him say that he had referred the matter to the Privy Council, and was waiting for their report.

The calm and repose which have succeeded to the storms of the early part of the session are really wonderful; all parties seem disposed to lay aside their arms for the present, one reason of which is that parties are so evenly balanced that neither wishes to try its strength. Then the line which Peel is taking precludes any immediate renewal of hostilities. The measures of Government are confined to one or two questions, of which the Corporation Reform has alone been brought forward. Peel made a very able and dexterous speech upon John Russell's introduction of that measure, in which he exhibited anew his great superiority, and at once declared his intention of admitting the whole principle of it, reserving to himself to deal as he thought fit with the details. It has been asserted on both sides that the Whigs and the High Tories are equally disgusted at his speech, the former for cutting the ground from under his feet, the latter for his departure from good old High Tory principles. There may be some truth in this, but the Tories profess generally to be satisfied and convinced, and to be quite ready to follow him in the liberal course on which he has entered; so much so that it is now said there is no longer such a thing as a Tory. Peel clearly does not intend that there shall be (as far as he is concerned as their leader) a *Tory* party, though of course there must be a *Conservative* party, the great force of which is the old Tory interest, and his object evidently is to establish himself in the good opinion of the country and render himself indispensable—to raise a party out of all other parties, and to convert the new elements of democratic power into an instrument of his own elevation, partly by yielding to and partly by guiding and restraining its desires and opinions. Neither is there any mystery in his conduct; his object and his intentions are evident to all, and it is perhaps advantageous that he has nothing to conceal. At the same time he plays this game with great prudence and ability. It is not his interest to

strike great blows, but constantly to augment the reputation and extend the influence he has acquired, and this he does visibly and sensibly. There seems to be an universal impression that nothing can keep him out of office long. This Government may probably scramble through the session; there is no particular question on which they are likely to be overturned, but there is a conviction that any Government must be provisional in which Peel is not included, and that before long the country will insist upon his return to power.

June 19th.—At Stoke for the Ascot races. Alvanley was there—nobody else remarkable; fine weather and great luxury. Riding to the course on Wednesday, I overtook Adolphus Fitzclarence in the Park, who rode with me, and gave me an account of his father's habits and present state of mind. The former are as follows:—He sleeps in the same room with the Queen, but in a separate bed; at a quarter before eight every morning his *valet de chambre* knocks at the door, and at ten minutes before eight exactly he gets out of bed, puts on a flannel dressing-gown and trousers, and walks into his dressing-room. Let who will be there, he never takes the slightest notice of them till he emerges from this sanctuary, when, like the *malade imaginaire*, he accosts whoever may be present with a cheerful aspect. He is long at his ablutions, and takes up an hour and a half in dressing. At half-past nine he breakfasts with the Queen, the ladies, and any of his family; he eats a couple of fingers and drinks a dish of coffee. After breakfast he reads the 'Times' and 'Morning Post,' commenting aloud on what he reads in very plain terms, and sometimes they hear 'That's a damned lie,' or some such remark, without knowing to what it applies. After breakfast he devotes himself with Sir Herbert Taylor to business till two, when he lunches (two cutlets and two glasses of sherry); then he goes out for a drive till dinner time; at dinner he drinks a bottle of sherry —no other wine—and eats moderately; he goes to bed soon after eleven. He is in dreadfully low spirits, and cannot rally at all; the only interval of pleasure which he has lately

had was during the Devonshire election, when he was delighted at John Russell's defeat. He abhors all his Ministers, even those whom he used rather to like formerly, but hates Lord John the most of all. When Adolphus told him that a dinner ought to be given for the Ascot races he said, 'You know I cannot give a dinner; I cannot give any dinners without inviting the Ministers, and I would rather see the Devil than any one of them in my house.' I asked him how he was with them in his inevitable official relations. He said that he had as little to do with them as he could, and bowed them out when he gave any of them audiences as fast as possible. He is peculiarly disgusted with Errol, for whom he has done so much, and who has behaved so ungratefully to him; but it is a good trait of him that he said 'he hoped the world would not accuse Errol of ingratitude.' He did not invite Errol to the Castle even for the Ascot races, and has seen little or nothing of him since the change. Adolphus said that he believed he was saving money. He has 120,000*l.* a year, of which 40,000*l.* goes in pensions; the rest is at his own disposal. He gives up his Hanoverian revenue—about 16,000*l.* a year—to the Duke of Cambridge.

June 21st.—Yesterday I dined with Lord Ripon; Lord Grey and Stanley and Graham dined there. I sat next to the latter, who holds nothing but Tory language. He talked of Stanley's letter to Sir Thomas Hesketh, and of the great offence it has given the Tories. Graham thought it indiscreet and uncalled for, though in the principles (anti-clubbism and anti-associations) he agreed. Graham is very full of the expedition to Spain,[1] and expresses much alarm at the idea of an army being formed which is to act independently of the control and authority of the Government, to be composed of Irish Catholics, supplied by O'Connell (who, he says, has been to Alava and offered him any number of men) and commanded by Evans, who is a Republican. He believes that Peel entertains the same sentiments of aversion and

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alarm that he does; but he said that when he attempted to draw from him his opinion the other night he could not succeed; that Stanley has no alarm on the subject; expects that on Wednesday next Peel will make a severe attack upon the Government on this matter; [but this fell to the ground].

In the morning yesterday I was in court for the unfortunate case of Swift and Kelly, about which I cannot help taking an interest from having been originally concerned in it, and because I think there has been great villany somewhere. Some of the circumstances connected with this appeal are curious, as showing the accidents on which the issue of matters of vital importance to the parties often depend, and how the mistakes or selfishness of individuals concerned may influence the result, and in a way they little expected or calculated upon.

June 27th.—I am again tormented to death with the Committee on West India places, and menaced with a report that will be fatal to my case.[1] Graham has been very obliging about it, and attended the Committee on Thursday to see what they were about and give me notice. I went to Lord Melbourne yesterday and stated my case to him, invoking his protection, and he appeared extremely well disposed to do what he could for me. I told him I did not wish him to pledge himself till he had seen the case and considered it, such as I had laid it before the Committee; and then, if he is satisfied that I stand upon tenable grounds, I will ask him to exert his influence and authority in my behalf. However, I much doubt whether, strive and struggle as I may, I shall ever escape from the determination of this morose and rigid millionaire [Francis Baring, who was not, however, a millionaire or anything like it, either *in præsenti* or *in futuro*] to strip me of my property; and I have made up my mind to its loss, though resolved to fight while I have a leg to fight upon.

[1] [Mr. Greville held the sinecure office of Secretary of the Island of Jamaica, which was threatened at this time by a Committee of the House of Commons. He succeeded, however, in retaining it, until he voluntarily resigned the appointment many years afterwards. His salary as Clerk of the Council was diminished by 500*l.* a year as long as he held the two offices.]

Yesterday we were again occupied all day with Swift and Kelly, which to-day will be brought to a close. The conduct of Brougham on this trial exceeds all imagination and belief. From the beginning he has taken a one-sided view of the case, and apparently set out with a bias which has continually increased, till he has become altogether identified, and in a manner passionately identified, with the appellant's side; and he exhibits this bias by one continual course of advocacy, battling every argument and every point with the respondent's counsel with a virulence and an intemperance that are so disgusting that my blood boils while I listen to him. But his conduct in all other respects displays the most extraordinary contrast with that of the other judges who sit there; they, at least, listen attentively and consecutively to the whole case, and when they do interrupt it is for the purpose *of obtaining explanations and elucidations*, and without the exhibition of any bias. But he is writing letters, reading newspapers, cutting jokes, attending only by fits and starts; then, when something smites his ear, out he breaks, and with a mixture of sarcasm and ribaldry and insolence he argues and battles the point, whatever it may be.

Afternoon.—I am just come from the court. Lushington finished his speech at two, and when Pemberton was about to reply Brougham announced that he must go away to the London University, where he was to distribute prizes. The consequence was that the reply was deferred till next Wednesday, and the parties will be put to the expense of 60*l.* more. His conduct to-day was exactly of a piece with that which he has exhibited throughout the trial. With all the ingenuity and astuteness of which he is master he has attacked every part of the respondent's case; and, to do him justice, he has often displayed great acuteness and expressed himself with admirable force and precision; but it was the conduct of an advocate and not of a judge, and a much better advocate has he been for Swift than either of those he retained. (Pemberton, however, conducted the case with consummate skill and judgment.) He finished by declaring that as far as he was concerned he should not desiderate a

alarm that he does; but he said that when he attempted to draw from him his opinion the other night he could not succeed; that Stanley has no alarm on the subject; expects that on Wednesday next Peel will make a severe attack upon the Government on this matter; [but this fell to the ground].

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reply, except on one or two points on which he wished to hea: it. After the court broke up Baron Parke came into m: room and asked my opinion, at the same time telling me hi own, which was as decidedly against the girl as Brougham's I argued the case with him, especially the points whicl Lushington failed to enforce as strongly as I think he migh have done, but his mind was made up. Shadwell, on th contrary, leans the other way, and agreed with me in m view of it. It is, however, very clear that nothing car prevent the reversal of Sir John Nicholl's judgment; foi Erskine will very likely go with Brougham and Parke, and if he does not Lord Lansdowne undoubtedly will; but if I were to attend this court a hundred years I should never forget the conduct of Brougham on this trial. My disgust would not have been a jot less had he espoused the same side that I do; and if I were myself engaged in a suit, and he were to take up my own cause in such a barefaced and outrageous manner, with such an utter contempt of dignity and decency, I should feel the utmost shame at such partiality, though exerted in my behalf.

June 30th.—I went to Melbourne on Sunday and carried him my case.[1] He told me he had already desired Spring Rice to speak to Baring on the subject, and I believe he will do what he can; but these great people, however well disposed, can seldom be urged into sufficient resolution and activity to take an energetic way of settling the matter, and they have always so much consideration for each other that Melbourne will probably, with all his good-nature, feel a sort of delicacy to his subordinate colleague in rescuing me from his clutches. Yesterday I went to the Duke of Wellington and gave him my case to read, requesting him to exert his influence with his Tories, and get them to attend the Committee and defend me there. He read it, approved, and promised to speak to both Peel and Herries. I had previously desired George Dawson to speak to Peel. I might certainly, after the very essential services I rendered Peel and his Government, go with some confidence to Peel or any

1 [Relating to the Secretaryship of Jamaica.]

of them and ask for their aid in my difficulty; but it is not wise to remind men of an obligation; if they do not feel it without being reminded they will not be made to do so by any hint, and an accusation of ingratitude will be implied, which will only excite their resentment; if they are sensible of the obligation they will return it without any reminder.

After I had said what I had to say to Melbourne he asked me what was thought of the Tithe Bill. I told him it was thought a very outrageous measure by the Tories, but that I thought it useless and that it did not go far enough. 'I know you do,' he said, 'but such as it is it will very likely overturn the Government.' He then talked over the Irish question, and owned that nothing could settle it, that *they* might perhaps bolster up the Irish Church a little longer than the other party could, that they, however, could not do *more* than this now, and it was only doubtful if they could do *this*. He talked the language of reason, and with a just sense of the insuperable difficulties which present themselves on all sides with respect to this question, but at the same time of their eventual (though as to time uncertain) solution. I told him that I had long been of opinion that the only practicable and sound course was to open a negotiation with Rome, and to endeavour to deal with the Catholics in Ireland and the ministers of the Catholic religion upon the same plan which had been *mutatis mutandis* adopted universally in Germany and almost all over the Continent, and that there was nothing the Church of Rome desired so much as to cultivate a good understanding with us. He then told me a thing that surprised me, and which seemed to be at variance with this supposition—that an application had been made to the Pope very lately (through Seymour) expressive of the particular wish of the British Government, that he would not appoint M'Hale to the vacant Catholic bishoprick, *anybody but him*, notwithstanding which the Pope had appointed M'Hale; but on this occasion the Pope made a shrewd observation. His Holiness said that 'he had remarked for a long time past that no piece of preferment of any value ever fell vacant in Ireland that he did not get an application

from the British Government asking for the appointment.' Lord Melbourne supposed he was determined to show that he had the power of refusing and of opposing the wishes of Government, and in reply to my question he admitted that the Pope had generally conferred the appointment according to the wishes of Government. Can anything be more absurd or anomalous than such relations as these? The law prohibits any intercourse with Rome, and the Government whose business it is to enforce the law has established a regular but underhand intercourse, through the medium of a diplomatic agent, whose character cannot be avowed, and the Ministers of this Protestant kingdom are continually soliciting the Pope to confer appointments, the validity, even the existence, of which they do not recognise, while the Pope, who is the object of our orthodox abhorrence and dread, good-humouredly complies with all or nearly all their requests. These are the national and legislative follies of this wise and prosperous people, and such is the false position into which we are drawn by a long course of detestable policy—policy arising at first out of circumstances, and eventually adhered to from those powerful prejudices which struck their roots so deep into the soil that the force of reason and philosophy has not yet been sufficient to tear them up. Peel, in one of his speeches on Catholic emancipation, bade the House of Commons not to deceive itself, and to be aware that if that Bill was carried, we must have Episcopal (or Protestant) England, Presbyterian Scotland, and Catholic Ireland. He prophesied well and truly no doubt, and to that consummation affairs will eventually come, as they ought to come, though not without many a struggle, through many a year. The prophecy of Peel is advancing to its accomplishment, but he has either forgotten it or finds it convenient to forget it.

Yesterday the Duke of Wellington talked about the Spanish war, the nature of which he described very well, and expressed his opinion that on the whole the Christinos have the best chance; he said Zumalacarreguy was an able man, and that his death must have a very important influence on the

result. We talked of Napier's controversy with Perceval.[1] He said Napier had not fairly treated Perceval's character in the controversy, said he had never read a syllable of the book, in order to keep clear of discussions, but that when the work was completed, and all controversies were silenced, he might probably look it over, and if he discovered any errors tell the author of them. He said that no doubt the army had been greatly in want of money, but that this was not the fault of the Government. It was a great mistake to suppose that any advantage had been derived (as to obtaining funds) from the bank restriction; certainly the raising of loans was facilitated by it, but the war would have been much less expensive without it, and he had always been of opinion that the immediate cause of the bank restriction was the Loyalty Loan. This loan had drained the bankers and individuals of ready money, and the consequence was a stagnation in commerce, and therefore in circulation, which rendered the bank restriction necessary. He then talked of the Walcheren expedition, and said that though it was wretchedly conducted and altogether mismanaged, it was not ill-planned, and if they had gone straight to Antwerp it might have rendered very great service to the general cause, and have put Bonaparte in great difficulties. I had always fancied that he had disapproved of that expedition.

July 1st.—This morning Pemberton was heard in reply in Swift's case, and after a short discussion the court came to a resolution to upset Sir John Nicholl's decision. Brougham behaved very decently to-day, and stated fairly enough his opinion, but he was quite clear, and so was Baron Parke, as to the judgment. The Vice-Chancellor with hesitation acquiesced, and Erskine said nothing; the Lord President went with them, so that the court was unanimous.

From thence I went to St. James's to swear in Sir Charles Grey[2] and Charles Fitzroy Privy Councillors, when we had a most curious burst of eloquence from his Majesty. This

[1] [The Duke referred to Sir William Napier's 'History of the Peninsular War'.]

[2] [Sir Charles Grey was [illegible] to Canada as one of three Com-

is the first time I have seen him and his present Ministers together, and certainly they do not strike me as exhibiting any mutual affection. After Sir Charles Grey was sworn the King said to him, 'Stand up,' and up he stood. He then addressed him with great fluency and energy nearly in these words:—'Sir Charles Grey, you are about to proceed upon one of the most important missions which ever left this country, and, from your judgment, ability, and experience, I have no doubt that you will acquit yourself to my entire satisfaction; I desire you, however, to bear in mind that the colony to which you are about to proceed has not, like other British colonies, been peopled from the mother country—that it is not an original possession of the Crown, but that it was obtained *by the sword*. You will take care to assert those undoubted prerogatives which the Crown there possesses, and which I am determined to enforce and maintain, and I charge you by the oath which you have just taken strenuously to assert those prerogatives, *of which persons who ought to have known better have dared even in my presence to deny the existence*.' His speech was something longer than this, but the last words almost precisely the same. The silence was profound, and I was amused at the astonishment depicted on the faces of the Ministers. I asked Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland who it was that he alluded to. Neither knew, but the former said he thought it might be Ellice, and that the King referred to something Ellice had said to him when he was Minister. Somebody said they thought it was Spring Rice, but that could not be when Rice was sitting at the table. I have heard many specimens of his eloquence, but never anything like this. After this he had to give Durham an audience on his embassy, which must have been very agreeable to him, as he hates him and the Duchess of Kent, whose 'magnus Apollo' Durham is.

July 3rd.—The night before last Lord Stanley and Graham quitted their neutral seats below the gangway, and established

Chief Justice of Bengal, and after his return from Canada sat as member of Parliament for Tynemouth. Some years later he succeeded Lord Elgin as Governor of Jamaica, and enjoyed at this time a considerable reputation in society. The Minister to whom the King referred in his concluding observation was Lord Glenelg, as will be seen presently.]

themselves on the opposite bench below Peel. This was considered as an intimation of a more decided hostility to the present Government, and as an abandonment of the neutrality (if such it can be called) which they have hitherto professed. Last night O'Connell made a very coarse attack upon Stanley in consequence of this change, which lashed him into a fury, and a series of retorts followed between them, without any result. O'Connell half shuffled out of his expressions, but refused to apologise; the chairman (Bernal) took no notice, and the matter ended by a speech from Stanley and a few remarks upon it from Lord John Russell. The former stated his reasons for this ostentatious locomotion, which amounted to this: that he had been rudely treated in the House by ironical cheers and other intelligible sounds, and attacked by the Government newspapers, and he had, therefore, departed from a society for which he owned he was not fitted. It was not, I think, dignified or judicious, and George Bentinck, the most faithful of his followers, was not satisfied with the proceeding or the explanation. His party, such as it was, was finally extinguished by this act, though it hardly had any existence before; some five or six men, among whom were Gally Knight, George Bentinck, Stratford Canning, and Sir Matthew Ridley, went over to the Opposition benches; the others dispersed where they chose.

The real history of the transaction is this: it originated with Graham, and it is not the first time he has lugged Stanley into what may be called a scrape. He was returning from some division to his usual seat, when he was assailed by those cheers, and some voice cried out, 'Why don't you stay where you are?' on which he bowed in acquiescence to the quarter whence the recommendation proceeded, and instantly retreated to the other side. The next day he told Stanley that *he* must now stay where he was, and at the same time he produced the 'Globe' newspaper, which contained a very coarse attack upon Stanley himself. This article, together with Graham's representation, determined him to take up his position on the Opposition bench, and accordingly there he went, but without any intimation to his friends, who,

to their great surprise, found him there, and only got from him the above explanation that evening in the House. Lord John Russell's reply to Stanley's speech was very courteous, and rather well done as far as it went, for he only said a few words. Lord Stanley is certainly fallen from his high estate, and is in a very different position from that which he aspired to occupy at the beginning of the session. He is without a party, and without any authority in the House except what he derives from his own talents for debate. He has now no alternative but to unite himself with Peel's party, and to act under him, without any pretension to competition, and without the possibility of being considered as a separate element of political power. He has been brought to this by a series of false steps from his first refusal to join Peel, followed by his flippant and undecided conduct throughout the great contest. The Whigs and the Tories both hate him, and neither will be very ready to forgive him. There is a mixture of contempt in the dislike of the former, and an undisguised satisfaction among the most violent at having got rid of him, which make any future approximation to their side impossible, and the Tories, though they will receive him in their ranks, will never forgive him for his conduct, to which they attribute the failure of the Conservative effort, for his presumption in endeavouring to set up a middle party and render himself the arbiter of the contest, and especially for his affectation of want of confidence in Peel and his attacks upon the Duke. In the meantime this move of Stanley's has rather served to strengthen the Government in the House of Commons; between the disposition of many to go with Government, the lukewarmness and indolence of the Conservatives, and the steady attendance of a phalanx of Radicals, they have got good, regular, steady-working majorities, and appear as strong in the House of Commons as any Government need be.

July 4th.—Yesterday Brougham gave judgment in the case of Swift and Kelly—a written judgment and at great length. I thought it remarkably well done, embracing all the points of the case, and laying down the law and the

reasons for reversing the decree of the court below in a very forcible and perspicuous manner. He must have written this judgment with great rapidity, for it was only on Tuesday afternoon that it was settled to be given on Thursday, all of which is a proof of his admirable talents. His conduct on the last day of the hearing and this judgment in some degree made up for his previous intemperance and violence. He said that he had shown the judgment to Lord Lyndhurst, who entirely agreed with him. A negotiation had been previously opened to endeavour to get the other side to concur in an application to the court to stay the judgment and to consent to a pecuniary compromise, but it was quite ineffectual.

A night or two ago there was a breeze at Lady Jersey's between the Duke of Cumberland and Alava, and many stories made of it, more than were true. The Duke, who had frequently taunted him before, was again attacking him about his expedition and Spanish affairs generally, when Alava got into a fury and said to him, 'Monseigneur, Don Carlos peut être roi d'Espagne, mais il ne sera jamais le roi du général Alava.' This Lord Jersey told me, and that the other things he is reported to have said to the Duke are not true.

July 7th.—I can't deny that many persons have shown a very kind disposition to assist me in this business of my Jamaica place, of different political persuasions, and with most of whom I have but a very slight personal acquaintance, among these none more than Mr. Gladstone and Lord Lincoln, neither of whom did I know to speak to till I put myself into communication with them on this business. On the other hand Charles Wood, who is against me in his opinion, has been the channel of communication with Baring and shown generally a good will towards me. These demonstrations are agreeable enough, and contribute to put one in harmony with mankind, but it is after all a humiliating position, and I feel unutterable disgust, and something akin to shame, at being compelled to solicit the protection of one set of men, and the friendly offices of another, in

order to be maintained in the possession of that which is in itself obnoxious to public feeling and opinion. A placeman is in these days an odious animal, and as a double placeman I am doubly odious, and I have a secret kind of whispering sensation that these very people who good-naturedly enough assist me must be a little shocked at the cause they advocate. All that can be said in my favour is not obvious, nor can it be properly or conveniently brought forward, and all that can be said against me lies on the surface, and is universally evident. The funds from which I draw my means do not somehow seem a pure source; formerly those things were tolerated, now they are not, and my prospects were formed and destiny determined at a remote period, while I incur all the odium and encounter all the risks consequent upon the altered state of public feeling on the subject.

July 15*th*.—Sefton told me that a correspondence has taken place between Lord Glenelg and Sir Herbert Taylor about that speech of the King's at the Council on Wednesday se'nnight. Glenelg felt himself called upon to enquire whether the blow was aimed at him, and it was evident from the tenor of the reply that it was. I heard from Stephen a day or two afterwards the real truth of this matter. It was Lord Glenelg that the King intended to allude to in his speech. Lord Melbourne spoke to his Majesty on the subject, remonstrated, and said it was impossible to carry on the government if he did such things. He said that he was greatly irritated, and had acted under strong feelings in consequence of what Glenelg had said to him. Melbourne rejoined, 'Your Majesty must have mistaken Lord Glenelg.' 'Not at all,' said the King, and he then went into a dispute they had had about the old constitution of Canada —I forget what, but something the King asserted which Glenelg contradicted. He repaired to the Colonial Office and told Stephen, who informed him that the King was right and he was wrong. (The King, in fact, had got it up, and had the thing at his fingers' ends.) This was awkward; however, it ended in the King's making a sort of apology and crying *peccavi* for the violence of his language,

and this will probably be somewhat of a lesson to him, though it will not diminish the bitterness of his sentiments towards his Ministers.

I expressed my astonishment that any man could consent to stay in office after receiving such an insult as this was, to which Stephen replied that they were all thoroughly aware of their position relatively to the King and of his feelings towards them; but they had undertaken the task and were resolved under all circumstances to go through with it, and, whatever he might say or do, they should not suffer themselves to be influenced or shaken. This is the truth; they do not look upon themselves as *his* Ministers, and perhaps they cannot do otherwise as things now are. It is, however, a very melancholy and mischievous state of affairs, and does more to degrade the Monarchy than anything that has ever occurred: to exhibit the King publicly to the world as a cypher, and something less than a cypher, as an unsuccessful competitor in a political squabble, is to take from the Crown all the dignity with which it is invested by that theoretical attribute of perfection that has been so conveniently ascribed to it. Both King and Ministers have been greatly to blame, the one for the egregious folly which made him rush into this sea of trouble and mortification without calculation or foresight; the other for the unrelenting severity with which they resolved to gratify their revenge and ambition, without considering that they could not punish him without degrading the throne of which he is the occupant, and that the principle involved in his impunity was of more consequence in its great and permanent results than any success of theirs. But it would have required more virtue, self-denial, wisdom, and philosophy than falls to the lot of any public man individually in these days to have embraced all these considerations, and it would have been a miracle if a great mob of men calling themselves a party could have been made to act under the influence of such moral restraints. The King's present behaviour only makes matters worse. When he found himself compelled to take these people back, and to surrender himself a prisoner into

their hands, he should have swallowed the bitter pill and digested it, and not kept rolling it in his mouth and making wry faces. He should have made a very bad business as tolerable as he could, by yielding himself with a good grace; and had he treated them with that sort of courtesy which one gentleman may and ought to show to all those with whom he is unavoidably brought into contact, and which implies nothing as to feeling and inclination, he would have received from them that respect and attention which it would have been equally their interest and their desire to show. This would have rendered their relations mutually much more tolerable, a decent veil would have been thrown over all that was humiliating and painful, and the public service must have gained by the *tacit* compromise; but extreme folly, great violence in those about the King, and hopes of emancipation secretly cherished, together with the intensity of his hatred of his Ministers, have conspired to keep his Majesty in his present unwise, irksome, and degrading posture.

The night before last there was a great concert on the staircase at Stafford House, the most magnificent assembly I ever saw, and such as I think no crowned head in Europe could display, so grand and picturesque. The appearance of the hall was exactly like one of Paul Veronese's pictures, and only wanted some tapestry to be hung over the balustrades. Such prodigious space, so cool, so blazing with light; everybody was *comfortable* even, and the concert combined the greatest talents in Europe all together—Grisi, Malibran, Tamburini, Lablache, Rubini, and Ivanhoff. The splendour, the profusion, and the perfect ease of it all were really admirable.

Dined yesterday with the Vice-Chancellor; sixteen people whom I never saw before, almost all lawyers and lawyeresses. He told me that he believed Melbourne had no intention as long as he was Minister of changing the present arrangement with regard to the Great Seal,[1] that he

1 [The Great Seal was still in Commission.]

was of opinion that a Chancellor was of no use, and that it was more convenient to keep in his own hands the law patronage of the Great Seal, that this obviated the disputes between Ministers and Chancellors, which have generally been very violent, as between Thurlow and Pitt, and still more between Eldon and Liverpool, which were incessant, and that nothing could exceed the hatred Eldon had for Lord Liverpool, as he knew.

Tavistock told me a day or two ago that his Majesty's Ministers are intolerably disgusted at his behaviour to them and his studied incivility to everybody connected with them. The other day the Speaker was treated by him with shocking rudeness at the drawing-room. He not only took no notice of him, but studiously overlooked him while he was standing opposite, and called up Manners Sutton and somebody else to mark the difference by extreme graciousness to the latter. Seymour, who was with him as Serjeant-at-Arms, said he had never seen a Speaker so used in the five-and-twenty years he had been there, and that it was most painful. The Speaker asked him if he had ever seen a man in his situation so received at Court. Since he has been Speaker the King has never taken the slightest notice of him. It is monstrous, equally undignified and foolish.

July 18th.—Yesterday I sat all day at my office wondering why I heard nothing of the Committee, till at half-past four o'clock Graham and Lord Lincoln came in with smiling countenances, that announced good news. They had had an angry debate of three hours' duration. Baring moved that my holding the office of Secretary of Jamaica was against the spirit of the Act of Parliament. Graham moved that holding it with the leave of absence was in accordance with the Act, and the division was nine to seven. A teller on each side and Baring, who as chairman did not vote, made the numbers ten to nine. They told me that Baring and Vernon Smith were furious. The former endeavoured to turn off his defeat by proposing that the question should be reopened on framing the report; but even Grote opposed that, and he was forced to own that he was wrong in pro-

posing it. I must say that Gladstone told me that Baring behaved very well after the division. I will not conceal the truth, much as I have reason to complain of the man. I owe this victory to the zealous assistance of the Conservatives, for not one Whig or Radical voted with me; some of the former stayed away, whether designedly or not I don't know, except Stanley, Secretary to the Treasury, who told me he could not make up his mind to go and vote against me. The majority consisted of Herries, Fremantle (Sir Thomas), Gladstone, Nicholl, Graham, Lord Lincoln, Bethell, Fector, Bramstone, and Pringle; the minority, Baring, Vernon Smith, Pendarves, Ruthven, Scholefield, Evans, Grote, Hume, R. Stewart. I never had any intimacy with any one of those who supported me except with Graham, and we were friends, and very intimate friends, twenty years ago. He dropped me all of a sudden from caprice or calculation, and we have been on very decent but scarcely cordial terms ever since. On this occasion I whipped up the old friendship, and with great effect, for he has served me very zealously throughout the business. I scarcely knew any of the others before, Lord Lincoln and Gladstone only on this occasion, and Fector, Nicholl, Bramstone, Bethell, and Pringle I do not know now by sight. It is really amusing to see the joy with which the news of Baring's defeat has been hailed by every member of his own family, and all others who have heard of it. The goodwill of the world (a very inert but rather satisfactory feeling) has been exhibited towards me, and there is mixed up with it in all who are acquainted with the surly reformer who is my adversary a lively pleasure at his being baffled and mortified.

July 23rd.—Dined with Bingham Baring[1] yesterday, and met Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin, a very ordinary man in appearance and conversation, with something of pretension in his talk, and telling stories without point, which smelt of the Common room; nevertheless he is a very able man, and they told me that when he is with such men as Senior, and

[1] [Afterwards the second Lord Ashburton.]

those with whom he is very intimate, he shines. I was greatly disappointed with what I saw and heard of him. The Church Bill has been in the House of Commons these two nights. Peel introduced his motion for dividing the Bill in a very able speech, well adapted to the purpose, if anything was to be gained in such a House of Commons; but the fact is, both parties look beyond the immediate question: one wants to bolster up the present system, the other to overthrow it, and though I go along with Peel on his *point*, I go along with his opponents on their *principle*. He stated, however, very forcibly the dilemma in which his opponents are placed, and said, 'Why don't you make the Establishment Catholic at once, openly and avowedly, or abstain from doing what has that inevitable tendency?' Melbourne said there was no escape from this, and I replied that I would take him at his word, and that it must come to this, and he might immortalise himself by settling the question. It certainly would be a glorious field for a statesman to enter upon to brush away all the obstacles which deeply rooted prejudices and chimerical fears founded on false reasoning throw in his way, and bend all his energies to a direct and vigorous course of policy, at once firm and determined, looking the real evil in the face, and applying the real remedy to it. If I were Prime Minister I would rather fall in the attempt than work on through a succession of expedients none of which were satisfactory to myself, to hold language at variance with my opinions, and to truckle to difficulties which it is now time boldly to face. I am as satisfied as of my existence that if the heart's core of Peel could be laid open, it would be found that he thinks so himself. His is not the conduct of conviction, and he has been led into contradictions and inconsistencies which must ever beset and entangle those who persist in the attempt to maintain positions which have ceased to be tenable.

Goodwood, July 29th.—To Petworth on Saturday and here on Monday; a smaller party than usual, and no women on account of the Duchess of Argyll's death; far better not to have women at a racing party. Tavistock told me that a man

(he did not say who) had been to Lord John, evidently commissioned, though not avowedly, to tell him on the part of Peel and Lord Stanley that they would both support him if he would bring forward a proposition to pay the Irish Catholic clergy. John, however, 'timet Danaos et dona ferentes,' and hinted that his own popularity would be sacrificed if he did. This is curious, however. John also told him that he never saw Peel laugh so much as during Graham's speech the other night, and he meant (but forgot it) to ask him why he laughed so. To Peel it is nuts to see Stanley and Graham drawing down unpopularity on themselves and every day widening the breach between them and their old friends; but I was somewhat struck with the apparent intimacy which was evinced in what John Russell said about Peel, and asked his brother if they were on very good personal terms. He said, 'Oh, excellent'—a sort of House of Commons intimacy. Peel told John all he meant to do in the Committee on the Church Bill—that he should propose so and so, and when they came to the appropriation clauses he should make his bow and leave them. Tavistock remarked (which had escaped me) that Peel had in his last famous speech (certainly one of extraordinary ability) omitted all mention of the principle of appropriation, and confined himself to the proof that there was no surplus; but what is most remarkable perhaps of all is this: Peel said to John, 'If you *will* appropriate, I will show you a much better plan than your own,' and he accordingly did show him a plan by which there would be a considerably greater surplus, and John acknowledged that Peel's plan would be better than his own. I wonder what the High Tories and the King would think of all this. While he is quarrelling with Johnny and his friends for Peel's sake, and undergoing martyrdom in his social relations with them, there they are hand and glove, and almost concerting together the very measures which are the cause of all the animosities and all the political violence which agitate and divide the world. There is something extremely ludicrous in all this.

I hear to-day that Peel is going into the country for

good, and leaves the Lords to deal with the Bills. He probably expects them to commit some follies, and fancies he may as well be out of the way.

August 4th.—Came to town on Sunday, having slept at Winchester on Saturday night to see the town and the cathedral, and hear the service in the latter, which was very moderate; the cathedral, however, is worth seeing. When I got to town I found the Tory Lords had been worked into a frenzy by Wetherell and Knight[1] at the bar of the House of Lords (the latter of whom is said to have made a very able speech), and Newcastle and Winchelsea bellowed and blustered in grand style. Lord Rosslyn had told me some time ago that the Duke would have great difficulty in managing his people, but that I think was *à propos* of the Church Bill. Yesterday at two o'clock there was a great assemblage of Peers at Apsley House to determine what was to be done, and amazed was I when I learnt at about five o'clock that they had resolved to move that evidence should be heard against the principle of the Municipal Corporation Bill, which was accordingly moved by Carnarvon last night. At dinner I met Stuart, to whom I expressed my astonishment at the course they had adopted, and he owned that it was 'rather hazardous,' and said that it was adopted at the suggestion of Lyndhurst, who had insisted upon it at Apsley House, and that the Duke had given way. He said that this had followed as a necessary consequence of Brougham proposing that counsel should be heard upon the details, as it appeared that the evidence on which the Bill was founded was not to be relied on. He owned that it was probable Peel would disapprove of the proceedings of the Lords, and a breach between him and them be the consequence. He told me that at a dinner on Saturday, at which the Dukes of Wellington and Cumberland, Peel, and Wetherell were present, the question had been argued; that Sir Charles Wetherell had urged all the leading arguments he had used in his speech, and Peel had contested every part and particle of his argument, while the Duke of Cumberland did not utter a word. Stuart added

[1] [Mr. Knight Bruce, afterwards Lord Justice in Equity.]

that he heard the Government meditated something very strong, and I repeated what Hobhouse had told me in the morning, when I met him in the Park—that Melbourne would probably adjourn the House, that there would be a call of the House of Commons, and some strong resolution proposed there. Some Whigs, however, who were present last night, suggested that it would be better to adjourn the House of Commons, and let the Lords go on with their evidence while they pleased to hear it, and then reassemble the Commons in case the Bill was sent back to them. Hobhouse said, 'Depend upon it, it is the *commencement de la fin.*' It does certainly appear to me that these Tory Lords will never rest till they have accomplished the destruction of the House of Lords. They are resolved to bring about a collision with the House of Commons, and the majority in each House grows every day more rabid and more desperate. I am at a loss to comprehend the views by which Lyndhurst, the ablest of the party, is actuated, or how he can (if it be so, which from Stuart's account is probable) fancy that any object is attainable which involves in it a breach or separation between Peel and the great body of the Tories. I would give much to see the recesses of his mind, and know what he really thinks of all these proceedings, and to what consequences he believes that they will lead.

August 6th.—Yesterday to Brighton, to see my horse Dacre run for the Brighton stake, which he won, and back at night. The day before I met the Vice-Chancellor[1] at Charing Cross, going down to the House of Lords. 'Well,' said he, shrugging his shoulders, 'here I am going to the House of Lords, after hearing evidence all the morning, to hear it again for the rest of the evening.' 'What is to happen?' I asked him. 'O Lord, it is the greatest bore; they have heard Coventry and Oxford; they got something of a case out of the first, but the other was beyond anything tiresome; they are sick to death of it, and Brougham and Lyndhurst have agreed that *it is all damned nonsense,* and they will hear

[1] [The Great Seal being in Commission, the Vice-Chancellor of England (Sir Lancelot Shadwell) sat as one of the Commissioners on the Woolsack.]

nothing more after Saturday next.' So this is the end of all this hubbub, and here are these two great comedians thundering against each other in the House of Lords overnight with all imaginable vehemence and solemnity, only to meet together the next morning and agree that *it is all damned nonsense.* There is something very melancholy and very ludicrous in all this, and though that great bull calf the public does not care about such things, and is content to roar when he is bid, there are those on the alert who will turn such trifling and folly to account, and convert what is half ridiculous into something all serious. Winchelsea and Newcastle after all did not vote the other night; they said they wanted no evidence, that they would have no such Bill, and would not meddle with the discussion at all except to oppose it point-blank. Fools as they are, their folly is more tolerable and probably less mischievous than the folly of the wise ones.

August 9th.—On Wednesday last at the levee the King made a scene with Lord Torrington, one of his Lords of the Bedchamber, and a very disgraceful scene. A card was put into Torrington's hands of somebody who was presented, which he read, 'So and so, *Deputy-Governor.*' 'Deputy-Governor?' said the King, 'Deputy-Governor of what?' 'I cannot tell your Majesty,' replied Torrington, 'as it is not upon the card.' 'Hold your tongue, sir,' said the King; 'you had better go home and learn to read;' and shortly after, when some bishop presented an address against (I believe) the Irish Tithe Bill, and the King was going as usual to hand over the papers to the Lord in waiting, he stopped and said to Lord Torrington, who advanced to take them, 'No, Lord Torrington; these are not fit documents to be entrusted to your keeping.' His habitual state of excitement will probably bring on sooner or later the malady of his family. Torrington is a young man in a difficult position, or he ought to have resigned instantly and as publicly as the insult was offered.[1] The King cannot bridle his temper, and lets

[1] [It is now stated with authority that Lord Torrington did resign, and the matter was immediately set right, the King requesting that no more should be said about it.]

slip no opportunity of showing his dislike, impotent as it is, of the people who surround him. He admits none but Tories into his private society, wherever he goes Tories accompany him; at Windsor Tories only are his guests. This provokes his Ministers, but it necessarily makes them more indifferent to the cultivation of his favour, and accustoms them to consider themselves as the Ministers of the House of Commons and not of the Crown.

My brother writes me from Paris very interesting details of the funeral of the victims of the assassination plot,[1] which was an imposing and magnificent ceremony, admirably arranged, and as it has produced a burst of enthusiasm for the King, and has brought round the clergy to him, it will serve to strengthen his throne. His undaunted courage ingratiates him with the French.

August 15*th*.—On Wednesday the Lords commenced proceedings on the Corporation Bill. The Ministers were aware that they meant to throw it out, for Lord John Russell and Lord Lansdowne both told me at the levee that they had heard such was the intention of the Tories. However, they never had such a design, and the second reading passed without a division; on Thursday they went into Committee, and the freeman's clause was carried against Government by a majority of 93—130 to 37—the debate being distinguished by divers sallies of intemperance from Brougham, who thundered, and menaced, and gesticulated in his finest style. When somebody cried, 'Question,' he burst out, 'Do you think to put me down? I have stood against 300 of the House of Commons, and do you think I will give way to *you*?' This was uttered with all imaginable rage and scorn.[2] This amendment was

[1] [The victims of the Fieschi conspiracy.]

[2] Brougham had some reason to be angry. Lyndhurst did not reply to him on Wednesday, when he might have done so, pleading the fatigue of late hours and his own indisposition, and on Thursday he attacked him when he was absent; he therefore gave him good ground of complaint. Brougham's insolence and violence have done great injury to the House of Lords by lowering the style and character of their debates and introducing coarseness and acrimony such as never were known there before. Hardly a night passes without some discreditable scene of squabbling and vituperation bandied between him and the High Tory Lords, one or other of them;

always anticipated, and though the Government object to it, Lord Lansdowne told me that as the rate-paying clause had passed without opposition, he did not care for the other alterations, but the minority appeared to everybody bordering upon the ridiculous; a Minister who could only muster thirty-seven present, and who was in a minority of three to one, presented a novel spectacle. Nobody could account for the carelessness of their muster, for many Peers were absent who might easily have been there, and several who belong to Government by office or connexion. It did not, however, occur to anybody that they would feel themselves compelled to resign upon it, except perhaps to a few Tories, who hinted their notion that Melbourne could not go on with such a majority against him, which, however true it may be in the long run, signifies nothing as to any immediate change.

Last night the qualification clause was carried against Government by an equally large majority, or nearly so, and this time Government does not seem disposed to take it so patiently. It was well understood that a qualification would be imposed, and many of the supporters of the Bill said they did not object thereto, but they had no notion of such a qualification as Lyndhurst proposed and carried last night, and the Duke of Richmond (whom I met at Crockford's) told me that it would be fatal to the Bill. He saw Lord John Russell after the division, who told him so, and that the Commons would never take the Bill with such an alteration as this. Richmond himself goes entirely with Government in this measure, and I was rather surprised to hear him say that 'it had been urged that Lord Stanley was opposed to this part of the Bill, but that if this were so a man must judge for himself in so important a matter,' which looks a little as if he meant to back out of the dilly, and I should not be very much surprised if he came into office again with these people, if they stay in. I asked him what in his opinion would happen, and he re-

their hatred of him and his scorn of them are everlastingly breaking out. He and Lyndhurst, though constantly pitted against each other, are great friends all the time, but with the others it is a rabid passion of hatred and contempt, mutually felt and continually expressed.

plied that he thought the House of Lords was nearly done for, that he expected the Commons would reject their amendments and pass some very strong resolutions; he should not be surprised if they refused to pass the Appropriation Bill. I said they would hardly do that, because it would be a measure against Government, and would compel these Ministers to resign. This he admitted, but he went on to say that he expected it would throw the House of Commons into a ferment, that they would adopt some violent course, and then there would be a 'row royal.' What astonishes me most in all this is that Lyndhurst, a man of great abilities, and certainly, if wishing for anything, wishing for the success of the party he belongs to, should urge these desperate courses. He it was who proposed the fatal postponement of Schedule A, which led to such utter ruin and confusion, and now it is he who *manages* this Bill, and who ventures to mutilate the Ministerial measure in such a manner as will in all probability bring down all the wrath of the Commons on him and his Conservative majority. I am not at all sure but that the Government is content to exhibit its paltry numbers in the House of Lords, in order that the world may see how essentially it is a Tory body, that it hardly fulfils the conditions of a great independent legislative assembly, but presents the appearance of a dominant party-faction which is too numerous to be affected by any constitutional process and too obstinate to be turned from its fixed purpose of opposing all the measures which have a tendency to diminish the influence of the Conservative party in the country. It is impossible to look at the disposition exhibited by this great majority and not admit that there is very small chance of its acting harmoniously with the present House of Commons, and that some change must take place in order to enable Government and legislation to go on at all. It is anything but clear that the nation desires the destruction of the House of Lords, nor is it clear that the nation cares for its preservation. It is, I think, exceedingly probable that a majority of those who return members to Parliament, and in whom collectively the supreme power really resides, though they might be content

to retain the House of Lords, if it could be made to act in harmony with, and therefore necessarily in subordination to, the House of Commons, would not hesitate for an instant to decree its downfall if it became clear that there was no other way of crushing the Tory faction which now rules triumphant in that House. At all events the Lords are playing a desperate game; if it succeeds, they who direct the energies of the party are great and wise men; but what if it fail? They seem to have no answer to this but that if they

> Screw their courage to the *sticking* place,
> It will *not* fail.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Resistance of the Lords—Duke of Richmond—Happiness—Struggle between Lords and Commons—Peel keeps aloof—Inconsistency of the Whigs on the Irish Church Bill—Violent Language in the Lords—Lord John Russell and Peel pass the Corporation Bill—Dissolution of the Tory Party foreseen—Meeting of Peers to consider the Amendments—King's Speech in Council on the Militia—Lord Howick's Bitterness against the Lords—Lord Lyndhurst's Opinion of the Corporation Bill—The King's Language on the Regency—Talleyrand's View of the English Alliance—Comparison of Burke and Mackintosh—The St. Leger—Visit of Princess Victoria to Burghley—O'Connell's Progress through Scotland—Mackintosh's Life.

August 19th.—Yesterday the Lords finished the Committee on the Corporation Bill. Their last amendment (which I do not very well understand at present), by which certain aldermen elected for life are to be taken in the first instance from the present aldermen, has disgusted the authors of the Bill more than all the rest. In the morning I met Duncannon and Howick, both open-mouthed against the amendments, and this in particular, and declaring that though the others might have been stomached, this could not go down, as it was in direct opposition to the principle of the Bill. Howick talked of 'the Lords being swept away like chaff' and of 'the serious times that were approaching.' Duncannon said there would be a conference, and if the Lords insisted on these amendments the Bill would be lost. I asked if a compromise was not feasible, the Lords abandoning this and the Commons taking the other amendments, which he said would not be undesirable, but difficult to effect. The continual discussions about this Bill have made me perforce understand something of it towards the end of them. I am too ignorant of the details and of the tendency of the

Bill to have an opinion of the comparative merits of its present and its original shape, but I am sure the Lords are bound in prudence not to mutilate it more than is absolutely necessary to make it a safe measure, and to have a good, and moreover a popular, case to go to the country with, if eventually such an appeal is to be made. On the other hand the House of Commons, powerful as it is, must not assert its power too peremptorily, and before the Ministers determine to resign, for the purpose of making their resignation instrumental to the consolidation of their power and the destruction of the House of Lords; they also must have a good case, and be able to show that the amendments made by the Lords are incompatible with the object proposed, that they were made in a factious spirit and for the express purpose of thwarting the principle contended for, and that their conduct in this matter forms part of a general system, which can only be counteracted by some fundamental change in the constitution of the Upper House itself. These are violent conclusions to come to, and when one reflects calmly upon the possible and probable consequences of a collision, and the manner in which the interests of the antagonistic parties collectively and individually are blended together, it is difficult to believe that both will not pause on the brink of the precipice and be influenced by a simultaneous desire to come to a decent and practicable compromise. This would probably be easy if both parties were actuated by a sincere desire to enact a law to reform corporations in the safest, best, and most satisfactory manner; but the reformation of the corporations is not the first object in the minds of either. One wants to save as much as possible of the Tory influence, which is menaced by the Bill, and the other wants to court the democratic spirit, which vivifies its party, and erect a new and auxiliary influence on the ruins of the ancient establishments. Any mere looker-on must perceive through all their wranglings that these are the *arrière-pensées* of the two antagonistic parties.

Brougham made a very clever speech (I am told) on

Monday night, and the contest between him and Lyndhurst through the whole Committee has been remarkable for talent and for a striking display of the different qualities of the two men. The Duke of Richmond had a squabble with *Lyndhurst* last night, 'impar congressus,' and he has wriggled himself almost back among the Whigs; nothing but the appropriation clause in the Church Bill prevents his being First Lord of the Admiralty, and he may be considered as having dropped off the dilly with so many others. The Whigs are dying to have him back among them. I must confess I do not see why, but it is impossible to deny that he contrives to make himself desired by those with whom he has acted, and as they must know best what they are about and what he is capable of, it is reasonable to suppose that he has some talents or some qualities which are developed in the graver affairs of life, but which do not appear in its ordinary relations and habitudes. I thought what he said to me the other night looked like a severance of his Stanley connexion, and his strenuous support of this Bill and his pettish attacks upon Lyndhurst show that he at least is not likely to ally himself with the Conservatives.

August 21st.—Yesterday I fell in with Lyndhurst, just getting out of his carriage at his door in George Street. He asked me to come in and look at his house, which I did. I asked him what would happen about the Bill. He said, 'Oh, they will take it. What can they do? If they choose to throw it out, let them do so, I don't care whether they do or not. But they will take it, because they know it does their business, though not so completely as they desire.' He said he would alter the qualification, though he did not think it objectionable. I told him I hoped there might be some compromise, and that he and his friends would give way on some of their amendments, and that the Commons would take the rest. Even the 'Times,' which *goes the whole hog* with the Opposition, won't swallow this (the aldermen), and suggests that it should be withdrawn. Nothing ever was like the outrageous indecency of the attacks upon the House of Lords in the Ministerial papers, and it is not clear that they

won't overdo the thing; this kind of fury generally defeats its own object.

August 25th.—At Hillingdon from Saturday till Monday last; began the Life of Mackintosh, and was delighted with Sydney Smith's letter which is prefixed to it; read and walked all day on Sunday—the two things I do least, viz. exercise my mind and body; therefore both grow gross and heavy. Shakespeare says fat paunches make lean pates, but this is taken from a Greek proverb. I admire this family of Cox's at Hillingdon, and after casting my eyes in every direction, and thinking much and often of the theory of happiness, I am convinced that it is principally to be found in contented mediocrity, accompanied with an equable temperament and warm though not excitable feelings. When I read such books as Mackintosh's Life, and see what other men have done, how they have read and thought, a sort of despair comes over me, a deep and bitter sensation of regret 'for time misspent and talents misapplied,' not the less bitter from being coupled with a hopelessness of remedial industry and of doing better things. Nor do I know that such men as these were happy; that they possessed sources of enjoyment inaccessible to less gifted minds is not to be doubted, but whether knowledge and conscious ability and superiority generally bring with them content of mind and the sunshine of self-satisfaction to the possessors is anything but certain. I wonder the inductive process has not been more systematically applied to the solution of this great philosophical problem, *what is happiness*, and *in what it consists*, for the practical purpose of directing the human mind into the right road for reaching this goal of all human wishes. Why are not innumerable instances collected, examined, analysed, and the results expanded, explained, and reasoned upon for the benefit and instruction of mankind? Who can tell but what these results may lead at last to some simple conclusions such as it requires no vast range of intellect to discover, no subtle philosophy to teach—conclusions mortifying to the pride and vanity of man, but calculated to mitigate the evils of life by softening mutual asperities, and by the

establishment of the doctrine of *humility*, from which all charity, forbearance, toleration, and benevolence must flow as from their source? These simple conclusions may amount to no more than a simple maxim that happiness is to be found 'in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue.'

> Semita certe
> Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

The end of the tenth Satire of Juvenal (which is one of the finest sermons that ever was composed, and worth all the homilies of all the Fathers of the Church) teaches us what to pray for—

> Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

Healthy body, healthy appetite, healthy feelings, though accompanied by mediocrity of talent, unadorned with wit and imagination, and unpolished by learning and science, will outstrip in the race for happiness the splendid irregularities of genius and the most dazzling successes of ambition. At the same time this general view of the probabilities of happiness must be qualified by the admission that mere vegetation scarcely deserves the name of happiness, and that the highest enjoyment which humanity is capable of may be said to consist in the pleasures of reason and imagination—of a mind expatiating among the wonders of nature, and ranging through all the 'changes of many-coloured life,' without being shaken from its equilibrium by the disturbing causes of jealousy, envy, and the evil passions of our nature. The most galling of all conditions is that of him whose conscience and consciousness whisper to him perpetual reproaches, who reflects on what he might have been and who feels and sees what he is. When such a man as Mackintosh, fraught with all learning, whose mind, if not kindled into a steady blaze, is perpetually throwing out sparks and coruscations of exceeding brightness, is stung with these self-upbraidings, what must be the reflections of those, the utmost reach of whose industry is far below the value of *his* most self-accused idleness, who have no self-

consolation, are plunged in entire darkness, and have not only to lament the years of omission, but those of commission, not only the opportunities neglected, but the positive mischief done by the debasement of the faculties, the deterioration of the understanding, the impairing of the power of exertion consequent upon a long devotion to low, despicable, unprofitable habits and pursuits?

August 27th.—Melbourne has thrown up the Tithe Bill in the Lords, because the Opposition expunged the appropriation clauses. In the Corporation Bill Lyndhurst made still further alterations, such as the Commons will not take (the town clerks and the exclusion of Dissenters from the disposal of ecclesiastical patronage), and as it is the general opinion that they will make no compromise and surrender none of their amendments, that Bill will probably be lost too. What then? asks everybody, and nobody can tell what then, but there is a sort of vague apprehension that *something must come of it, and that this collision (for collision* it is) between the Lords and the Commons will not be terminated without some violent measures or important changes; if such do take place, they will have been most wantonly and wickedly brought about, but it is a lamentable thing to see the two great parties in the country, equally possessed of wealth and influence, and having the same interest in general tranquillity, tearing each other to pieces while the Radicals stand laughing and chuckling by, only waiting for the proper moment to avail themselves of these senseelss divisions. There is something inconceivable, a sort of political absurdity, in the notion of a country like this being on the eve of a convulsion, when it is tranquil, prosperous, and without any grievance; universal liberty prevails, every man's property and person are safe, the laws are well administered and duly obeyed; so far from there being any unredressed grievances, the imagination of man cannot devise the fiction or semblance of a grievance without there being a rush to correct it. The only real evil is that the rage for correction is too violent, and sweeps all before it. What is it, then, which menaces the existence of the constitution we

live under? It is the fury of parties, it is the broad line of separation which the Reform Bill has drawn, the antagonist positions into which the two Houses of Parliament have been thrown, and the Whigs having identified themselves with the democratic principle in one House, in order to preserve their places, and the Conservative principle having taken refuge in the other House, where it is really endangered by the obstinate and frantic violence of its supporters. What was the loud and eternal cry of the Lords, and of all the Conservatives, when the Reform Bill was in agitation? That it was a revolution, that it would place all political power in the hands of the people, that it would establish an irresistible democratic force; and the great body of them justified their refusal to go into Committee on the ground that the Bill was so vicious in principle, so irremediably mischievous, that no alterations could diminish its evil tendency. It is now as clear as daylight that if they had gone into Committee and amended the Bill, they might have obviated all or nearly all the evils they apprehended, for even after the passing of the 'whole Bill,' with all its clauses perfect and untouched, parties are so nearly balanced that the smallest difference would turn the scale the other way. They would, however, listen to nothing, and now they feel the consequences of their *ruat cœlum* policy; but what I complain of is, that after the verification of their predictions, and the realisation of their fears, in the establishment of a democratic power of formidable strength, they do not act consistently with their own declared opinions; for if it be true, as they assert, that their legitimate authority and influence have been transferred to other hands, and that the just equilibrium of the Constitution has been shaken, it is mad and preposterous in them to act just as if no such disturbing causes had occurred, as if they were still in the plenitude of their constitutional power, and to provoke a collision which, if their own assertions be true, they are no longer in a condition to sustain. The answer to such arguments as this invariably is, Are the Lords, then, to be content to yield everything, and must they pass every Bill which the

House of Commons thinks fit to send to them purely and simply? Certainly they are not; no such thing is expected of them by any man or any set of men, but common prudence and a sense of their own condition and their own relative strength under the new dispensation demand that they should exercise their undoubted rights with circumspection and calmness, desisting from all opposition for opposition's sake, standing out firmly on questions involving great and important principles, and yielding with a good grace, without ill-humour, and without subserviency on minor points. They ought, for example, to have followed in the footsteps of Peel in this Irish Corporation Bill, and to have satisfied themselves with making those amendments which he strove for without success in the House of Commons, and no more. As it is, he wholly disapproves of the course they have taken, and so I believe did the Duke of Wellington in the beginning of the discussions, but Lyndhurst took the lead with the violent party, overruled the Duke, neglected Peel, and dealt with the Bill in the slashing manner we have seen.

I was talking to Lord John Russell yesterday at Court on this subject, and he said that he had no doubt Peel highly disapproved of their proceedings, and that it was evident he did not pretend to guide them; for one day in the House of Commons he went over to Peel, and said that he meant to recommit (or some such thing, no matter what the particular course was) the Bill that night, and he supposed he would not object. Peel said, 'Oh, no, I don't object,' and as he was going away Peel called him back and said, 'Remember I speak only for myself; I can answer for no other individual in the House.' He went out of town about a fortnight ago, has never returned, and will not; his own friends think he ought, but it is evident that he prefers to wash his hands of the matter. He knows well enough that the Conservatives hate him in their hearts; besides having never cordially forgiven him for his conduct on the Catholic question, they are indignant at his Liberal views and opinions, and when they adopted him as their leader it was in the fond hope that he would restore the good old days of Tory Government, than

which nothing could be farther from his thoughts. John Russell said of him yesterday 'that he was, in fact, a great lover of changes and innovations;' and so he is. It often occurs to me that he would not care very much if the House of Lords did go to the wall, and that though he is the acknowledged head of the Conservative party, he doesn't in his heart care much for Conservative principles. He may possibly calculate that no change can take place in this country by which property will be menaced; that personally he is safe, and politically his vast superiority in all the requisites for public life must, under all possible circumstances, make him the most eminent performer on the great stage. I do not know that he has any such thoughts as these, but it appears to me far from improbable, and the more so from his keeping aloof at this moment and abstaining (as far as we know) from any attempt to restrain the indiscretion and impetuosity of his party.

But if on the one hand the conduct of the Tories with respect to the Corporation Bill has been violent and rash, that of the Government with respect to the Tithe Bill has been unspeakably wicked. I cannot recollect an instance of so complete a sacrifice of the interests of others, of their own principles, and of national tranquillity to mere party objects, and the more I reflect upon the course they have taken the more profligate and disgraceful it appears. These Ministers have recorded their opinion that the question of appropriation ought not to be mixed up with that of commutation; that they are essentially distinct, and ought to remain so. At the beginning of this session the united Whigs and Radicals considered only one thing—how to drive Peel out, and though they had a choice of means to accomplish this end, the famous resolution about appropriation was the one which they finally selected for the purpose. In so doing they were altogether regardless of future consequences,[1] and never stopped to calculate what would be the

[1] The Whigs were not, probably, the Radicals. O'Connell, without doubt, had very good reasons for pinning the Government to this, and foresaw all the consequences of the compact by which he bound them.

effect of saddling the measure of relief (in which all parties concurred) with this impossible condition. Now how stands the case? They declare that Ireland (as all the world knows) is a scene of disorder and bloodshed, of which the Tithe system is the principal cause, and that the Tithe Bill will afford an effectual remedy to the evil. It is therefore their imperative and paramount duty, as it ought to be their earnest and engrossing desire, to secure the application of their remedy, and, whether in office or out of office (with the expectation and intention of coming in), to take care that nothing should be mixed up with it by which it can be endangered, and that it should be proposed merely for what it is, and not made subservient to any object but that for which it has been professedly framed. Having committed the first error of employing this resolution to drive out the Government, they then considered themselves obliged to adopt it as an integral part of the Bill, and accordingly they did so, with a full knowledge that by so doing they should ensure the rejection of the Bill itself and that Ireland would continue in the same state of anarchy and confusion, only aggravated by the furious contests of parties here and by the failure of all schemes of remedial legislation. Nothing can be more certain than this, that if the state of Ireland had been taken into consideration with the simple, straightforward view of tranquillising the country, and that no party object had been mixed up with it, the framers of the Tithe Bill would sedulously have avoided introducing the appropriation clause; but during the great battle with Peel the establishment of this principle (not only the principle of *appropriation*, but that *no relief* should be afforded without its recognition) was made the condition of Radical support and the bond of Radical connection, and having as the result of this compact pledged the House of Commons to the principle, they refuse to retrace their steps, and offer the House of Lords the alternative of its recognition (knowing that they cannot in sincerity, honour, or conscience recognise it) or that of an irreparable injury to the Irish Church, which it is the grand object of the Lords to uphold. But

the question must not be considered as one merely affecting the interests of the clergy of Ireland. If that were all, there might be no such great harm in these proceedings. Entertaining very strong (and as I think very sound) opinions with respect to the expediency of dealing with its revenues, and for purposes ultimately to be effected which they cannot yet venture to avow, they might be justified, or think themselves justified, in coping with the difficulties which embarrass this question in the best mode that is open to them, and deem it better that the Irish clergy should suffer the temporary privations they undergo than that the final settlement of the ecclesiastical question should be indefinitely postponed. But they do not pretend to be actuated by any such considerations; their declared object is to restore peace to Ireland, to terminate the Tithe quarrel, to raise the Protestant clergy from their fallen state, and to assert the authority of the law by taking away the inducements which now exist for setting the law at defiance. Those who undertake to govern the country are above all things bound to see that the laws are obeyed, and they do not deserve the name of a Government if they submit to, much less if they connive at, a permanent state of anarchy in any part of the country. They know that the law in Ireland is a dead letter, that neither to statute nor common law do the lower orders of Irish Catholics (the bulk of the nation) pay the slightest obedience, and that they are countenanced and urged on in their disobedience by those agitators with whom the Government act in political fellowship, and in deference to whom their measures have been shaped. Granting that after the adoption of the resolution by the House of Commons they were bound to insert it in their Bill, what justification is there for their refusal to receive the Bill back from the Lords with no other alteration than the omission of the appropriation clause? In so refusing they destroy their own measure; they publish to the world that it is the principle of appropriation, and not the Tithe composition, that they really care for; and in thus strangling their own Bill, because they cannot tack that principle on to it, they make

themselves accomplices of the outrages and violence which are perpetrated in the Tithe warfare, and abettors of the regular and systematic violation of the law. The King's Government exhibits itself in a conspiracy with Catholic agitators and Protestant republicans against the clergy of the Established Church and against the laws of the land. If they are sincere in their own statements and declarations they must of necessity deem an object commensurate with this in point of urgency and importance, and what is the object to which this is postponed? [illegible]

determined; they cannot face the accusation of inconsistency—the question that would be put, Why did you turn out Peel's Government? You turned him out on this very principle which you are now ready to abandon. There is no doubt that this question would be put with a very triumphant air by their opponents, but they might easily answer it, without admitting in so many words—what everybody well knows without any admission—that the resolution was brought forward for the express purpose of turning Peel out. They might say that they moved that resolution because it is a principle that they wished to establish, and that they still think ought to be established; that Peel's resignation on that particular question was of his own choice, and that if they are not irrevocably bound by the resolution itself, they are not the more bound by that circumstance; that they sent the Bill to the House of Lords in what they consider the best form, but that after the Lords had agreed to the whole measure, with the exception of the appropriation clauses, it was their duty to take the matter again into their serious consideration, and to determine whether it was on the whole more advantageous to Ireland and to the Empire that the Bill should be rejected (with all the consequences of its rejection apparent) or that it should be passed without these clauses. There was no necessity for their abandonment of any opinion or principle, nor any obstacle to the appropriation clauses being brought forward again and again in a substantive independent shape. Besides this, it is not pretended that these clauses were to produce any immediate perhaps not even any remote, effect, and they not only acknowledge that the state of Ireland calls for an immediate remedy, but they assert that unless the remedy is applied without loss of time it will come too late; that the Tithe Bill, which this year would accomplish its object, will in all probability next year be wholly inoperative. To my mind this reasoning is so conclusive that I can come to no other than the harsh judgment which I have passed upon their conduct, and I think I have made good my charges against both Whigs and Tories.

August 29*th*.—The House of Lords has become a bear-garden since Brougham has been in it; there is no night that is not distinguished by some violent squabble between him and the Tories. Lord Winchelsea directly accused him of cowardice the night before last, to which he replied, 'As to my being *afraid* to say elsewhere what I say here, oh, that is too absurd to require an answer.' It is nevertheless true. Melbourne does very well; his memory served him happily on this night. Brougham had lashed the Lords into a fury by calling them a *mob*, and Melbourne quoted Lord Chesterfield, who said that *all* deliberative assemblies were *mobs*. The other day Lord Howick was inveighing passionately against the Lords for their mutilations of the Corporation Bill, when Melbourne said, with his characteristic *nonchalance*, 'Why, what does it matter? We have gone on tolerably well for 500 years with these corporations, and we may contrive to go on with them for another year or so.'

On the King's birthday his Majesty had Lord Lansdowne and Lord Melbourne to dine with him at Windsor, and he made some extraordinary speeches, of which various versions are about the town. By-the-bye, I was turning over the 'Annual Register' the other day, and hit upon his speech last year to the bishops, and I was astonished at the eloquence of it. It is said that Phillpotts composed it for him, but there are some internal marks of its emanating from himself. It is certainly remarkably good of the kind, and I think it more probable that he spoke what he thought and felt, and that Phillpotts reported it and made the best of it.

September 1*st*.—Lord John Russell assembled his Whigs and Radicals at the Foreign Office yesterday morning, and announced to them the course he proposed to adopt with regard to the Corporation Bill, the amendments he would accept, those he would modify, and those he would decline. Hume made a violent speech, deprecating any concessions, but O'Connell made a very moderate one, recommending a compromise, and saying that great alarm prevailed among many well-meaning and conscientious persons lest Reform should proceed too far; that it was highly expedient to quiet

these apprehensions, and upon every account therefore he recommended a moderate and conciliatory course. There were between *two and three hundred* present at this meeting. Accordingly in the afternoon John Russell stated over again in the House of Commons pretty much what he had said in the morning, and made a very temperate and conciliatory speech. Peel, who had arrived suddenly and unexpectedly in town,[1] rose after him, and, as everybody said (some with joy, others with rage), 'threw over the Lords.' He declared his concurrence in those amendments which John Russell agreed to, and his acquiescence in most of the other provisions without the amendments of the Lords; to the aldermen for life he objected, and to some other particulars, as his speech shows. The only amendment to which he subscribed (and that was objected to by Government) was the exclusion of Dissenters from the disposal of Church patronage, and I was very much surprised to hear him stand out for this upon (as I think) very insufficient grounds. Nothing could exceed the dismay and the rage (though suppressed) of the Conservatives at his speech. He was not a bit cheered by those behind him, but very heartily by those opposite. One silly, noisy fellow, whose principal vocation in the House of Commons is to bellow, came near me under the gallery, and I asked him why they did not cheer, when he sulkily answered, 'he was so well cheered by the other side that it was not necessary.' Lord Harrowby was under the gallery. I asked him what he said to Peel's speech. 'I did not hear it,' he tartly replied, 'but he seems to have given up the aldermen. I have a great affection for the aldermen.' At the 'Travellers' I met Strangford, and asked him the same question. He said, 'I say, Not content.' 'But,' said I, 'you must take the Bill.' 'Not I, for one; the Lords cannot take it, and if we are to be ruined I think we had better be ruined by real Radicals

1 Peel gave no notice of his intention to come to town. Hardinge, who is more intimate with him than most of his political associates, was so sure he would not come that he told Bradshaw, who asked him, that he certainly would not be here, and that he (Bradshaw) might go into the country when he pleased.

than by sham Tories.' Afterwards I saw Lord Londonderry, who talked in the same strain, not denying that the Duke of Wellington had unwillingly come into the measures which Lyndhurst had adopted, but talking of Lyndhurst's Conservative scruples as a constitutional lawyer, and such stuff as this. The manner in which the Duke has been ousted from the leadership, and the alacrity with which the Lords have followed Lyndhurst, because he led them into violent courses, is not the least curious part of this business. (It seems they only meant to make Lyndhurst their leader *pro hac vice.*)

Bingham Baring and I walked away together, and I went with him to Lord Ashburton's house, who was not a little astonished at what we told him, and asserted that Peel was quite wrong about the aldermen. The violent Whigs were rather provoked at the turn things took, and Howick, whom I saw under the gallery, said with great bitterness (mixed with pleasure at Peel's abandonment of the Lords) that he, for one, 'only consented to these alterations, which made the Bill so much worse, with a view to obtain future compensation, and *with interest.*' The English Radicals were very indignant, and Hume, Grote, and Roebuck spoke one after another against the Government concessions, but there was no disposition to listen to them, and an evident satisfaction at the prospect of an amicable termination of the rising dispute. Nobody apprehends any other termination, for though the Lords will bluster, and fume, and fret, and there will be no small fermentation of mortified pride and vanity, there must be some difference of opinion at least, and the Duke of Wellington is quite sure to exert his influence to bring the majority to adopt Peel's views. It has always been considered by the Tories an object of paramount importance to keep their party together (this was the pretext of Wharncliffe and Harrowby for joining in that fatal postponement of Schedule A), and if after Peel's speech they were to refuse to accept the fair compromise which is tendered to them, it is impossible to suppose that he would consider himself as belonging to them, or that they could pretend to

acknowledge him as their leader, and the Tory party would by this schism be effectually broken up.

I have long considered the breaking up of the Tory party as a grand desideratum, and though I earnestly desire to see a powerful Conservative party in the country and in Parliament, it must be one reconstructed out of materials more various and more Liberal than that which now calls itself Conservative, but which in its heart clings to the narrow notions and loves the exclusive system of bygone days. The dissolution of the Tory party in the House of Lords, by a division of them into a high and a low section, would in itself be a reform of that House, and it is to such a dissolution and fresh modification of parties that we must look for a reform, which without any violent change will redress the balance and enable the machine of government to move without obstruction. I sat next to Senior in the House of Lords, and he was talking of the necessity of a reform of the House of Peers, and he said, 'I can see the steps of it very plainly.' 'What, by making Peers for life, as you suggest in your pamphlet?' 'No, it is too late for that now, but by the election of representatives. When Scotland was united she sent representative Peers elected from the body; Ireland the same. Now fifty years of Tory rule have given such a preponderance to the Tory interest in the House of Lords, that the balance cannot be redressed but by a creation which would make the House of Peers too numerous for a legislative assembly. I would therefore begin by creating, in order to equalise the strength of the opposite parties, and then the Peers should elect representatives.' I said, 'All this will be unnecessary, for the Tory party will be broken up, and without a change so startling and extensive the balance will be quietly redressed, and in the natural order of things.' The Duc de Nemours was under the gallery in the House of Commons, but he soon went away, and in the middle of Peel's speech.

September 3rd.—Nothing could be better than the temper and disposition of the House on Tuesday night, as well as on Monday, nothing more flattering to Peel. John Russell said 'he was anxious that the clause (I forget which) should

go forth with the sanction of the right honourable baronet's approbation.' Peel said he spoke only for himself; Lord John said that made no difference, indicating in fact that his opinion was worth more than those of all his followers put together. The Lords in the meantime are tremendously sulky, and though it is impossible to believe they will have the frantic folly to refuse the accommodation that by God's mercy is offered to them, it is not quite safe, and they are now in grand conclave at Apsley House to determine upon their course. Lord Lansdowne told me at Court yesterday that the day before he went up to Lyndhurst in the House of Lords, to speak to him about some Bill, when Lyndhurst said, 'I was in hopes you were coming to speak to me about the amendments.' 'No; it will be time enough to talk about them when they are again before the House.' 'Well, and what do they say now?' 'They say that the lives of your aldermen are not at a premium.' 'Do they? But they will rise in the market to-morrow, I can tell you.' What satisfies me most in all this is the conduct of the Government, and even that of many of the Radicals—of Hume, for instance—and the general temper and disposition evinced by the House, symptomatic of a more healthy feeling than I ever expected to see displayed. In the division the Radical numbers were contemptible, showing that the Conservative interest, if not broken up by party divisions, and if ever it was roused and connected by the acknowledgment of a common danger, would crush the Radical force in an instant. These are valuable manifestations, and worth a hundred clauses in the Corporation Bill; for what matters it whether aldermen and town clerks are perpetuated or suppressed? and it really is grotesque to fight for these puerilities as if it was a contest *pro aris et focis*, and to hesitate one instant whether a collision should be provoked between the two Houses of Parliament, and the advantages both direct and collateral flowing from Peel's mediation be thrown away, for the sake of maintaining these secondary and questionable objects.

September 6th.—On Thursday there was a great meeting

at Apsley House; eighty Peers present, and four hours' deliberation. They kept their resolutions a profound secret, but as I knew what they were on Friday morning, I went to Melbourne and told him, in order that the Government might be prepared, and turn over in their minds how matters might be accommodated. The Tories adhered to the justices and wards, and abandoned the rest. I found Melbourne and Lord John together; the latter said there would be no difficulty about the justices, but the amendment about the wards was impossible.

The debate at night was carried on with extraordinary temper and calmness; Brougham complimented Lyndhurst in very glowing terms. The matter now stands over till Monday, when the Commons must determine whether to accept the Bill with these alterations or reject it on account of them. There is great division of opinion as to the result, but I cannot bring myself to believe that they will let the Bill drop for such trifles. I asked Wharncliffe last night to explain to me in what manner these things would operate *politically*, and he owned that he thought their political importance was greatly overrated, but that the division proposed by Government gave greater influence to numbers, while that substituted by the Peers gave more to property, and that the constitution of the town councils, whether they were more or less Radical or Conservative, would have a political effect in this way; that in every borough little democracies would be established, which would be continually exercising a democratic influence and extending democratic principles, and that the greater the infusion of Conservative interest you could make in these new bodies the more that tendency would be counteracted. In my opinion a fallacy lurks under this argument; they assume the certain democratic, even revolutionary, character of the new town councils without any sufficient reason, but if this be so, and if they are correct in their anticipations, I doubt whether the guards and drawbacks with which they are endeavouring to counteract the pernicious influence they dread will be found efficacious. I do not despair of the

prevalence of sound Conservative principles *upon a Liberal basis*, and it appears to me that the Peers have committed a great blunder in expressing such violent suspicion and distrust of the new corporations; that nothing is so likely to make them Radical as to insist that they must and will be so, or to render them inimical to the aristocracy and to aristocratic institutions as to exhibit a violent hostility on the part of the aristocracy towards them. I apply this observation generally to their way of dealing with the question rather than to the particular words of the disputed clause, which is probably on the whole fairer and better as the Peers amended it than as the Commons framed it, so much so that I do not understand the tenacity with which the Government cling to it. One thing is very clear, that neither for this nor for the justices clause is it worth while (to either party) that the prevailing harmony should be broken and the Bill be lost. If both parties were sincerely desirous of an accommodation, and there was any common interest, any common ground on which they could meet, there would be no difficulty in an adjustment; but this is not the case. Not only are the interests and wishes of the two parties at variance, but the desires of the moderate and the violent in each party are so too. The moderate in both probably do wish for an accommodation. The Bill is the Bill of the Whigs, and with all the amendments it does in point of fact accomplish their object, though not, as Lyndhurst said, so completely as without them. They wish the Bill to pass, therefore, but the Tories detest the Bill even as it is, and it is no concern of theirs *quoad Bill* that it should pass; on the contrary, they would rejoice at its failure, but its failure would place the two Houses in a state of collision, and though each party would throw the blame on the other (on very plausible grounds either way), it is more the interest of the Lords than of the Commons to avert this, because the danger of collision attaches exclusively to the Lords. The violent of the Commons would rather like it; the violent of the Lords would [illegible] encounter it. There are many who desire [illegible] dispute should not be settled, in order to push [illegible]

and involve the Houses in a contest, in order to extirpate the House of Lords. What renders it more desirable on account of the Lords that the Bill should not be lost, and a cry got up against them, is the circumstance of their having thrown out so many other Bills, and some on very unjustifiable grounds—the Dublin Police Bill, for example. Not a word was said against its merits; on the contrary, it was not denied that the case was urgent, and it was only thrown out because the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin had not been consulted. Now it might have been very proper to consult these functionaries; it may even be a culpable omission to have neglected them; but this is not a time, nor is the House of Lords in circumstances, to be so fastidious and to stickle for such formalities. Their character with the nation is at stake, and it is of far greater consequence that they should do nothing calculated to throw suspicion on their motives, or odium on their proceedings, than to provide for a punctilious observance of respect and deference to the Dublin Corporation. They seem to me to have made a great mistake in throwing out this Bill, and I am much deceived if they do not hear more of it hereafter.

September 8th.—Lord John called another meeting at the Foreign Office yesterday morning, when he proposed, and they agreed to take the Lords' amendments and finish the business; so this famous Corporation Bill has got through at last. O'Connell and Warburton concurred in accepting it. The only man who violently opposed its being accepted was Tom Duncombe, who made a furious harangue, and boldly asserted that *he knew* to a positive certainty that if the Commons would hold out the Peers would abandon the justices and wards, and he offered *privately* to give John Russell a list of Peers sufficient to carry this, and who, he would answer for it, were ready to make the concession. Lord John, however, was too wise to listen to such impudent nonsense, and, though very reluctantly, it was settled that the Commons should give way. Both parties probably overrate the value of the disputed clauses, and it is to be regretted that the two Houses will not part *amicably*. Government

takes the Bill under a sort of engagement to consider it as an instalment, and that they shall try and get the difference next year. This is mere humbug, and a poor sop thrown to the Radicals, but as it answers the immediate purpose it is very well.

September 9th.—To-day at Court, when his Majesty made one of his most extraordinary harangues, and much more lengthy than usual. It was evidently got up with great care and previous determination. The last article on the Council list was one for the reduction of the militia, and it was upon this that he descanted with great vehemence. He gave a historical account of the militia from the year 1756, when he said it was increased against the inclination of George II., who was not so well acquainted with the country as his successors have been, 'when there was a Whig Administration, as there is now.' He declared his conviction that the safety of the country demanded a numerous and effective militia, that nothing should have induced him to consent to the present reduction but the necessity of making some changes which had become indispensable owing to the culpable conduct of colonels of the militia who had neglected their duty, but whose names he would not expose; that agitators in Ireland and political economists here wished to reduce this force, in order, under the pretext of economy, to leave the country defenceless; but he never would consent to this, and only agreed to the present measure upon a clear understanding that early in the next session the matter was to be brought forward in Parliament with a view to render the militia more efficient; that nothing but the militia justified the smallness of our military establishments as compared with those of other nations; and he finished by saying that the state of our relations with Russia made the maintenance of this force of paramount importance, as it was impossible to say what dangers we might not be menaced with from that quarter, or how soon we might be called upon to face them, and that the advisers of the Crown would incur a deep responsibility if any mischief arose from the undue reduction of this force. He ended a very long speech

(of which I can only put down an outline) with this strange denunciation against Russia, and then said, 'One word more. I have spoken thus in the presence of many Lords who are connected with the militia, either immediately or through their friends, because I wish that my sentiments should be thoroughly and extensively promulgated.' This is a very brief outline of his oration, which was delivered with great energy.

At the levee I had some talk with Hobhouse, who expressed himself well satisfied with the termination of the Corporation contest; he said that the King was delighted, and added (in which I think he flatters himself) that he was in high good-humour in consequence, and that though he disliked them politically, he liked them very well personally, and that if the Irish Church question could be arranged, he would be quite content with them, and they should be excellent friends.

Lord Howick, who is the bitterest of all that party, and expresses himself with astonishing acrimony, talked in his usual strain, and I could not refrain from giving him a bit of my mind. He talked of 'the Lords having played their last trump,' of 'the impossibility of their going on, of the hostility towards them in the country, and the manner in which suggestions of reforming the House of Lords were received in the House of Commons,' and expressed his conviction that 'that House as an institution was in imminent danger.' I told him I did not believe that *such sentiments* pervaded the country, that I had not yet seen sufficient evidence of it, and asked if such a spirit really was in activity, did he not think he was bound to set about resisting and counteracting it? He talked of 'its not being resistible;' he said that 'the Lords must give way or a collision would be the consequence,' and 'he knew who would go to the wall.' I said that 'it was such *sentiments* as those, uttered by such men as himself, which most contributed to create the danger the existence of which he deplored.' To this he made no answer; but who can feel secure when a Minister of the Crown, in the palace of the King, within three yards of his

person, while he is there present exercising the functions of royalty, holds language the most revolutionary, and such as might more naturally be uttered at some low meeting in St. Giles's or St. Pancras' than in such a place? In spite of my disposition to be sanguine, it is impossible to shake off *all alarm when I hear the opinions of men of different* parties (opinions founded on different data and biassed by opposite wishes) meeting at the same point, and arriving by different roads at the same conclusion.

Lyndhurst (who called on me the day before yesterday about some business) talked over the Corporation Bill, which he considers to be nearly as important as the Reform Bill. He says it must give them all the corporate boroughs, for he assumes as an undoubted fact that the new councils will be Radical, and that their influence will radicalise the boroughs. He said there was no chance of the House of Lords surviving ten years, that power must reside in the House of Commons, as it always had, and that the House of Commons would not endure the independent authority of the other House; so that Howick and Lyndhurst are not far apart in their calculations. It is certainly true, what Lyndhurst said to me the other day in George Street, that 'they know the Bill accomplishes their purpose.' Melbourne said to me at Court that 'it was a great *bouleversement*, a great experiment, and we must see how it worked.' I met him in St. James's Park afterwards, and walked with him to the Palace. He told me the King was in a state of great excitement, especially about this militia question, but that the thing which affected him most was the conduct of the Duchess of Kent—her popularity-hunting, her progresses, and above all the addresses which she received and replied to. He told me what the King had said at dinner on his birthday about her. 'I cannot expect to live very long, but I hope that my successor may be of full age when she mounts the throne. I have great respect for the person upon whom, in the event of my death, the Regency would devolve, but I have great distrust of the persons by whom she is surrounded. I know that everything which falls from my lips is reported again, and I say this

thus candidly and publicly because it is my desire and intention that these my sentiments should be made known.' Melbourne told me that he believed Lord Durham is not in favour with the Duchess of Kent, who has discovered that he had made use of her for his own ends, and she has now withdrawn her confidence from him. I asked him who her confidants were, but he either did not know or would not tell me.

Doncaster, September 15th.—Left London on Saturday morning with Matuscewitz; I had a good deal of conversation with him about the state and prospects of this country, in the course of which he told me that Louis Philippe had consulted Talleyrand about the maintenance of his intimate connection with England, and that Talleyrand had replied, 'When you came to the throne four years ago, I advised you to cultivate your relations with England as the best security you could obtain. I now advise you to relinquish that connection, for in the present state of English politics it can only be productive of danger or embarrassment to you.' Having omitted to put it down at the time, I can't recollect the exact words, but this was the sense, and *I think* Matuscewitz said that Louis Philippe had told him this himself.

We dined at Burghley on the way, and got here at two on Sunday; read Mackintosh's Life in the carriage, which made me dreadfully disgusted with my racing *métier*. What a life as compared with mine!—passed among great and wise men, and intent on high thoughts and honourable aspirations, existing amidst interests far more pungent even than those which engage me, and of the futility of which I am for ever reminded. I am struck with the coincidence of the tastes and dispositions of Burke and Mackintosh, and of something in the mind of the one which bears an affinity to that of the other; but their characters—how different! their abilities—how unequal! yet both, how superior, even the weakest of the two, to almost all other men, and the success of each so little corresponding with his powers, neither having ever attained any object of ambition beyond that of fame. All their talents, therefore, and all their requirements, did not

procure them content, and probably Burke was a very unhappy, and Mackintosh not a very happy, man. The suavity, the indolent temperament, the 'mitissapientia' of Mackintosh may have warded off sorrow and mitigated disappointment, but the stern and vindictive energies of Burke must have kept up a storm of conflicting passions in his breast. But I turn from Mackintosh and Burke to all that is vilest and foolishest on earth, and among such I now pass my unprofitable hours. There seems to me less gaiety and bustle here than formerly, but as much villany as ever. From want of money or of enterprise, or from greater distrust and a paucity of spectators, there is very little betting, and what there is, spiritless and dull. There are vast crowds of people to see the Princess Victoria, who comes over from Wentworth today, and the Duc de Nemours is here. I am going to run for the St. Leger, which I shall probably not win, and though I am nervous and excited, I shall not care much if I lose, and I doubt whether I should care very much if I won; but this latter sensation will probably be for ever doubtful. There is something in it all which displeases me, and I often wish I was well out of it.

Burghley, September 21st.—I did lose the St. Leger, and did not care; idled on at Doncaster to the end of the week, and came here on Saturday to meet the Duchess of Kent. They arrived from Belvoir at three o'clock in a heavy rain, the civic authorities having turned out at Stamford to escort them, and a procession of different people all very loyal. When they had lunched, and the Mayor and his brethren had got dry, the Duchess received the address, which was read by Lord Exeter as Recorder. It talked of the Princess as 'destined to mount the throne of these realms.' Conroy handed the answer, just as the Prime Minister does to the King. They are splendidly lodged, and great preparations have been made for their reception.

London, September 27th.—The dinner at Burghley was very handsome; hall well lit; and all went off well, except that a pail of ice was landed in the Duchess's lap, which made a great bustle. Three hundred people at the ball, which was

opened by Lord Exeter and the Princess, who, after dancing one dance, went to bed. They appeared at breakfast the next morning at nine o'clock, and at ten set off to Holkham. Went to Newmarket on Tuesday and came to town on Wednesday; found it very empty and no news. Lord Chatham died the day before yesterday, which is of no other importance than that of giving some honours and emoluments to Melbourne to distribute.

The papers are full of nothing but O'Connell's progress in Scotland, where he is received with unbounded enthusiasm by enormous crowds, but by no people of rank, property, or character. It is a rabble triumph altogether, but it is made the most of by all the Ministerial papers. The Opposition papers pour torrents of invective upon him, and he in his speeches is not behindhand with the most virulent and scurrilous of them; he is exalted to the bad eminence at which he has arrived more by the assaults of his enemies than by the efforts of his friends. It is the Tories who are ever insisting upon the immensity of his power, and whose excess of hatred and fear make him of such vast account that 'he draws the rabble after him as a monster makes a show.' However mean may be his audiences in Scotland, he has numbers to boast of, and that will serve his purpose; he will no doubt render this reception instrumental to the increase of his authority in Ireland. He now avows that he has abandoned Repeal, and all other projects, in order to devote himself to the great task of reforming the House of Lords.

I have finished Mackintosh's Life with great delight, and many painful sensations, together with wonder and amazement. His account of his reading is utterly incomprehensible to me; he must have been endowed with some superhuman faculty of transferring the contents of books to his own mind. He talks in his journals of reading volumes in a few hours which would seem to demand many days even from the most rapid reader. I have heard of Southey, who would read a book through as he stood in a bookseller's shop; that is, his eye would glance down the page, and by a pro-

ness partly mechanical, partly intellectual, formed by long habit, he would extract in his synoptical passage all that he required to know. (Macaulay was, and George Lewis is, just as wonderful in this respect.) Some of the books that Mackintosh talks of, philosophical and metaphysical works, could not be so disposed of, and I should like much to know what his system or his secret was. I met Sydney Smith yesterday, and asked him why more of the journals had not been given. He said because the editors had been ill advised, but that in another edition more should be given; that Mackintosh was the most agreeable man he had ever known, that he had been shamefully used by his friends, and by none more than by Brougham. So, I said, it would appear by what you say in your letter. 'Oh no,' he said, laughing and chuckling, and shaking his great belly, 'you don't really think I meant to allude to Brougham?' 'Mackintosh's son,' he said 'is a man of no talents, the composition (what there is of it) belongs to Erskine, his son-in-law, a sensible man.' To be sure there are some strange things said by Mackintosh here and there; among others, that Lord Holland only wanted voice—not to be impeded in his utterance—to be a greater orator than Canning or Brougham! If he had not been a man 'whom no sense of wrongs could rouse to vengeance,' he would have flung the India Board in Lord Grey's face when he was insulted with the offer of it.[1] What are we to think of the necessary connection between intellectual superiority and official eminence, when we have seen the Duke of Richmond invited to be a member of the Cabinet, while Mackintosh was thrust into an obscure and subordinate office—Mackintosh placed under the orders of Charles Grant! Well might he regret that he had not been a professor, and, 'with safer pride content,' adorned with unusual glory some academical chair. Then while he was instructing and delighting the world, there would have been many regrets and lamentations that such mighty talents were confined to such a narrow sphere, and innumerable speculations of the great-

[1] [Sir James Mackintosh was a member of the Board of Control under Lord Grey's Government. He never held any other office in England.]

ness he would have achieved in political life, and how the irresistible force of his genius and his eloquence must have raised him to the pinnacle of Parliamentary fame and political power. Perhaps he would have partaken in this delusion, and have bitterly lamented the success which had deprived him of a more brilliant fortune and a loftier fame; for it may reasonably be doubted whether all his laborious investigations of the deepest recesses of the human mind, and his extensive acquaintance with the theory of mental phenomena, would have enabled him accurately to ascertain the practical capabilities of his own mind, and to arrive at those just conclusions which should indicate to him that path of life on which it was most expedient for him to travel, with reference to the strength of his understanding, and the softness, not to say feebleness, of his character.

CHAPTER XXX.

Emperor Nicholas's Speech at Warsaw—His respect for opinion in England—Burdett proposes the expulsion of O'Connell from Brookes's—Club law—George Villiers at Madrid—Lord Segrave Lord-Lieutenant of Gloucestershire—*Dispute between France and America*—*Allen's account of Mack-* [illegible] Langdale—Opening of Parliament—The Judicial Committee—Poulett Thomson at the Board of Trade—Mr. Perceval's interviews with the Ministers—Prospects of the Tories—Lord Stanley's relations to them—*Holland House Anecdotes*—*Mischievous Effects of the division on his* Address—The youth of Macaulay—Brougham and Macaulay—Lord William Bentinck—Review of Sir R. Peel's conduct—Dr. Hampden's appointment—The Orange Lodges.

November 17th.—Since I have been in London, on my return from the Newmarket meetings, I have had nothing to note. The O'Connell and Raphael wrangle goes on, and will probably come before Parliament. It appears to make a greater sensation at Paris than here; there, however, all other sensations are absorbed in that which the Emperor of Russia's speech at Warsaw has produced, and which indicates *an excitement, or ferocity, very like insanity.*[1] *Melbourne* mentioned at dinner on Sunday that it was not only quite correctly reported—rather *under*stated—but that after he had so delivered himself, he met the English Consul in the street, took him by the arm, walked about with him for an hour, and begged him not to be *too hard* upon him in his report

[1] [This was the first time the Emperor Nicholas had visited Poland since the Revolution of 1830, and he took the opportunity to express himself in language of excessive severity to the municipality of Warsaw, threatening to lay the city in ruins if the Poles rebelled again.]

to his Government. I was not present, but Henry de Ros was, who told it me. I am thus particular from, as it seems to me, the exceeding curiosity of the anecdote, evincing on the part of the autocrat, in the midst of the insolence of unbridled power, a sort of consciousness of responsibility to European opinion, and a deferential dread of that of England in particular.

November 22nd.—My brother Algy showed me a few days ago a letter from the Duke of Wellington to the Duke of Cumberland—a gossiping letter about nothing, but in which there was this which struck me as odd. He said that he was informed that the English who had been to the reviews at Kalisch had been very ill received, and that even those to whom *he* had given letters of introduction had experienced nothing but incivility, and that he regretted having had the presumption to imagine that any recommendation of his would be attended to by the Sovereigns or their Ministers—a curious exhibition of pique, for what I believe to be an imaginary incivility. It is a strange thing that he is very sensitive, and yet has no strong feelings; but this is after all only one of the forms of selfishness.

Burdett has written a letter to the managers of Brooks's, to propose the expulsion of O'Connell. It will do no good; these abortive attempts do nothing towards plucking him down from his bad eminence, and their failure gives him a triumph. So it was in Alvanley's case; there a great deal of very proper indignation was thrown away, and O'Connell had the satisfaction of baffling his antagonists, and obtaining a sort of recognition of his assumed right to act as he does. It is a case which admits of a good argument either way. On the one side is the perilous example of any club taking cognizance of acts of its members, private or political, which do not concern the club, or have no local reference to it—a principle, if once admitted, of which it would be next to impossible to regulate and control the application, and probably be productive of greater evils than those it would be intended to remedy. On the other hand, the case of O'Connell is altogether peculiar; it is such a one as can hardly ever occur

again, and therefore may be treated as deserving an exception from ordinary rules, because it not only cannot be drawn into a precedent, but the very circumstance of its being so treated must prevent the possibility of its recurrence. There exists a code of social law, which is universally subscribed to, as necessary and indispensable for the preservation of social harmony and decorum. One man has given public notice that he is self-emancipated from its obligations; that he acknowledges none of the restraints, and will submit to none of the penalties, by which the intercourse of society is regulated and kept in order; and having thus surrounded himself with all the immunities of irresponsibility, 'out of the reach of danger he is bold, out of the reach of shame he is confident.' Instead of feeling that he is specially bound to guard his language with the most scrupulous care, and to abstain religiously from every offensive expression, he mounts into regions of scurrility and abuse inaccessible to all other men, and he riots in invective and insult with a scornful and ostentatious exhibition of his invulnerability, which renders him an object of execration to all those who cherish the principles and the feelings of honour.

November 29th.—There are gloomy letters from George Villiers at Madrid; he attributes the Spanish difficulties more to the conduct of Louis Philippe than anything else, who, he says, is playing false diabolically. Mendizabal is very able, but ill surrounded; no other public man of any merit. Parties are violent and individuals foolish, mischievous, and corrupt; the country poor, depopulated, ignorant—out of such elements what good can come? His letters (to his mother and brothers) are very interesting, very well written, clever, lively; he seems a little carried away by the vanity and the excitement of the part he plays, and I observe a want of steadiness in his opinions and a disposition to waver in his views from day to day; whereas it does not appear to me as if the state of Spain depended upon diurnal circumstances and events, but more upon the workings of great causes interwoven with, and deeply seated in, the

positive state of society and the moral and political condition of the nation.

December 4th.—A letter I wrote the other day about O'Connell appeared on Tuesday in the 'Times.' It rather took, for the evening (Tory) papers all copied it, and I heard it was talked of. Yesterday there appeared an answer of O'Connell's to Burdett's letter—very short, but very clever; and those who know Burdett say, well calculated to mortify and annoy him. I called on Stanley yesterday, who said that he thought the Raphael case ought to and would be made something of in the House of Commons, and that Spring Rice, whom he had lately seen, had told him he thought it a clear case of bribery. Lord Segrave has got the Gloucestershire Lieutenancy, and this appointment, disgraceful in itself, exhibits all the most objectionable features of the old boroughmongering system, which was supposed to be swept away. (He turned out a good Lord-Lieutenant.) He was in London as soon as the breath was out of the Duke of Beaufort's body, went to Melbourne, and claimed this appointment on the score of having three members, which was more than any other man in England now returned. 'My brothers,' he said, 'the electors do not know by sight; it is my influence which returns them.' The appeal was irresistible, and 'We are three' was as imperative with Melbourne as 'We are seven' was with the Duke of Newcastle. The scarcity of the commodity enhances its value, and now that nominations are swept away, the few who are still fortunate enough to possess some remnants are great men; and Segrave's three brothers, thrown (as they would without scruple have been) into the opposite scale, would have nearly turned it. There is a very respectable Whig (Lord Ducie) in the county, whom everybody pointed out as the fittest successor to the late Duke; but he has not three members, and if he had, he would not shake them *in terrorem* over Melbourne's head.

December 10th and 11th.—Our Government are in a great alarm lest this dispute between the French and Americans should produce a war, and the way in which we should be

affected by it is this:[1]—Our immense manufacturing population is dependent upon America for a supply of cotton, and in case of any obstruction to that supply, multitudes would be thrown out of employment, and incalculable distress would follow. They think that the French would blockade the American ports, and then such obstruction would be inevitable. A system like ours, which resembles a vast piece of machinery, no part of which can be disordered without danger to the whole, must be always liable to interruption or injury from causes over which we have no control; and this danger must always attend the extension of our manufacturing system to the prejudice of other interests; so that in case of a stoppage or serious interruption to the current in which it flows the consequences would be appalling; nor is there in all probability a nation on the Continent (our good ally Louis Philippe included) that would not gladly contribute to the humiliation of the power and diminution of the wealth of this country.

December 16th.—Dined with Sefton the day before yesterday to meet the Hollands; sat between Allen and Luttrell. Melbourne was there in roaring spirits; met me very cordially, and after dinner said, 'Well, how are you? I had a great deal to say to you, but I forget what it was now.' To which I replied, 'Oh, never mind now; we are here to amuse ourselves, and we won't talk of other things.' I could not have *settled* anything with him there, so there was no use in beginning; and this put him at his ease, instead of making him hate the sight of me, and fancying wherever he met me that I should begin badgering him about my affairs.[2] In the world men must be dealt with according to what they are, and not to what they ought to be; and the great art

[[1] This dispute arose from the detention of American ships by the Emperor Napoleon under the Continental system. The Americans claimed large damages, and the negotiation lasted twenty years. At length General Jackson, the American President, insisted on payment, and the French Government settled the matter for twenty-five millions of francs; but the question led to a change in the French Ministry.]

[2] [This referred to some private affairs of Mr. Greville's which were then under discussion, and on which Lord Melbourne's influence was important.]

of life is to find out what they are, and act with them accordingly.

Allen talked of Mackintosh, and of his declaration of religious belief on his deathbed, when he had never believed at all during his life. He said that Mackintosh was not very deeply read in theology. Melbourne, on the contrary, is, and being a very good Greek scholar (which Mackintosh was not), has compared the Evidences and all modern theological works with the writings of the Fathers. He did not believe that Melbourne entertained *any doubts*, or that his mind was at all distracted and perplexed with much thinking and much reading on the subject, but that his studies and reflections have led him to a perfect *conviction* of unbelief.[1] He thought if Mackintosh had lived much with Christians he would have been one too. We talked of Middleton, and Allen said that he believed he really died a Christian, but that he was rapidly ceasing to be one, and if he had lived would probably have continued the argument of his free enquiry up to the Apostles themselves. He urged me to read Lardner; said he had never read Paley nor the more recent Evidences, the materials of all of which are, however, taken from Lardner's work. Luttrell was talking of Moore and Rogers—the poetry of the former so licentious, that of the latter so pure; much of its popularity owing to its being so carefully weeded of everything approaching to indelicacy; and the contrast between the *lives* and the *works* of the two men—the former a pattern of conjugal and domestic regularity, the latter of all the men he had ever known the greatest sensualist.

Yesterday Lyndhurst and Brougham both came to the Council Office to hear the first application for the renewal of a patent, and though there was no opposition, they scrutinised the petition and evidence with the utmost jealousy, which they did in order to intimate that the granting a pro-

[1] [John Allen was himself so fierce an unbeliever, and so bitter an enemy to the Christian religion, that he was very fond of asserting that other men believed as little as himself. It was almost always Allen who gave an irreligious turn to the conversation at Holland House when these subjects were discussed there.]

longation of the patent, even when unopposed, was not to be a matter of course. It was a pianoforte invention, and the instrument was introduced into the Council Chamber, and played upon by Madame Dülcken for the edification of their Lordships.

December 18*th*.—Melbourne told me (the other night at Sefton's) that he had been down to Oatlands to consult F. and H. about Dr. Arnold (of Rugby), and to ascertain if he could properly make him a bishop; but they did not encourage him, which I was surprised at, recollecting the religious correspondence which formerly passed between them and him. Arnold, however, shocks the High Churchmen, and is not considered orthodox; and Melbourne said it would make a great uproar to put him on the Bench, and was out of the question. He had been reading his sermons, which he thought very able.

December 20*th*.—The Treasury have sent a proposed draft of a minute in my case. When it is over I shall not much care, for I have long since abandoned all expectation of being rich, and there are none of my expensive pursuits which I could not resign very cheerfully. Up to a certain point riches contribute largely to the happiness of life, but no farther. To be free from the necessity of daily self-denial and continual calculation is indispensable to happiness, but the major luxuries—ostentatious superfluities—contribute little or nothing to rational enjoyment. I have just seen an excellent letter from Frederic Elliot to Taylor, with a description of the state of parties and politics in Lower Canada, which has been shown to the Ministers, who think it the ablest *exposé* on those heads that has been transmitted from thence. I have very little doubt that he will *go far*; he has an admirable talent for business, a clear head, liberal and unprejudiced opinions, and he writes remarkably well.[1]

[1] [This prediction was fulfilled. Mr. Frederic Elliot was the youngest son of the Rt. Hon. Hugh Elliot, and nephew of the first Earl of Minto. He went to Canada in 1835 with Lord Gosford, entered the Colonial Office on his return to England, rose to be Assistant-Under-Secretary in that department, and is now (1873) Sir T. Frederic Elliot, K.S.M.G.]

December 24th.—The Northamptonshire election has greatly elevated the spirits of the Conservatives, and though the Whigs affect to hold it cheap, they are not a little disconcerted by the magnitude of the majority, so unexpected by both parties. Impartial moderate men (such, for example, as the judges who sit in my Court) attribute it to a strong prevailing feeling against O'Connell; and it would appear to be so, because Hanbury, and even Vernon Smith, were compelled to hold language very adverse to him on the hustings. This O'Connell connection will, after all, probably end in destroying the Government; his last letter against the Peers is a very despicable performance, and he will be more injured by his own than by Burdett's productions.

December 26th.—The adherents of Government are certainly alarmed at the present aspect of things. Lord William Bentinck, who is as Radical as need be, wrote to his wife at Paris, 'Tory matters are certainly looking up here; that senseless cry against O'Connell has produced a great effect.' Nevertheless they affect at Brooks's to hold it all very cheap.

December 30th.—Wednesday at Roehampton—since Monday; for the first time since Lord Dover's death. Luttrell, Poodle Byng, Baring Wall; Lady Dover still in weeds. Lord Clifden not a jot altered from his usual gaiety; such is the difference between the feelings of youth and age.

The exultation of the Tories at the Northamptonshire election has been woefully damped by the result of the Corporation elections, nine out of ten of which have gone for the Radicals, and in many places all the persons elected are of that persuasion. The constituency is certainly different, and a desire to make *maison nette* of these dens of corruption is not unnatural; but it affords a plausible subject for triumph on the Radical side, and has a formidable appearance.

1836.

Melton Mowbray, January 20th.—I went with Henry de Ros from London to Middleton last Saturday fortnight, stayed till the Thursday following, and then to Badminton—eighteen years since I had been there. Last Thursday to Bretby; slept at Worcester on Thursday night, stopped to see the Cathedrals at Gloucester, Worcester, and Lichfield, and the Church at Tewkesbury—all well worth seeing, and containing curious monuments, especially that of Bishop Hough at Worcester by Roubiliac, exceedingly grand; and in Lichfield Cathedral a chapter-house of surpassing beauty. At Bretby the Duke of Wellington had been, and Peel still was, but he departed early the next morning. I had been anxious to go there to look over the Chesterfield MSS., but I was disappointed; there were only three large volumes of letters come-at-able out of thirty, the other twenty-seven being locked up, and the key was gone to be mended. These three I ran over hastily, but though they may contain matter that would be useful to the historian of that period (from 1728 to about 1782), there was little in any way attractive, as they consisted wholly of diplomatic letters to Lord Chesterfield during his Embassy at the Hague. As this correspondence occupied twenty volumes (for the three I found were the second, third, and twentieth), I fear the others may not contain anything of greater general interest.

I was desirous of seeing the Duke to hear what he says to the Portfolio,[1] which makes so much noise here. Peel told me that the Duke was not at all annoyed by it, and that he did not see why Matuscewitz need be either; that

[1] [A collection of diplomatic papers and correspondence between the Russian Government and its agents, published about this time by Mr. Urquhart, [illegible] policy of the Cabinet of St. [illegible] original documents which [illegible] of the Grand Duke Constantine when Viceroy of Poland, and they fell into the hands of the insurgents at the time of the Polish Revolution of 1830. Prince Adam Czartoryski brought them to England, where the publication of them excited great attention.]

Matuscewitz wrote what he thought and believed at the time, as he was bound to do, and long before his intimacy with the Duke began. He said that the letters are certainly authentic, though possibly there may be some omissions. But the Duke's women endeavour to stir up his resentment, and to make him think himself ill-used, though he is disposed to treat the matter with great good-humour and indifference. Of politics I have heard little, and learnt nothing; the Tory houses I have successively been at are all on the alert, and fancy they are to do great things this next session, but I expect it will all end in smoke.

The law appointments of Pepys[1] and Bickersteth are reckoned very good, and they have certainly been made with especial reference to the fitness of the men to preside over their respective Courts. Pepys's is perhaps one of the most curious instances of elevation that ever occurred: a good sound lawyer, in leading practice at the Bar, never heard of in politics, no orator, a plain undistinguished man, to whom expectation never pointed, and upon whom the Solicitor-Generalship fell as it were by accident, finds himself Master of the Rolls in a few months after his appointment, by the sudden death of Leach, and in little more than one year from that time a peer and Chancellor. I fancy there were considerable difficulties in settling these appointments, and in satisfying disappointed expectants, but of the details of the difficulties I know nothing. They will probably confer some strength on the Government. We came here yesterday, and are comfortably lodged at Wilton's.

London, January 30th.—Dinner yesterday for the Sheriffs.[2]

[1] [Sir Christopher Pepys, Master of the Rolls, was raised to the Peerage as Lord Cottenham, and received the Great Seal. Mr. Bickersteth succeeded him as Master of the Rolls, and was raised to the Peerage with the title of Lord Langdale. These appointments were much discussed, and at last decided by a vote of the Cabinet, several of the Ministers being in favour of making Bickersteth Lord Chancellor, because he promised more as a Law Reformer.]

[2] The Lord President of the Council gives an annual dinner to his colleagues, at which the list of Sheriffs for the ensuing year is settled. The arrangements are made by the Clerk of the Council, after the nomination of the Sheriffs by the Judges.

The plan I had adopted (which was not completely executed owing to the absence of some of the judges from the Exchequer on 'the morrow of St. Martin's') did very well, and we had few difficulties with the English counties. There was Lord Cottenham, for the first time, and Howick and Poulett Thomson, their first appearances as Cabinet Ministers. Parliament opens on Thursday, and as far as I can judge with a favourable prospect for the present Government. Stanley has openly expressed his opinion that no changes are desirable, and Peel will not be anxious to thrust himself in, with a doubtful chance of keeping his place if he can get it; so the hot and sanguine Tories, who have been vastly elevated at the prospect they thought was before them, will have to fret and fume and chew the cud of disappointment. There was a great Tory gathering at Drayton the other day, but I have not heard what they resolved upon. Lord Lansdowne told me yesterday that Stanley has declared openly the opinion above stated, and he seems to think they are pretty safe. Tavistock wrote me word that the Government meant to be moderate, and that any concessions would be made by, and not to, the violent section. The great questions likely to be discussed are the Appropriation clause and the Irish Corporation Bill. The Government and O'Connell are not likely to differ on anything but this, and if a strong measure passes the House of Commons, the Lords will throw it out, and probably Government will not in their hearts be sorry for it. In the balanced state of parties, the tranquillity and prosperity that prevail, possession is everything, and I am therefore quite satisfied that nothing but some unforeseen circumstance or event will disturb these people. Brougham is seriously ill at Brougham. Melbourne has been in correspondence with him, and these arrangements are by way of having been made with his concurrence. Nothing whatever is settled as to ulterior law matters; the Vice-Chancellor told me so yesterday, and the Chancellor old him. They talk of a permanent judge in the Privy ouncil, which would be a virtual repeal of the principal rt of Brougham's famous Bill; for if there was one per-

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manent judge with a casual *quorum*, the permanent judge would in point of fact be the real administrator of the law, as he used to be under the old system.

I had a great deal of conversation with Poulett Thomson last night after dinner on one subject or another; he is very good-humoured, pleasing, and intelligent, but the greatest coxcomb I ever saw, and the vainest dog, though his vanity is not offensive or arrogant; but he told me that when Lord Grey's Government was formed (at which time he was a junior partner in a mercantile house, and had been at most five years in Parliament), he was averse to take office, but Althorp declared he would not come in unless Thomson did also, and that, knowing the importance of Althorp's accession to the Government, he sacrificed a large income, and took the Board of Trade; that when this was offered to him, he was asked whether he cared if he was President or Vice-President, as they wished to make Lord Auckland President if he (Poulett Thomson) had no objection. He said, provided the President was not in the Cabinet, he did not care; and accordingly he condescended to be Vice-President, knowing that all the business must be done in the House of Commons, and that he must be (as in fact he said he was) the virtual head of the office. All this was told with a good-humoured and smiling complacency, which made me laugh internally. He then descanted on the inefficiency of his subordinates; that Auckland did not like writing, that nobody else could write, and consequently every paper had been drawn up by himself since he first entered the office. To do him justice I believe he is very industrious. When he got into the Cabinet he said he could no longer go on in this way, and accordingly he has superannuated Lack, and is going to appoint the best man he can find in his place. This operation has led to the removal of Hay, whom Stephen replaces at the Colonial Office.

February 1*st*.—Howick gave me an account yesterday of Spencer Perceval's communications to the Ministers, and other Privy Councillors. He called on Howick, who received him very civilly. Perceval began, 'You will probably be

surprised when you learn what has brought me here.' Howick bowed. 'You are aware that God has been pleased in these latter times to make especial communications of His will to certain chosen instruments, in a language not intelligible to those who hear it, nor always to those by whom it is uttered: I am one of those instruments, to whom it has pleased the Almighty to make known His will, and I am come to declare to you, &c. . . .' and then he went off in a rhapsody about the degeneracy of the times, and the people falling off from God. I asked him what Perceval seemed to be driving at, what was his definite object? He said it was not discoverable, but that from the printed paper which he had circulated to all Privy Councillors (for to that body he appears to think that his mission is addressed), in which he specifies all the great acts of legislation for the last five years (beginning with the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts), as the evidences of a falling off from God, or as the causes of the divine anger, it may perhaps be inferred that he means they should all be repealed. It is a ridiculous and melancholy exposure. His different receptions by different people are amusing and characteristic. Howick listened to him with patient civility. Melbourne argued with and cross-questioned him. He told him 'that he ought to have gone to the Bishops rather than to him,' to which Perceval replied, that one of the brethren (Henry Drummond) was gone to the Archbishop. Stanley turned him out at once. As soon as he began he said, 'There is no use, Mr. Perceval, in going on this way with me. We had, therefore, better put an end to the subject, and I wish you good morning.' He went to Lord Holland, and Lady Holland was with great difficulty persuaded to allow him to go and receive the Apostles. She desired Lord John Russell (who happened to be in the house) to go with him, but John begged to be excused, alleging that he had already had his interview and did not wish for another. So at last she let Lord Holland be wheeled in, but ordered Edgar and Harold, the two pages, to post themselves outside the door, and rush in if they heard Lord Holland scream. Perceval has been

with the King, and went to Drayton after Sir Robert Peel, but he complains that he cannot catch the Duke of Wellington.

February 3rd.—A meeting at the Council Office yesterday on another patent case, a gun—Baron Heurteloup, the famous lithotritic doctor and inventor—which was clicked off for the information of their Lordships. Since this Patent Bill, we have got very noisy between percussion guns and pianofortes. I walked away with Lyndhurst to hear what he had to say. He said that he understood Peel was come to town with the intention of being very active, but that the Duke talked of staying at Strathfieldsaye till after Easter; and if the Duke did not attend the House of Lords, no more would he; he said it was impossible to turn out the Government—what could they do? that it would never do for them to come in again without a considerable majority, and *that* they had not, nor would have. What would a dissolution do for them? Not, I said, anything considerable, if the new Corporations were to have the influence he always attributed to them, and I asked him whether the working of the Municipal Bill promised to be as mischievous as he had expected. He said, 'Yes, I think so;' but I could see that he does not think so very badly of it as he once told me. However, I gather from him that the leaders are aware that the time is not come for attempting to push out the Government, and that they will not try; their difficulty will be to deal with their own rash and impatient followers, who are always for desperate courses. Lyndhurst told me that he thought Peel felt very bitterly towards Stanley, and that it must end in their decided opposition to each other. I confess I never had much faith in any union between them which was likely to be durable or satisfactory. Stanley has been living constantly with the Whigs, and probably looks forward to joining them again, when the settlement, or some settlement, of the Church question will allow him; and it will be much more congenial to his tastes and character to be the rival of Peel than his subordinate. I told Lyndhurst that I hoped the House of Lords would be moderate, confine their opposition to certain great measures, and not thwart the Government without necessity. He said

he was desirous so to do, to deal with great measures of legislation as they might see fit, but no more. I asked him why they threw out certain Bills last year, among others the Dublin Police Bill, to which there really had seemed to be no objection. He said, for two reasons; one was that they did not choose to admit the practice that after Parliament had been sitting many months, during which Bills might have been sent up, and plenty of time afforded for their consideration, they should be laid upon the table of the House of Lords just at the end of the session, when they were to be hurried over, and passed without that mature deliberation which they required: and particularly as to the Dublin Police Bill, that they well knew it was a mere job to provide for certain of O'Connell's friends. He then mentioned a fact in justification of the first of the above reasons—that, in discussing with Duncannon one of the Irish Bills of which he had the management, he alluded to one particular clause. Duncannon asserted that there was no such clause in the Bill. He repeated that there was, when Duncannon went away, and soon afterwards returned and acknowledged that he had been in error, that the clause was there, though he was not aware of it, nor had it been inserted in the copy with which he had been first furnished.

I heard a great deal more about Perceval's proceedings, and those of his colleagues yesterday; they continue to visit the Privy Councillors. Lyndhurst told me he had been with him for an hour, Lord Lansdowne the same. When he gave Lord Lansdowne his book, as he glanced over it, Perceval said, 'I am aware it is not well written; the composition is not perfect, but I was not permitted to alter it; I was obliged to write it as I received it.' Drummond went in a chaise and four to the Archbishop of York at Nuneham, who endeavoured to stop his mouth with a good luncheon, but this would not do. He told the Archbishop the end of the world was approaching, and that it was owing to the neglect of himself and his brethren that the nation was in its present awful state. Perceval told Lord Lansdowne that their sect was increasing greatly and rapidly; they have several congregations in

London, two clergymen of the Church of England have joined them, and two men who still occupy their pulpits are only waiting for the call which they daily expect to receive.

February 5th.—Parliament met yesterday; the King received with great apathy. The Tories have not begun very well. After boasting of their increased numbers, and of the great things they had accomplished by elections during the recess, they got beaten on a division by 41—a greater number than they were ever beaten by last year on any great question. The speech was a very milk-and-water production, and scarcely afforded a peg to hang an amendment upon. It is true that on the point on which the amendment was made (not pledging the House to adopt the principle of the English Corporation Act in the Irish Bill) the Duke was probably right, but a protest would have done just as well, and there was no need to press an amendment on such a trifle. The other side felt this in the House of Lords, and gave it up, though there were so many Ministerial peers in the House that the division would have been very near; but in the House of Commons Lord John Russell would not give way, and what is more, Peel never had any intention of moving any amendment, for there was a great meeting in the morning at his house, and there it was resolved that none should be moved; and certainly very few people expected any. At last he moved it, because it had been moved in the House of Lords, but it seems to have been a foolish, bungling business altogether. The Tories are always hot for dividing, and the silly idle creatures who compose the bulk of the party apologise for their continual absence by saying, 'Oh, you never divide, so what's the use of coming up,' as if divisions must be got up for them when it suits their convenience to quit their hunting and shooting and run up to town. Stanley made a strong speech against the Government, to my great amazement, and, having been ironically cheered by the Treasury bench, he got angry. He sat, too, on the Opposition bench (the same on which Peel sits), nearer the Speaker; still I do not believe that he will join the Opposition; however, they are surprised and pleased at the tone he took. Some fancy that the divi-

sion and majority last night will be useful to the Government, and make it out to be very important, which, however, I think is making much more of it than it deserves. The debate was very bad; everybody spoke wretchedly.

February 6th.—I only heard last night what passed at Peel's meeting; for he desired it might not be repeated, and that the meeting should be considered confidential; he made them a speech, in which he indicated in pretty plain terms, but without mentioning names, that it was of great consequence to shape their proceedings so as to get the support of Stanley, and that they never would be sure what line he would take; so that he does look to Stanley, notwithstanding what Lyndhurst says of his real sentiments concerning him, which, no doubt, is correct.

February 7th.—Last night I went to Holland House; found my Lord and my Lady sitting *tête-à-tête*. About twelve she went to bed, and Standish and I stayed with him till two o'clock, hearing his accounts of speeches and speakers of old times, and anecdotes, some of which I had heard before, and some not, but they bear repeating. He is marvellously entertaining in this way; the stories so good, so well told, his imitations of the actors in the events which he narrates giving you such a conviction of their fidelity. If Lord Holland has prepared any memoirs, and put down all he remembers, as well as all he has been personally concerned in, it will make a delightful book. I asked him if his uncle and Pitt were in habits of communication in the House of Commons, and on terms of mutual civility and good-humour, and he said, 'Oh yes, very; I think they had a great respect for each other; latterly I think my uncle was more bitter against him'—I enquired whether he thought they would have joined? He thought they might have done so. He thinks the finest speeches Fox made (if it were possible to select out of so many fine ones) were on the war, on the Scrutiny, and on Bonaparte's overtures. Grattan complimenting him on his speech on the war, he said, 'I don't know if it was good, but I know I can't make a better.' Fox never wrote his speeches, was fond of preparing them in

travelling, as he said a postchaise was the best place to arrange his thoughts in. Sheridan wrote and prepared a great deal, and generally in bed, with his books, pen, and ink, on the bed, where he would lie all day. Brougham wrote and re-wrote, over and over again, whole speeches; he has been known to work fifteen hours a day for six weeks together.

It is inconceivable the effect the division on the address has had. Holland said last night he thought it had given them a new lease, and Hobhouse, whom I met in the morning in high glee, talked with great contempt of the tactics and miserable composition of the Tory party. He said that he knew to a vote what their numbers would be on the Church question, and *on everything else* they should beat them hollow (he did not mean, of course, to include the Irish Corporation Bill in this). The sensible Tories admit it to have been a great blunder, but the authors of the folly affect to bluster and put a good face on it, though it is easy to see that they are really in doleful dumps. But of all bad hits Stanley certainly made the worst. He went on to the last moment living with the Ministers with the utmost cordiality, and giving them to understand that he was generally friendly to them; talked strong anti-Tory language, and impressed on them the conviction that he was with them on everything but the Church. (Exactly like his conduct to Peel and his former colleagues on the matter of Free Trade when he separated from them—1847.) If he had contented himself with declaring that he did not mean to be committed to any particular course by the address, and deprecated a division, he would not only have prevented it, but he would have at once placed himself in a respectable position as a sort of mediator and arbiter between the two parties, and would have had the satisfaction of showing the world that both were disposed to treat him with deference and respect. A word from Stanley would have made Peel abstain from moving his amendment or withdraw it. I met Graham the day before yesterday in the Park, but only exchanged a few words with him. He said the division was a very bad business.

February 9th.—I was talking yesterday with Stephen about Brougham and Macaulay. He said he had known Brougham above thirty years, and well remembers walking with him down to Clapham, to dine with old Zachary Macaulay, and telling him he would find a prodigy of a boy there of whom he must take notice. This was Tom Macaulay. Brougham afterwards put himself forward as the monitor and director of the education of Macaulay, and I remember hearing of a letter he wrote to the father on the subject, which made a great noise at the time; but he was like the man who brought up a young lion, which finished by biting his head off. Brougham and Macaulay disliked each other. Brougham could not forgive his great superiority in many of those accomplishments in which he thought himself unrivalled; and being at no pains to disguise his jealousy and dislike, the other was not behind him in corresponding feelings of aversion. It was unworthy of both, but most of Brougham, who was the aggressor, and who might have considered the world large enough for both of them, and that a sufficiency of fame was attainable by each. Stephen said that, if ever Macaulay's life was written by a competent biographer, it would appear that he had displayed feats of memory which he believed to be unequalled by any human being. He can repeat all Demosthenes by heart, and all Milton, a great part of the Bible, both in English and (the New Testament) in Greek; besides this his memory retains passages innumerable of every description of books, which in discussion he pours forth with incredible facility. He is passionately fond of Greek literature; has not much taste for Latin or French. Old Mill (one of the best Greek scholars of the day) thinks Macaulay has a more extensive and accurate acquaintance with the Greek writers than any man living, and there is no Greek book of any note which he has not read over and over again. In the Bible he takes great delight, and there are few better Biblical scholars. In law he made no proficiency, and mathematics he abominates; but his great forte is history, especially English

history. Here his superhuman memory, which appears to have the faculty of digesting and arranging as well as of retaining, has converted his mind into a mighty magazine of knowledge, from which, with the precision and correctness of a kind of intellectual machine, he pours forth stores of learning, information, precept, example, anecdote, and illustration with a familiarity and facility not less astonishing than delightful. He writes as if he had lived in the times and among the people whose actions and characters he records and delineates. A little reading, too, is enough for Macaulay, for by some process impossible to other men he contrives to transfer as it were, by an impression rapid and indelible, the contents of the books he reads to his own mind, where they are deposited, always accessible, and never either forgotten or confused. Far superior to Brougham in general knowledge, in fancy, imagination, and in the art of composition, he is greatly inferior to him in those qualities which raise men to social and political eminence. Brougham, tall, thin, and commanding in figure, with a face which, however ugly, is full of expression, and a voice of great power, variety, and even melody, notwithstanding his occasional prolixity and tediousness, is an orator in every sense of the word. Macaulay, short, fat, and ungraceful, with a round, thick, unmeaning face, and with rather a lisp, though he has made speeches of great merit, and of a very high style of eloquence in point of composition, has no pretensions to be put in competition with Brougham in the House of Commons. Nor is the difference and the inferiority of Macaulay less marked in society. Macaulay, indeed, is a great talker, and pours forth floods of knowledge on all subjects; but the gracefulness, lightness, and variety are wanting in his talk which are so conspicuous in his writings; there is not enough of alloy in the metal of his conversation; it is too didactic, it is all too good, and not sufficiently flexible, plastic, and diversified for general society. Brougham, on the other hand, is all life, spirit, and gaiety—'from grave to gay, from lively to severe'—dashing through every de-

scription of folly and fun, dealing in those rapid transitions by which the attention and imagination are arrested and excited; always amusing, always instructive, never tedious, elevated to the height of the greatest intellect, and familiar with the most abstruse subjects, and at the same moment conciliating the humble pretensions of inferior minds by dropping into the midst of their pursuits and objects with a fervour and intensity of interest which surprises and delights his associates, and, above all, which puts them at their ease.

[*Quantum mutatus!* All this has long ceased to be true of Brougham. Macaulay, without having either the wit or the *charm* which constitutes the highest kind of colloquial excellence or success, is a marvellous, an unrivalled (in his way), and a delightful talker.—1850.]

February 12th.—Lord William Bentinck has published an address to the electors of Glasgow which is remarkable, because he is the first man of high rank and station who has publicly professed the ultra-Radical opinions which he avows in this document. It is by no means well done, and a very silly address in many respects. He is a man whose success in life has been greater than his talents warrant, for he is not right-headed, and has committed some great blunder or other in every public situation in which he has been placed: but he is simple in his habits, popular in his manners, liberal in his opinions, and magnificently hospitable in his mode of life. These qualities are enough to ensure popularity. Here is the inscription for the column, or whatever it be, that they have erected to his honour in India, written by Macaulay:—

TO

WILLIAM CAVENDISH BENTINCK,

WHO DURING SEVEN YEARS RULED INDIA WITH EMINENT PRUDENCE,
INTEGRITY, AND BENEVOLENCE;
WHO, PLACED AT THE HEAD OF A GREAT EMPIRE, NEVER LAID ASIDE THE
SIMPLICITY AND MODERATION OF A PRIVATE CITIZEN;
WHO INFUSED INTO ORIENTAL DESPOTISM THE SPIRIT OF BRITISH FREEDOM;
WHO NEVER FORGOT THAT THE END OF GOVERNMENT IS THE HAPPINESS
OF THE GOVERNED;
WHO ABOLISHED CRUEL RITES;
WHO EFFACED HUMILIATING DISTINCTIONS;
WHO GAVE LIBERTY TO THE EXPRESSION OF PUBLIC OPINION;
WHOSE CONSTANT STUDY IT WAS TO ELEVATE THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL
CHARACTER OF THE NATIONS COMMITTED TO HIS CHARGE;

THIS MONUMENT

WAS ERECTED BY MEN
WHO, DIFFERING IN RACE, IN MANNERS, IN LANGUAGE, AND IN RELIGION,
CHERISH WITH EQUAL VENERATION AND GRATITUDE
THE MEMORY OF HIS WISE, UPRIGHT, AND PATERNAL ADMINISTRATION.

February 20th.—I walked home with Lord Sandon last night, and had much talk about the state of parties, particularly about Peel and the events at the close of the last session. He talked upon the usual topic of Peel's coldness, uncommunicative disposition, want of popular qualities, and the consequent indifference of his followers to his person. With respect to last year, he said that Peel had arranged with the Duke of Wellington and Lyndhurst the course that it would be advisable to adopt with regard to the Corporation Bill, and that he was put exceedingly out of humour by the House of Lords adopting a different line; that the leaders of the Lords found their party impracticable, and they were compelled (or thought themselves so) to give way to the prejudices of the majority. But Peel did not understand this *knocking under* to violence and folly, and his pride was mortified, because it was a sort of renunciation of his authority as leader and chief of the whole party. Accordingly it was with reference to these proceedings that

Peel spoke with great bitterness to Sandon, and said that 'he never would be the tool of the Lords.' He left town in high dudgeon, and was probably not sorry to display his resentment at the same time with his power, when he suddenly returned and made his speech on the Lords' amendments. Sandon confirmed the statement of his having done this without any communication with the Duke and Lyndhurst, in which he thinks he was to blame. I think he ought to have seen the Duke, and have imparted to him his intentions and his motives; but with Lyndhurst he probably felt very angry for the part he took. He has now, however, put himself more openly and decidedly at the head of the party, and Sandon considers that Stanley already [illegible] belongs to it, inasmuch as they sit together and [illegible] together, and the other day when he went to Peel's [illegible] found Stanley there.

February 21st.—There is a mighty stir about [illegible] pointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Profess[illegible] of Divinity at Oxford, on the ground of his having [illegible] doctrines or arguments of a Socinian tendency. [illegible] Archbishops went to Melbourne with a remon[illegible] told them the appointment was completed, [illegible] not been aware of any objections to Dr. H[illegible] taken pains to ascertain his fitness for [illegible] give the Churchmen a handle for [illegible] design to sap the foundations of the [illegible] the fountain of orthodoxy; but he [illegible] view.

February 23rd.—Had some [illegible] Wharncliffe the other day, who [illegible] alarmist. I asked him if he was [illegible] he was convinced the House of [illegible] mons could not go on, that [illegible] Bills; a ferment would be [illegible] open dissension. 'What [illegible] 'Why, the Lords would [illegible] tery of the Government [illegible] and said he was conv[illegible]

introduced that clause for the purpose of effecting a permanent quarrel between the two Houses. I told him I was satisfied there was no danger if their party would act a prudent, temperate, and honourable part; if they would not aim at office, but be satisfied to exert the strength they possessed not for party, but for Conservative purposes; and on this I dilated, showing what they ought to do. He said that the Tories never would be contented so to act. 'Then,' I said, 'I certainly won't pretend to answer for the consequences, but I am sure you have a good game enough in your hands, if you choose to play it; if you will throw it away, that is another thing.' He told me one thing of Melbourne rather droll. Wharncliffe gave notice of a motion (which comes on to-night) about Lord John Russell's appointment of magistrates under the new Act, which he declares to have been very partially and improperly done. After speaking to Melbourne about it, Melbourne came over to him (Wharncliffe) and said, 'Now tell me, have we been very bad in our appointments?'

Last night I sat next to Poulett Thomson at dinner, who told me a great deal about Dr. Hampden's appointment,[1] which makes such an uproar among the Tories and High Churchmen. He declares that Melbourne consulted various authorities, and the Archbishop of Canterbury among the rest, who made no objection to the appointment; that when the Oxford remonstrance was sent up the Archbishop wrote a very Jesuitical letter, in which he endeavoured to reconcile his former approbation of the appointment with his present concurrence in the remonstrance. Melbourne sent for him, and asked whether he had any charge to make against Hampden; he replied that he had none; when Melbourne said that he could not, then, cancel the appointment, which had been already notified to him. [This account of Poulett Thomson's was, however, untrue. William Cowper, Melbourne's private secretary and nephew, gave me another, which I doubt not is more correct, and puts the matter in a

1 [This was the appointment of Dr. Hampden to be Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. He was raised to the See of Hereford in 1848.]

very different point of view. Melbourne sent to the Archbishop and desired him to give him a list of six names, which he accordingly did; but Melbourne would not take any of them, and without consulting the Archbishop about Hampden, appointed him. He did consult Coplestone and some others, but not the Archbishop. I believe the cry against Hampden to be a senseless cry, and that it is raised by mere bigotry and spite, but I think Melbourne behaved neither prudently nor properly. When he desired the Archbishop to give him a list of six, the latter must certainly have conceived that he would select one out of the number, and would not have divined that he would pass them all over and appoint another man without consulting him at all.—*February 28th.*] I have read the pamphlet written against Hampden, and though some of his expressions are perhaps imprudent as giving occasion to malicious cavil, it contains no grave matter, and nothing to support an accusation of heterodoxy. If he had been a Tory instead of a Liberal in politics, we should probably have heard nothing of the matter.

I was surprised to hear Poulett Thomson talk in great indignation of Lord William Bentinck's address to Glasgow, which he characterised as very disgraceful, and asserted that such miserable truckling to the will of his constituents would not avail him anything, but rather diminish their respect for him—very good sentiments. The Government are very angry at what took place about the Orange Lodge resolutions. Mr. Jervis moves an address to the Crown to-night, and Perceval proposed to Lord John Russell to draw up some resolution condemning these associations, which he said they would agree to if not violent and offensive, and that it was very desirable the sentiments of the House of Commons should be expressed unanimously, or by a very large majority, because in that case the Orangemen would see the necessity of yielding obedience to them, and would do so. Accordingly John Russell sent him the copy of a resolution (on Saturday) which he proposed to bring forward, but which he said he had not yet submitted to the Cabinet. This was communicated to Peel and Stanley as

well, and all parties agreed to it; but John Russell was much surprised and disgusted when this resolution (which was communicated quite privately to Perceval, and which he told him his colleagues had not been as yet consulted about) appeared yesterday morning in the 'Times.'

February 25th.—Lord John Russell immortalised himself on Tuesday night. After a speech from Hume of three hours, in which he produced a variety of the most inconceivable letters from Kenyon, Wynford, Londonderry, and other Orangemen, but made the most miserable hash of his whole case, and instead of working up his ample materials with dexterity and effect stupidly blundering and wasting them all—after this speech John Russell rose, and in a speech far surpassing his usual form, dignified, temperate, and judicious, moved a resolution of a moderate and inoffensive character. The speech actually drew tears from the Orangemen, enthusiastic approbation from Stanley, a colder approval from Peel, and the universal assent of the House. It was a night of harmony; the Orangemen behaved very well, and declared that after this speech they would abandon their association; they only objected to the Orange Lodges being mentioned by name, and urged that the resolution should be only general in expression; and in this Stanley and Peel supported them; Lord John declined, and properly; the others would have done better to advise the Orangemen not to cavil at this, but to swallow the whole pill handsomely, and not mar the effect of their really meritorious conduct by making any trivial difficulties. Peel's and Stanley's speeches were characteristic; the latter with a generous enthusiasm of praise and congratulation to his old friend, which evinced feeling and was sincere; Peel colder in his expressions, and showing a great interest in the Orangemen, for the purpose evidently of conciliating them towards himself, and even incurring some risk of disturbing the general harmony by his warmth and sympathy towards them; but I have no doubt that he is as glad as any man at the dissolution of the confederacy, which now appears likely really to take place, for though they will probably not actually dissolve themselves,

when the chiefs abandon the lodges their existence will be but a lingering one, and must come to an end or cease to be dangerous. In accomplishing this by moderate and healing counsels, by a conciliatory tone and manner, Lord John Russell deserves the name of a statesman. His speech is worth a thousand flowery harangues which have elicited the shouts of audiences or the admiration of readers, and he has probably conferred a great and permanent benefit upon the country. I do not mean that peace will be by these means restored to Ireland, or rather be bestowed on her, for when was she ever at peace? but until this object [illegible] till the way was cleared, peace was unattainable. [illegible] behaved wisely; he made a short speech [illegible] with the general feeling of the House. [illegible] the Government in reality, as [illegible] said, and it is true.

CHAPTER XXXI

Moore and O'Connell—Defeat of the Opposition—The Carlow Election—Lord Alvanley's Speech to the Tory Peers—*Norton v.* Lord Melbourne—Catastrophe after Epsom—Mendizabal and Queen Christina—Lord John Russell's Moderation in the Ecclesiastical Commission—Theatricals at Bridgewater House—Irish Church—Ministerial Difficulties—Deplorable State of Spain—What was thought of Lord Palmerston in 1836—Weakness of Government—Lord Lyndhurst's Summary of the Session—Balance of Parties—Lady Augusta Kennedy's Marriage—King's Speech to Princess Victoria—Revolution of La Granja—Rudeness of the King to Ministers—Irritation of the King at the Duchess of Kent—Scene at Windsor on the King's Birthday—Prince Esterhazy's View of the Affairs of Europe—Emperor Nicholas at Vienna—A Crisis in Trade—State of the Court at Vienna—Duc de Reichstadt.

March 8th.—It is impossible to conceive anything like the stagnation in the political world—the Government secure in their seats, the Opposition aware of the helplessness of their efforts. I met Moore[1] at dinner a day or two ago, not having seen him for a long time. He told us some amusing anecdotes of his own reception in Ireland, which was very enthusiastic, in spite of his having quarrelled with O'Connell. Of this quarrel he likewise narrated the beginning and the end. He was indignant at O'Connell's *manner* of prosecuting his political objects, and resolved to put his feelings on record. This he did, and he afterwards wrote some letters to a mutual friend explanatory of his sentiments and motives, and these were shown (intentionally) to O'Connell. Moore declined to retract or qualify, and a rupture consequently took place. When they met at Brookes' O'Connell averted his face. So things remained till a short time ago, when the

[1] [Thomas Moore, the poet.]

editor of a new quarterly review, which has been established for Catholic and Irish objects, wrote to Moore for his support, and O'Connell, whom he told of it, said, 'Oh, pray let me frank the letter to Mr. Moore.' This was repeated, and when Moore met O'Connell the other day at Brookes', he went up to him and put out his hand. He said O'Connell was mightily moved, but accepted the proffered reconciliation, and they are again on good terms.

March 10th.—Majority of 64 for Government on Tuesday night; unexpected by the public, but not, I take it, by the Whig managers, who make their people attend. It is an irrecoverable blow to the other side, and shows that the contest is hopeless there. O'Connell and Stanley made good speeches. It is remarkable that the Tory numbers are precisely what they were last year (243). At the levee yesterday they were all very gay at this victory; and Hobhouse said to me, 'What fools they are; they don't know their own interest; they are beaten in the House of Commons, their people won't attend, they won't see that they can't resist these questions and that it is for their own interest they should be carried; why, when the appropriation clauses and these Bills are carried there will remain no difference between Peel and us. As for me, I care not who is in, or whether I am in or out of office; I care for peace and quietness, and that the country should go on. The Tories have rung the changes on this O'Connell cry till they can do no more, and it has failed them entirely; they have had every chance, and must now give it up;' and a good deal more he said, till we were interrupted. I agree about the O'Connell cry; the subject is worn threadbare, it has been argued and ranted upon *usque ad nauseam*, and in spite of the mistakes O'Connell has made, the anti-Popery prejudices which prevail, and the blots upon his personal character, I doubt if he is as much hated in England as the Tories would have him. They have overdone their attacks on him, and as it has unluckily been their sole *cheval de bataille*, they have ridden it till it has not a leg to stand upon.

March 12th.—Fell in with Lyndhurst in the street yester-

day returning from Philips', where he had been sitting for his portrait. 'Well,' he said, in his laughing, off-hand way, 'we are done, entirely done.' 'What do you mean to do?' 'Oh, we shall pass Peel's Bill, and they will be very glad of it; it will give the Government all the power which O'Connell would otherwise obtain, and they don't want to see his power increase, and will prefer the augmentation of their own.'

March 13th.—It was only yesterday that I read the report of the Committee and O'Connell's complete acquittal.[1] It is very singular that he does not seem to have known his own case, or he might have rebutted the accusations in the first instance; but it has turned out lucky for him, as it has afforded him a great triumph and his adversaries an equally great mortification. It is now time for the Tories to give up attacking him—that is, making him their grand political butt. They do not lower him; on the contrary, they raise his importance everywhere, and make his sway in Ireland more absolute. They are abominably sulky at this result of the Committee, which, however, was fairly constituted and unanimous in its decision. I must say I never expected they would make out much of a case. Yesterday I dined with Ben Stanley in Downing Street, and met Lytton Bulwer and Fonblanque, the latter a very agreeable man.

May 2nd.—Many weeks without a single line. I have been at Newmarket, and have known nothing of any sort or kind. All seems quieter in the political world than for a long time past. There was a meeting of Peers at Apsley House a week or ten days ago, to consider the course they should adopt about the Corporation Bill. After the discussion Alvanley rose and asked the Duke if there would be any more meetings. He said he was not aware that there would be, when Alvanley said that he was of opinion that the majority of the House of Lords, while dealing with the Government measures, were

[1] [The proceedings of the Committee on the Carlow election are here referred to. A Mr. Raphael had been returned for Carlow, chiefly by the influence of O'Connell. He was unseated on petition, and it was supposed that the evidence taken by the Committee would incriminate O'Connell, but the reverse was the case. O'Connell was wholly acquitted of any illegal or improper practices.]

bound to give notice to the country of the measures of relief that they were themselves prepared to offer to Ireland, that in his opinion the only real relief that could be given was some system of poor law, and the payment of the Catholic clergy, bringing that body under the control of the Government, and making it penal to draw contributions from their flocks, and that he trusted their Lordships would be prepared to go so far. He describes the effect of this suggestion to have been most ludicrous. The Duke of Newcastle, who sat by him, was ready to bounce off his chair; all sorts of indistinct noises, hems, grunts, and coughs of every variety of modulation and expressive intonation were heard, but no answer and no remark. He told me that he had intended on Tuesday last to repeat the same thing in the House of Lords, and asked me to go down and hear him, but they would not allow him. The Duke said it was out of the question, and overruled him. I am very sorry he did not, for these are the true remedies, and I wish to see them put forth, and a beginning made of bringing such principles into action; but the Duke is not the man to let others have the credit of such measures. I expect to see the day when he will bring them forward himself; it is a pig not yet fit for killing, and he will not let anybody stick it but himself.

May 11th.—Great talk about the adjournment of Parliament on the 20th, and about Melbourne's affair with Mrs. Norton, which latter, if it is not quashed, will be inconvenient. John Bull fancies himself vastly moral, and the Court is mighty prudish, and between them our off-hand Premier will find himself in a ticklish position. He has been served with notices, but people rather doubt the action coming on. I asked the Duke of Wellington a night or two ago what he had heard of it, and what he thought would be the result. He said he had only heard what everybody said, and that nothing would result. I said, 'Would Melbourne resign?' 'O Lord, no! Resign? Not a bit of it. I tell you all these things are a nine-days' wonder; it can't come into court before Parliament is up. People will have done talking of it before that happens; it will all blow over, and won't signify a straw.'

with the greatest aversion and rage. He afterwards wrote an apology, and then, aware of the blunder of so committing himself, endeavoured to get his letter back, which she refused to part with. The consequence was that she availed herself of the first opportunity to get rid of him.

June 9th.—Dined at St. James's yesterday with the Jockey Club. The King made a speech about himself and the Queen and the turf; he told us 'the Queen was an excellent woman, as we all knew, and that of all the societies which he had to entertain (which in his capacity were many and various) we were the most truly British.' He was very tired, and withdrew early. Wharncliffe said he was weary and dejected.

June 27th.—The town has been full of Melbourne's trial;[1] great exultation at the result on the part of his political adherents, great disappointment on that of the mob of Low Tories, and a creditable satisfaction among the better sort; it was in point of fact a very triumphant acquittal. The wonder is how with such a case Norton's family ventured into court, but (although it is stoutly denied) there can be no doubt that old Wynford was at the bottom of it all, and persuaded Lord Grantley to urge it on for mere political purposes. There is pretty conclusive evidence of this. Fletcher Norton, who was examined on the trial, is staying in town with a Mr. Lowe, a Nottinghamshire parson, and Denison, who is Norton's neighbour, called on him the other day; Denison talked to Lowe, who told him that Fletcher Norton had shown him the case on which they were going to proceed, and that he had told him he thought it was a very weak one, to which he had replied so did he, but he believed they expected it would produce a very important *political* effect. The King behaved very civilly about it, and expressed his satisfaction at the result in terms sufficiently flattering to Melbourne.

To-night is the great night in the House of Lords, when they are to deal with the Commons' amendments of the

[1] [The trial of the cause Norton *v.* Lord Melbourne, which ended in a verdict for the defendant.]

Municipal Bill. Lord Grey is expected to speak, and he told his old colleagues that if he did he should say what they would not like. The fact is, he is out of humour. First he doesn't like being laid aside, though he would not own this even to himself, and as he and Howick disagree on many points, Howick tells him nothing, and consequently he knows nothing, and this provokes him; then he is indignant at the O'Connellism of the Government, and abhors the attacks on *his order.* Tavistock talked to me a great deal yesterday about Lord John Russell, who he declares is by no means the Radical he is accused by his adversaries of being, that he is opposed tooth and nail to the reform of the House of Lords, much disagreeing with O'Connell, that he has constantly and firmly refused to comply with the demands of the Dissenters in the matter of Church rates, and that in the Ecclesiastical Commission he and the bishops are on the best terms, and they are abundantly satisfied with him, that the greatest Reformer there is Lord Harrowby, and John Russell has had to act as mediator between him and the bishops. The prelates, it seems, have grasped at patronage with all their might, and have taken to themselves that which appertained to the chapters, much to the disgust of the latter; they likewise endeavoured to get hold of that which belongs to the Chancellor, and on this occasion John wrote on a slip of paper (which he threw across the table to the Archbishop of York), 'I don't object to your robbing one another, but I can't let you rob the Crown.' The Archbishop wrote back, 'That is just what I expected from you.' This shows at least the good-humour that prevails among them.

There has been such a stagnation in politics lately that I have heard nothing, and having been laid up with the gout for a fortnight, have seen scarcely anybody. The greatest interest I have had has been in the dramatic representation at Bridgewater House, to the rehearsals of which I ventured to go. They were very brilliant and successful. As the space was limited, the invitations necessarily were so, and everybody was wild to be there. There were one or two *tracasseries* growing out of the thing, agitating for the

moment, but very uninteresting in themselves. The pieces were 'Glenfinlas,' taken from Walter Scott's ballad, and 'Lalla Rookh,' from Moore's poem; the principal performers were James Wortley, my brother Henry, Mitford, Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss Kemble (Mrs. Sartoris); and the chorus was composed of Mrs. Baring, Mrs. Hartopp, Miss Gent, Miss Paget, Lady Mary Paget (Lady Sandwich), Lady Wallscourt, Lady Georgiana Mitford, my sister, Lord Compton, Messrs. Westmacott, Holford, James Macdonald, Baynton Lushington. Grieve painted beautiful scenery, and the dresses were magnificent; all the ladies were covered with diamonds, which the great jewellers lent to them for the occasion. Mrs. Bradshaw's acting was perfection itself, and altogether it was singular, striking, and eminently successful, especially 'Glenfinlas,' which was very ingeniously managed, and went off to the amazement of those who were concerned in it, who did not expect such success.

July 1st.—At Stoke for three days; divine weather, profusion of flowers and shade, and every luxury; nobody there of any consequence. On Tuesday night at the House of Lords to hear the debate, which was worth hearing. Lyndhurst spoke very ably, by far the finest style of speaking, so measured, grave, and earnest, nothing glittering and gaudy, but a manly and severe style of eloquence. Lord Grey spoke very becomingly, but was feeble compared with what he used to be. He endeavoured to effect [illegible] compromise, and said nothing offensive to anybody [illegible] party, spoke strongly in favour of the Ministerial [illegible] and I think took the sound view. I have no [illegible] Tory Lords are all in the wrong in taking the [illegible] do, and their arguments are very frivolous [illegible] O'Connell was not in the House during Lyndhurst's [illegible] but came in soon after, and his [illegible] bustle.

July 9th.—Since Monday (4th) [illegible] division on the appropriation clause [illegible] twenty-six was hailed with great triumph [illegible] was a grievous disappointment to the [illegible]

with the Warwickshire election at the same moment, has made them very down in the mouth, and raised the *Conservative stock* pretty considerably. There was very sharp work between Stanley and John Russell, who left off *noble friending* and took to *noble lording* him, to show that they were quite two. The fact is that they are in a huge difficulty with this appropriation clause, which served their turn for a while (when it turned out Peel and cemented their alliance with the Radicals), and now it hangs like a millstone round their necks, and is not unlikely to produce the dissolution of the Government. Strange that this Irish Church in one way or another is the insuperable obstacle to peace and tranquillity in Ireland, and to the stability of any Administration here; and yet it is fought for as if the prosperity or salvation of the State depended on it—

Tantum *religio* potuit suadere malorum.

As far as the Whig Ministers are concerned it serves them right, for it was a wicked and foolish proceeding; their conduct will tell against them in the country, and when the House of Lords is accused of stopping legislation, people will not fail to ask, What else is the House of Commons doing, or rather how much more? They assert that tithes are the great bane of Ireland, and the cause of the disorder which prevail, and they propose a Tithe Bill as the remedy, but they clog it with a condition which they know, with as much certainty as human knowledge can attain, will prevent its passing into a law, and in this shape they persist in producing it. Lord John Russell and his colleagues, it is said, are pledged not to pass a Tithe Bill without this clause; but what cares the public for their pledges, and what is their consistency compared with the great interests at stake, and which are involved in the settlement of this question?

They acted 'Genfinlas' for the last time on Thursday, with greater success than ever. The Queen was invited, but did not come. All London is intent upon morning amusements—morning parties, which are extended into the night. The

Duchess of Buccleuch gave entertainments on Monday and Wednesday; De Ros on Friday—dinners, tents, illuminations, and dancing; all very gay for those who can find amusement in it, which I have ceased to do.

July 18th.—On Thursday night, almost as soon as I got back from Newmarket, I heard that it was strongly suspected that the Cabinet were in great embarrassment about the Irish Church question, and of course the Tories were proportionably elated at the visions of return to office which are always ready to dance before their eyes. This report was confirmed to me the next day (Friday) by Lord Tavistock, who told me what really was the case. The late division seems to have made a considerable impression, and several of the supporters of Government have represented that matters cannot continue in their present state, and that the resistance to payment of tithe on the one hand and the threats of rebellion on the other render it of paramount necessity to settle the question, and that it is better after all to take the Bill without the appropriation clause than to let it be again lost. This difference of opinion has of course particularly embarrassed Lord John Russell, and they do not know what to do. With respect to Lord John himself the question is, Can he continue in office and let the Bill pass without the clause? If he cannot, are his colleagues as completely committed as he is, or may not they elect some other leader on his migration, and take the Bill in that state? I told Tavistock that he well knew what my opinions had always been with respect to the introduction of that clause, which seemed to be more fully justified by the event; that I did not think any difference could be made between John and his colleagues, and they must stand or fall together. With respect to their takin the Bill without the clause, they, and Lord John in particula must make up their minds, if they did so, to have eve species of abuse poured upon them from their Tory enemi and their Radical friends; but they were in a scrape, a had, in fact, got the country into a scrape too, and th duty now was to take that course which on the whole seer to promise the best results, whatever it might person

between him and Charles Buller a deputation, headed by Hume, waited on Melbourne to remonstrate, and they reported that the interview was on his part very civil and good-natured, but very unsatisfactory. Lord John Russell therefore called them together and harangued them. He is said to have spoken very well, stating that Government could not and would not give way with respect to this measure, and reminding Hume that in a former speech he had already assented to the principle of the Bill. The English Radicals were, however, not to be appeased, spoke strongly, and declared they would oppose the Bill in every stage. O'Connell rose, and said that he would support Government, that it was of vital consequence to Ireland that there should be no appearance of disunion in the party, and that no idea should prevail there that there was a chance of its being broken up; and for this reason Government should have his support.

I met them all coming away, and fastened on Tom Duncombe, who told me what had passed, and how angry they (the English Radicals) were. I asked him whether their resentment would induce them to desert Government on the appropriation clauses and stay away, because, if so, they must go out; and he said that it would not push them to that length. It may be presumed that O'Connell's behaviour at this meeting will have bound the Government still more not to give way on this clause, and that whatever the Lords may do, they will fight the battle.

The Lords in the meantime have gone quietly into Committee, and the second reading passed off with tolerable harmony. Melbourne made a good speech, and produced a surplus, but which the Duke of Wellington will take very good care to reduce again to *nil*. This is very easily done on one side, and the contrary on the other; redistribution can accomplish either desideratum—surplus or no surplus. However, the Government seems to be in a pretty state between their moderate and their violent adherents, and though they may scramble through this session, and hustle Parliament to an end, it is difficult to see how they will ever

pass the ordeal of another, for they can neither continue in their present course nor adopt any other with safety.

I met old Denison (the member for Surrey)—a strong supporter of the Government and an old Whig—coming from the meeting on Friday, and suggested to him what a scrape his friends were in. He owned that it was so, but said that parties were so balanced that Peel could not go on if he came in. I said Peel could not go on if the King turned out the Government as he had done before, or if Peel was instrumental in compelling them to resign; but that if they resigned of their own accord, and because they were themselves conscious that they could not go on, I thought Peel would be supported by a majority even of this House of Commons; for, after all, the country must have a Government, and if Peel took it because it was vacant, and nobody else could be found to occupy it, he could not be refused the trial, which he had in vain asked for before. He owned this was true, and such an admission from such a man was a great deal. The King is evidently waiting with the greatest impatience for the moment when his Ministers must resign. He complained bitterly of my brother-in-law's [1] going abroad, and said it was a time when every Conservative ought to be at his post, which means that every opponent of his Ministers should strive with ceaseless zeal to drive them to the wall. He is a true king of the Tories, for his impatience fully equals theirs.

August 7th.—After the meeting at the Foreign Office there seems to have been an end of all notion of any compromise, or any giving way on the part of the Government about the clauses in the Tithe Bill, and Lord John Russell held very strong language. The debate presented nothing remarkable. Sheil came over from Ireland on purpose to speak, not being able to vote, as he had paired. Great exertions were made on both sides, and the Tories dragged up Sir Watkin Williams Wynn from Wales, very infirm; and had a blind man in the House, led about by Ross. The

[1] [Lord Francis Egerton.]

jority of twenty-nine ought to have been twenty-six, just
e same as the last division. Sir Charles Cockerell (Whig)
as shut out, whilst on the other side Lord Arthur Hill's[1]
ote was lost by his mother's death, which made him a Peer,
nd the Lennoxes and Poyntz stayed away. The whole
thing went off tamely enough; everybody in Parliament
knew what was to happen, and out of doors people don't
care. While the revenue presents an excess of two millions,
and everything flourishes, political excitement is impossible.
The Lords continue to throw out Bills, and many complaints
are made of their evident determination to reject as many of
the Commons' measures as they can. Some of them have
been opposed, particularly the Stafford Disfranchisement Bill,
by the Ministers themselves. The Lords, however, no doubt
evince a very imprudent disposition to exercise their power
of rejection without grave and sufficient cause, and needlessly
to expose themselves to the charge of wanton and intem-
perate opposition to the measures of the Commons. It is
the height of folly to make the line between the two Houses
as broad as possible, and to publish to the world on every
occasion that the one House is Whig and the other Tory;
not but what (in the present rage for legislation, and the
careless and hurried way in which measures are bustled
through the House of Commons) the revision and watchful
superintendence of the House of Lords are more than ever
necessary.

There was a report of General Evans' death the other day,
which was believed for some time, and long enough to show
that there would have been a contest for Westminster if it
had been true.

The accounts from Spain are deplorable, and it is curious
enough that while Palmerston was proclaiming in the House
of Commons his conviction of the ultimate success of the
Christino cause he must have had letters from Villiers in
his pocket telling him that it was almost hopeless. I saw
one from him a few days ago, written in the greatest despon-

[1] [Lord Arthur Hill became Baron Sandys on the death of his mother,
the Marchioness of Downshire, who was Baroness Sandys in her own right.

dency. He said that he had been stopped on his road to St. Ildefonso by intelligence that the Carlists were approaching the place, and that the Queen had taken flight. He found all the relays of mules ready for her Majesty, and he returned to Madrid. It turned out to be a false alarm, and the Queen stayed where she was; but he said that he could only compare the progress of the Carlists to water spreading over table-land. It will be a severe blow to Palmerston if this cause is overthrown, though perhaps no fault of his policy. Had France acted fairly, the result of the Quadruple Alliance would have answered the expectation of its authors, but France, instead of co-operating according to the spirit of that treaty, has thrown every impediment in its way. It is surprising to hear how Palmerston is spoken of by those who know him well officially—the Granvilles, for example. Lady Granville, a woman expert in judging, thinks his capacity first-rate; that it approaches to greatness from his enlarged views, disdain of trivialities, resolution, decision, confidence, and above all his contempt of clamour and abuse. She told me that Madame de Flahault had a letter written by Talleyrand soon after his first arrival in England, in which he talked with great contempt of the Ministers generally, Lord Grey included, and said there was but one statesman among them, and that was Palmerston. His ordinary conversation exhibits no such superiority; but when he takes his pen in his hand his intellect seems to have full play, and probably when engaged exclusively in business.

August 13th.—On Monday last I was riding early in the Park and met Lord Howick. We rode together for some time. He said that 'he supposed they should be out after this session, and they ought to be out, as they could carry none of their measures, and the Lords rejected Bill after Bill sent up from the other House; that since the Tories chose to go on in this way, they must make the experiment and carry on the Government if they could, but they must look for every opposition from his friends and his party. It was quite impossible things could go on upon their present

ing; the country would not stand it, and the Lords must k to those changes which their own conduct rendered dispensable.' I said to Howick that the appropriation ause made the great difficulty of the Whigs; that I believed hey were, on the whole, a very Conservative Government, ut why struggle for this absurdity, and why not bring forward a measure at once of real relief and pay the Catholic clergy? He said they could not do it; their own friends would not support them; that the Tories might have done it, but that the Whigs could not. 'So,' I replied, 'both parties are in such a position that no Conservative measures can be carried but by the Whigs, and no Liberal ones but by the Tories.'

Since this there has been a free conference, and the Lords have been bowling down Bills like ninepins. This certainly cannot go on; either the Tories must come into power again, or the Whigs must do something to control the House of Lords, or the Lords must lower their tone and adopt more moderate counsels. The latter would be the best, as it is the least probable, of the three alternatives.

His Majesty was pleased to be very facetious at the Council the other day, though not very refined. A new seal for the Cape of Good Hope was approved, and the impression represented a Caffre, with some ornaments on his head which resembled *horns*. The King asked Lord Glenelg what these *horns* meant, but Glenelg referred his Majesty to Poulett Thomson, to whom he said, 'Well, Mr. Thomson, what do you say to this? I know you are a man of gallantry, but if you choose to be represented with a pair of horns I am sure I have no objection;' at which sally their lordships laughed, as in duty bound.

August 21st.—Yesterday the King prorogued Parliament with a very moderate, inoffensive Speech. The Tories had spread a report that the Ministers wanted to thrust into the Speech some allusions to the conduct of the House of Lords, but no such thing was ever contemplated.

The session was wound up by an oration of Lyndhurst's in the House of Lords, introduced with a considerable

preparation. It was announced a day or two before that he was *going down* to deliver a vindication of the majority of the Lords and of himself for their conduct during the session, and the expectation which was raised was not disappointed. It seems to have been a great display, and sufficiently well answered by Melbourne. As his opponents universally admit that Lyndhurst's speech was of consummate ability, while his friends confess that it was not discreet and well judged, we may safely conclude that it deserves both the praise and the blame; and as the Duke of Wellington rose afterwards and made a speech of remarkable moderation, it would certainly appear as if he thought it necessary to temper the violence of Lyndhurst by a more conciliatory tone. When I say *his friends* have expressed the opinions above stated, I should say that I have conversed with only two—Lords Bathurst and Ripon—and they both expressed themselves to this effect. Lord Holland, who endeavoured to answer it, said he thought Lyndhurst's one of the best speeches he had ever heard in Parliament.

If he had confined himself to a temperate and dignified vindication of the proceedings of the House of Lords (that is, of his own), and had abstained from any attack on the Government, and especially from any language reflecting on the Commons, perhaps it would have been a wise measure, but it cannot be wise to widen the differences which already exist between the two Houses, and to render all the animosities of public men more bitter and irreconcilable than they were before. The Tories are convinced that they are becoming more and more popular, and that the country approves of the daring behaviour of the Lords. The Whigs insist that the apathy of the country (which they mistake for approbation) is nothing but the imperturbability resulting from prosperity and full employment, but that if adverse circumstances arise a storm will burst on the Lords, and they will see how miserably deceived they are. I think the Lords have gone too far, and though a vast deal of crude legislation comes up from the Commons, requiring much supervision, and often great alteration, they

have shown an animus and adopted a practice quite foreign to the usual habits of the House of Lords, and which is in itself an important innovation. The truth is, it is not (as has been represented) a contest between *the two Houses*, but between the two great *parties* very nearly balanced, of which the stronghold of one is in the Lords, and that of the other in the Commons. It can scarcely cross the minds of either party, or of any individual of either, that the substantive power of Government can or ought to be transferred from the House of Commons to the House of Lords, and Lyndhurst and the Tories would not venture to make the havoc which they do in the Government Bills if they were not persuaded that if ever a crisis is produced by the collision their party will succeed in obtaining the sanction of the country and an ascendency in the other House. If they have estimated correctly their own strength and the real disposition of the country, their Parliamentary tactics have been skilful, but the game which they play is a very desperate one, for if it fails the House of Lords can hardly avoid suffering very materially from the conflict. However, much is to be said on the subject when considered in all its bearings.

The King at his last levee received Dr. Allen to do homage for the see of Ely, when he said to him, 'My Lord, I do not mean to interfere in any way with your vote in Parliament except on one subject, *the Jews*, and I trust I may depend on your always voting against them.'

August 30th.—At Hillingdon from Saturday to Monday. There were great festivities at Windsor during the Egham race week, when the King's daughter Lady Augusta was married at the Castle.[1] It was remarked that on the King's birthday not one of the Ministers was invited to the Castle and none except the Household in any way connected wit the Government. At the Queen's birthday *a* short tim

[1] [Lady Augusta Fitzclarence, fourth daughter of King William IV. Mrs. Jordan, married first, on the 5th of July, 1827, to the Hon. John Kenn Erskine, and secondly, on the 20th of August, 1836, to Lord John Frede Gordon. She died in 1865.]

before not one individual of that party was present. Nothing can be more undisguised than the King's aversion to his Ministers, and he seems resolved to intimate that his compulsory reception of them shall not extend to his society, and that though he can't help seeing them at St. James's, the gates of Windsor are shut against them. All his habitual guests are of the Tory party, and generally those who have distinguished themselves by their violence or are noted for their extreme opinions—Winchilsea and Wharncliffe, for example, of the former, and the Duke of Dorset of the latter sort. At the dinner on his birthday the King gave the Princess Victoria's health rather well. Having given the Princess Augusta's he said, 'And now, having given the health of the oldest, I will give that of the youngest member of the Royal Family. I know the interest which the public feel about her, and although *I have not seen so much of her as I could have wished,* I take no less interest in her, and the more I do see of her, both in public and in private, the greater pleasure it will give me.' The whole thing was so civil and gracious that it could hardly be taken ill, but the young Princess sat opposite, and hung her head with not unnatural modesty at being thus talked of in so large a company.

While London is entirely deserted, and everything is quiet and prosperous here, there is a storm raging in Spain which has already had an effect in France, by producing the dissolution of Thiers's Ministry,[1] and may very likely end by

[1] [M. Thiers came into power for the first time as Minister of Foreign Affairs and head of the Government on the 22nd of February, 1836. He had boasted that he should be able to engage the King in a more active intervention in Spain in favour of the young Queen—'Nous entraînerons le Roi' was his expression—but in this he was deceived, and his Administration came to a speedy termination. Lord Palmerston proposed on the 14th of March that some of the ports on the coast of Biscay should be occupied by British seamen and marines, and that Passages, Fontarabia, and the valley of Bartan should be occupied by the French. This scheme was strenuously opposed by the King, though M. Thiers was willing to assent to it. The Revolution of La Granja in August only increased the repugnance of Louis Philippe to interfere actively in Spain, and early in September the Thiers Cabinet was dissolved. Mr. Villiers's narrative of the revolution of La Granja is alluded to in the passage next following.]

creating disturbances in that country and embroiling Europe. The complication of French politics, the character and designs of the King, his relations with the great Powers of Europe, and the personal danger to which he is exposed from the effects of a demoralised mass of floating hostility and disaffection, rendered doubly perilous from the mixture of unnatural excitement and contempt of life which largely enter into it, present a very curious and very interesting subject of political observation and speculation for those who have the means of investigating it closely.

September 7th.—Mrs. Villiers sent me to-day the copies of two despatches of George Villiers's to Palmerston, containing a narrative of the events which took place at St. Ildefonso on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of last month; these he sent to her, because he had not time to write the details all over again. Nothing can be more curious, nothing more interesting, nothing more admirably described, all the details given with great simplicity, extreme clearness, and inimitable liveliness of narration. It reminds one of the scenes enacted during the French Revolution; but as these despatches will probably be published, I shall not be at the pains to give an analysis of them here. It is remarkable how courageously and prudently the Queen seems to have behaved. What energies a difficult crisis called forth! How her spirit and self-possession bore up in the midst of danger and insult, and how she contrived to preserve her dignity even while compelled to make the most humiliating concessions! No romance was ever more interesting than this narrative. George Villiers's correspondence will some day or other make one of the most valuable and entertaining publications that ever appeared, though I shall not live to see it. He writes incomparably well, with a mixture of vivacity and energy peculiarly his own.

September 21st.—I have recorded nothing about the revolutions at Madrid and Lisbon, because I know nothing besides what has appeared in all the newspapers, and it would be very useless to copy facts from their columns. As to private matters, and the exploits or interests of indi-

viduals, I only note them as the fancy takes me, and the fancy has not taken me of late. I cannot keep a *journal*—that is, a day by day memorial—and I have an invincible repugnance to making my MS. books the receptacles of scandal, and handing down to posterity (if ever posterity should have an opportunity of seeing and would take the trouble to read these pages) the *private* faults and follies of my friends, acquaintance, and associates.

To-day we had a Council, the first since Parliament was prorogued, when his most gracious Majesty behaved most ungraciously to his confidential servants, whom he certainly does not delight to honour. The last article on the list was a petition of Admiral Sartorius praying to be restored to his rank, and when this was read the King, after repeating the usual form of words, added, 'And must be granted. As 'Captain Napier was restored, so must this gentleman be, 'for there was this difference between their cases: Admiral 'Napier knew he was doing wrong, which Admiral Sartorius 'was not aware of.' Lord Minto said, 'I believe, sir, there was not so much difference between the two cases as your Majesty imagines, for Admiral Sartorius—' Then followed something which I could not catch, but the King did, for he said, with considerable asperity, 'Unless your Lordship is 'quite sure of that, I must beg leave to say that I differ from 'you and do not believe it to be so, but since you have ex-'pressed your belief that it is so, I desire you will furnish me 'with proofs of it immediately. The next time I see you 'you will be prepared with the proofs of what you say, for 'unless I see them I shall not believe one word of it.' Minto made no reply to this extraordinary sortie, and the rest looked at each other in silence.

This, however, was nothing compared with what took place at Windsor with the Duchess of Kent, of which I heard something a long time ago (August 30th), but never the particulars till last night. It is very remarkable that the thing has not been more talked about. The King invited the Duchess of Kent to go to Windsor on the 12th of August to celebrate the Queen's birthday (13th), and to stay there over

his own birthday, which was to be kept (*privately*) on the 21st (the real day, but falling on Sunday) and *publicly* the day following. She sent word that she wanted to keep her own birthday at Claremont on the 15th (or whatever the day is), took no notice of the Queen's birthday, but said she would go to Windsor on the 20th. This put the King in a fury; he made, however, no reply, and on the 20th he was in town to prorogue Parliament, having desired that they would not wait dinner for him at Windsor. After the prorogation he went to Kensington Palace to look about it; when he got there he found that the Duchess of Kent had appropriated to her own use a suite of apartments, seventeen in number, for which she had applied last year, and which he had refused to let her have. This increased his ill-humour, already excessive. When he arrived at Windsor and went into the drawing-room (at about ten o'clock at night), where the whole party was assembled, he went up to the Princess Victoria, took hold of both her hands, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her there and his regret at not seeing her oftener. He then turned to the Duchess and made her a low bow, almost immediately after which he said that 'a most unwarrantable liberty had been taken with one of his palaces; 'that he had just come from Kensington, where he found 'apartments had been taken possession of not only without 'his consent, but contrary to his commands, and that he 'neither understood nor would endure conduct so disrespectful 'to him.' This was said loudly, publicly, and in a tone of serious displeasure. It was, however, only the muttering of the storm which was to break the next day. Adolphus Fitzclarence went into his room on Sunday morning, and found him in a state of great excitement. It was his birthday, and though the celebration was what was called private, there were a hundred people at dinner, either belonging to the Court or from the neighbourhood. The Duchess of Kent sat on one side of the King and one of his sisters on the other, the Princess Victoria opposite. Adolphus Fitzclarence sat two or three from the Duchess, and heard every word of what passed. After dinner, by the Queen's desire, 'His

Majesty's health, and long life to him' was given, and as soon as it was drunk he made a very long speech, in the course of which he poured forth the following extraordinary and *foudroyante* tirade:—'I trust in God that my life may be spared 'for nine months longer, after which period, in the event of 'my death, no regency would take place. I should then have 'the satisfaction of leaving the royal authority to the personal exercise of that young lady (pointing to the Princess), 'the heiress presumptive of the Crown, and not in the hands 'of a person now near me, who is surrounded by evil advisers 'and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the 'station in which she would be placed. I have no hesitation 'in saying that I have been insulted—grossly and continually 'insulted—by that person, but I am determined to endure 'no longer a course of behaviour so disrespectful to me. 'Amongst many other things I have particularly to complain 'of the manner in which that young lady has been kept away 'from my Court; she has been repeatedly kept from my 'drawing-rooms, at which she ought always to have been present, but I am fully resolved that this shall not hapen 'again. I would have her know that I am King, and I am 'determined to make my authority respected, and for the 'future I shall insist and command that the Princess do upon 'all occasions appear at my Court, as it is her duty to do.' He terminated his speech by an allusion to the Princess and her future reign in a tone of paternal interest and affection, which was excellent in its way.

This awful philippic (with a great deal more which I forget) was uttered with a loud voice and excited manner. The Queen looked in deep distress, the Princess burst into tears, and the whole company were aghast. The Duchess of Kent said not a word. Immediately after they rose and retired, and a terrible scene ensued; the Duchess announced her immediate departure and ordered her carriage, but a sort of reconciliation was patched up, and she was prevailed upon to stay till the next day. The following morning, when the King saw Adolphus, he asked him what people said to his speech. He replied that they thought the

Duchess of Kent merited his rebuke, but that it ought not to have been given there; that he ought to have sent for her into his closet, and have said all that he felt and thought there, but not at table before a hundred people. He replied that he did not care where he said it or before whom, that 'by God he had been insulted by her in a measure that was 'past all endurance, and he would not stand it any longer.'

Nothing can be more unaccountable than the Duchess of Kent's behaviour to the King, nothing more reprehensible; but his behaviour to her has always been as injudicious and undignified as possible, and this last sortie was monstrous. It was his duty and his right to send for her, and signify to her both his displeasure at the past and his commands for the future; but such a gross and public insult offered to her at his own table, sitting by his side and in the presence of her daughter, admits of no excuse. It was an unparalleled outrage from a man to a woman, from a host to his guest, and to the last degree unbecoming the station they both of them fill. He has never had the firmness and decision of character a due display of which would have obviated the necessity of such bickerings, and his passion leads him to these indecent exhibitions, which have not the effect of correcting, and cannot fail to have that of exasperating her, and rendering their mutual relations more hopelessly disagreeable.

November 7th.—An interval of above six weeks. I went to Newmarket on the 3rd of October, returned to town for a Council on Wednesday in the first October week; after the first October meeting I went to Buckenham, after the second to Euston, and after the third came to town. At Buckenham I met Adolphus Fitzclarence, who told me over again the particulars of the scene with the Duchess of Kent, which did not differ materially from what I have put down. He added one item, that the day following the Queen was not ready for dinner, and when dinner was announced and he was waiting he asked, 'Where's the Queen?' They told him she was waiting for the Duchess of Kent, when he said, loud enough for everybody to hear, 'That

woman is a nuisance.' He was very angry at King Leopold's coming here, received him very coldly at Windsor, had no conversation with him on business, and on one occasion exhibited a rudeness even to brutality. It seems he hates water-drinkers; God knows why. One day at dinner Leopold called for water, when the King asked, 'What's that you are drinking, sir?' 'Water, sir.' 'God damn it!' rejoined the other King; 'why don't you drink wine? I never allow anybody to drink water at my table.' Leopold only dined there, and went away in the evening. All this is very miserable and disgraceful.

Of politics during this period I have heard little or nothing, except that while the Conservatives are feasting and spouting in all parts of the country, and rallying their forces, there is a split among their opponents, an event which was inevitable, considering the different shades of opinion prevailing amongst them, though they hope to reconcile all their differences by the time Parliament meets, which they will probably do, in order to baffle their common enemy. It is, however, a good thing that these differences should arise amongst them. I wish I could see a party formed upon really Conservative principles, determined to maintain the Constitution and steer clear of Tory nonsense and bigotry; but this I doubt to be practicable.

November 8th.—I dined on Sunday with Cunningham, and met Prince Esterhazy, with whom I had a long conversation. He talked a great deal about the state of Europe, of the bickerings between Palmerston and Louis Philippe on the Spanish question, between England and Russia in the East, and of the position of Austria in the midst of it all; that he had conversed often and at great length with the Emperor of Russia at Prague and with Louis Philippe at Paris, both having talked in the most open manner, and that he was endeavouring (he thought successfully) to bring Palmerston to an amicable tone and feeling, and to effect some sort of compromise with respect to the debated points. Both sovereigns have the same desire to avoid war, and Louis Philippe told him that his object was 'de rendre la guerre impossible,'

that no Power could be so much interested as Austria was in restraining the power and ambition of Russia within reasonable bounds, and that the Emperor had held the most moderate language, as he believed with sincerity; that our prejudices against Russia were unreasonably violent, and they arose in some degree from mortification at our own misconduct in letting opportunities slip out of our hands, and throwing advantages and influence into those of Russia, which we were now angry that she availed herself of; but that if we continued to act frankly and firmly in conjunction with Austria and France (France and Austria being perfectly agreed) we should have nothing to fear from Russia. They (the northern Powers) were content that we should exercise an especial influence in the Peninsula; they were aware that these questions were the peculiar concern and interest of France and England, and they did not want to interfere. But for the escape of Don Carlos, which altered the aspect of affairs in Spain, and some trifling points of etiquette which might easily have been adjusted, the Spanish question would have been settled among the Powers long ago, and the Queen recognised by them all. He said that for a long time past the affairs of Europe had been extensively influenced by personal feelings and individual interests and passions, greatly so on Palmerston's own part and very much during the embassy of the Lievens, Madame de Lieven having been so much influenced by partisanship and by her fluctuating friendships and connections. The Emperor told Esterhazy that it was impossible for him to leave Lieven there, that he was not represented by him as he ought to be, that they in some respects fell short of, and in others went beyond, the line which their duty and his interests demanded. He said that the Emperor Nicholas was a very remarkable man—absolute master, his own Minister, and under no other influence whatever—that his perceptions were just and his ideas remarkably clear, although his views were not very extensive, and the circle within which these ideas ranged was limited, Nesselrode not having a particle of influence; his Ministers and Ambassadors were clerks; and while his

ease and affability to foreigners (to him—Esterhazy—in particular) were excessively striking, he treated his Russians with a loftiness that could not be conceived, and one and all trembled in his presence with the crouching humility of slaves. When he was at Prague he on a sudden set off and travelled with amazing rapidity to Vienna, without giving any notice to anybody. His object was to visit the Dowager Empress and the tomb of the late Emperor. He alighted at Tatischef's (his Ambassador's), where, as soon as his arrival was known, the Russian ladies who were at Vienna full-dressed themselves and hurried off to pay their *devoirs*. They were met in all their diamonds and feathers on the staircase by Benkendorf, who said, 'Allez-vous en bien vite; l'Empereur ne veut pas voir une seule de vous,' and they were obliged to bustle back with as much alacrity as they had come. Though the best understanding prevailed between the French and Austrian Governments, and the latter is cordially allied with Louis Philippe, there is some sourness and disappointment at the failure of the project of marriage with which the Duke of Orleans went to Vienna. Esterhazy said that it had failed in great measure through an imprudent precipitation; that the Duke had given universal satisfaction, but there were great prejudices to surmount, and the recollection of Marie Antoinette and Marie Louise. He thought the advantages of the match were overrated at Paris, but they were so anxious for it there that the disappointment was considerable; he said he thought that it might still be brought about. These are the few fragments I have retained from the talk we had.

November 13th.—Nomination of the sheriffs yesterday. Two of the judges—old Park and Alderson—would not send me their lists, nonsensically alleging that it was unconstitutional; all the others did.[1] Old Park is peevish and foolish. The Ministers are come to town, having enough upon their hands; the war in Spain, and approaching downfall of the

[1] [The lists of sheriffs for the ensuing year are commonly handed in by the judges to the Clerk of the Council in the Court of Exchequer on the morrow of St. Martin.]

but had already acquired the hereditary art of ingratiating himself with the soldiers. Esterhazy told me one anecdote in particular, which shows the absorbing passion of his soul overpowering the usual propensities of his age. He was to make his first appearance in public at a ball at Lady Cowley's (to which he had shown great anxiety to go), and was burning with impatience to amuse himself with dancing and flirting with the beauties he had admired in the Prater. He went, but there he met two French marshals—Marmont and Maison. He had no eyes or ears but for them; from nine in the evening to five the next morning he devoted himself to these marshals, and conversed with them without ceasing. Though he knew well enough all the odium that attached to Marmont, he said to him that he was too happy to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of one who had been among his father's earliest companions, and who could tell him so many interesting details of his earlier days. Marmont subsequently either did give or was to have given him lessons in strategy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Crisis in the City—The Chancellor of the Exchequer—A Journey to Paris—Lord Lyndhurst in Paris—Princess Lieven—Parties in France—Berryer—The Strasburg Conspirators—Rotten state of France—Presentation at the Tuileries—Ball at the Tuileries—Bal Musard—Lord Granville—The Duc de Broglie—Position of the Duc d'Orleans—Return to England—Conservative reaction—Sheil's tirade against Lord Lyndhurst—Lyndhurst as a Tory leader—Angry Debates on Church Rates—The Government on the brink of resignation—Sir R. Peel's prospects—The King and Lord Aylmer—Death of Mrs. Fitzherbert—Ministerial Compromise—Westminster Election—Majority of the Princess Victoria—The King's illness—The King's letter to the Princess—Preparations for the Council—Sir R. Peel on the prospects of the New Reign—Prayers ordered for the King's Recovery—Affairs of Lord Ponsonby—Death of King William IV.—First Council of Queen Victoria—The Queen proclaimed—Character of William IV.

1837.

January 6th.—I met Robarts at dinner yesterday, who gave me an account of the alarm which has recently pervaded the City about monetary matters, from the low state of the exchanges, the efflux of gold, and the confusion produced by the embarrassments of the Great Northern and Central Bank. These financial details are not peculiarly interesting in themselves, and are only worth noticing from the light they throw upon the capacity of our rulers, and the estimation in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is held among the great moneyed authorities.[1] Nothing can in fact be lower than it is. Robarts, a staunch Whig and thick and

[1] [Mr. Spring Rice was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Melbourne's second Administration until 1839, when he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Monteagle of Brandon.]

thin supporter of Government, told me that he was quite unequal to the situation he held; that these embarrassments had been predicted to him, and the remedy pointed out long ago by practical men; that the most eminent bankers in the City—Patterson the Governor of the Bank, Grote, Glyn, himself, and others—had successively been consulted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and they had all expressed the same opinion and given the same advice; but that he had met their conclusions with a long chain of reasoning founded upon the most fallacious premises, columns of prices of stocks and exchequer-bills in former years, and calculations and conjectures upon these data, which the keen view and sagacious foresight of these men (whose wits are sharpened by the magnitude of their immediate interest in the results, and whose long habits make them so familiar with the details) detected and exposed, not without some feelings both of resentment and contempt for the Minister who clung to his own theories in preference to their practical conclusions. What they originally advised Rice to do was to raise the interest on exchequer-bills, which he refused, and afterwards was compelled to do. Robarts said he had no doubt that if Peel had been in office he would have shown himself equal to cope with the difficulty which Rice had proved himself so incompetent to meet. The raising of the siege of Bilbao will have given Palmerston a lift, but between our foreign and our financial affairs the Ministers will not have an easy session of the next.

Dover, January 12th. — Having resolved, after many struggles, to go to Paris, here I am on my way, and on arriving find that it blows a hurricane, and there is little or no chance of being able to cross to-morrow; for all I know I may be kept here for the next three days.

January 13th.—I might have gone very well this morning, but was persuaded not to start by the mate of the Government packet, and, like a fool, I listened to him. It was a fine calm morning.

Paris, January 17th.—Arrived here last night at five,

having left Dover at a quarter to one the day before; three hours to Boulogne, twenty-two to Paris.

I made a very prosperous journey; went to the Embassy in the evening, and found a heap of people—Molé, Montalivet, Lyndhurst, Madame de Lieven, Madame de Dino, Talleyrand, &c.

Paris, January 19th.—On Tuesday went about visiting; found nobody but Madame Alfred de Noailles and Raikes; was to have gone to the Chamber, but the ticket did not arrive in time; dined at the Embassy. Wednesday, in the morning, to the gallery of the Louvre; dined with Talleyrand; to Madame de Lieven's and Madame Graham's. Talleyrand as well as ever, except weaker on his legs; asked me to dine there whenever I was not engaged. In the morning called at the Tuileries, and left a note for the Duke of Orleans's aide-de-camp, asking to be presented to his Royal Highness; and at night my mother went to Court, and begged leave to bring me there to present me to the Royal family. Lyndhurst sets off to London this morning, and I had only an opportunity of exchanging a few words with him. He told me he had never passed such an agreeable time as the last four months; not a moment of *ennui*; had become acquainted with a host of remarkable people of all sorts, political characters of all parties, and the *littérateurs*, such as Victor Hugo, Balzac, &c., the latter of whom, he says, is a very agreeable man. He told me that 'Le Père Goriot' is a true story, and that since its publication he had become acquainted with some more circumstances which would have made it still more striking. He has been leading here 'une vie de garçon,' and making himself rather ridiculous in some respects. He said to me, 'I suppose the Government will get on; I'm sure I shall not go on in the House of Lords this year as I did the last. I was induced by circumstances and some little excitement to take a more prominent part than usual last session; but I don't see what I got by it except abuse. I thought I should not hear any of the abuse that was poured upon me when I came here, and got out of the reach of the English news-

papers, but, on the contrary, I find it all concentrated in Galignani.' Lyndhurst and Ellice have been great friends here. Madame de Lieven seems to have a very agreeable position at Paris. She receives every night, and opens her house to all comers. Being neutral ground, men of all parties meet there, and some of the most violent antagonists have occasionally joined in amicable and curious discussion. It is probably convenient to her Court that she should be here under such circumstances, for a woman of her talents cannot fail to pick up a good deal of interesting, and perhaps useful, information; and as she is not subject to the operation of the same passions and prejudices which complicated and disturbed her position in England, she is able to form a juster estimate of the characters and the objects of public men. She says Paris is a very agreeable place to live in, but expresses an unbounded contempt for the French character, and her lively sense of the moral superiority of England. I asked her who were the men whom she was best inclined to praise. She likes Molé, as pleasing, intelligent, and gentlemanlike; Thiers the most brilliant, very lively and amusing; Guizot and Berryer, both very [illegible]. She talked freely enough of Ellice, who is [illegible], and from whom she draws all she can of English politics; that he had come here for the purpose of intriguing against the present Government, and trying to [illegible] Thiers again, and that he had fancied he should [illegible]. Molé was fully aware of it, and felt towards him accordingly. Lord Granville, who was attached to [illegible] and therefore violently opposed to Thiers when he became Minister, soon became even more partial to [illegible] which was the more curious, because [illegible] antipathy that Lady Granville [illegible]

¹ [M. Molé was then Prime Minister. [illegible] the Spanish question had [illegible] ment, and Mr. Ellice was [illegible] resentment of Lord Palmerston [illegible] cause of the Queen in Spain [illegible] ment of that [illegible] to most important results.

Madame Thiers, so much so that Thiers had said to Madame de Lieven, that 'he would have her to know it was not to be endured that an Ambassadress should behave with such marked incivility to the wife of the Prime Minister, and if she chose to continue so to do she might get her husband sent away.' The other replied, 'Monsieur Thiers, if you say this to me with the intention of its being repeated to Lady Granville, I tell you you must go elsewhere for the purpose, for I do not intend to do so.' I asked her whether it had been repeated, and she said she thought probably it had been through Ellice, for soon after all was smiles and civility between them. She talked a great deal about England, and of the ignorance of the French about it; that Molé, for example, had said, 'It is true that we are not in an agreeable state, but England is in a still worse.' The King, however, is of a different opinion, and appears better to understand the nature of our system. She described him (Molé) as not the cleverest and most brilliant, but by far the most sensible, sound, and well-judging man of them all.

Peel's Glasgow speeches arrived yesterday, that is, were in general circulation, for the King received on the 16th a newspaper containing the speech made there on the 13th, an instance (as it seems to me) of unexampled rapidity. Lord Granville, who praises anything against his own party very reluctantly, told me he thought Peel's speech at the dinner very dexterous, and Ellice said, though there was nothing new in it, he thought it would produce a great effect.

January 20th.—Yesterday went about visiting, found Montrond ill. Sat a long time with Lady Granville, who was very amusing, and told me a great deal about the characters of the people and the *tracasseries* in society; dined at the Club, and at night to Madame de Lieven's, where I found Berryer, a remarkable-looking man, but not like what I expected: dark, stout, countenance very intelligent, with a cheerful, cunning, and rather leering look, such as a clever Irish priest might have, neither in look nor manner very

refined. He soon went away, so I heard nothing of his conversation. Everybody I have met has been very civil and obliging, and I ought to be and am grateful for my reception, but I wish myself back again, and ask myself a hundred times why I came. It is tiresome to go through introductions to a parcel of people whom I shall probably never see again, whose names I can scarcely remember, and with whom, be they ever so agreeable, I have not time to form any intimacy. They all ask the same question, 'Do you make a long stay here?' to which I universally reply, 'As long as I can,' which, being interpreted, means, I shall be off as soon as I can find a decent pretext. It may be a very delightful place to *live at*, but for a flying visit (as at present inclined), I don't think it answers.

January 21st and 22nd.—Walked about and rejoiced in the Madeleine, which is alone worth coming to Paris to see. Greece and Rome in the days of their glory never erected a grander temple. I find Paris tolerable, and that is all. Dined with Madame de Noailles at the Hôtel de Poix, then to the Opera. On the 22nd, I walked to the Arc de Triomphe, wonderfully fine, and clambered to the top. The view is well worth the trouble, and above all the Madeleine is seen to great advantage from the elevation; all its fine proportions strikingly developed, and bringing to my mind the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum. Dined at the Embassy, where was nobody of note but M. de Broglie, and then to Madame de Lieven's.

January 23rd.—Rained all day, dined at the Grahams, with Madame de Lieven and many people of no note, and went afterwards to Madame de Flahault's beautiful house, where was all the fashion of France of the Liberal and Royal faction; no Carlists. Some very handsome women, particularly the Duchesse d'Istria.

Ellice told me that his letters from England announced smooth water between Whigs and Radicals, and that the latter were coming up to support the Government in good humour. The event here in these last days has been the acquittal of the Strasburg prisoners, of military men taken

in the commission of overt acts of mutiny and high treason.[1] By the law, when military men and civilians are indicted for the same offence, the former cannot be brought before a court-martial, but must be tried by a jury; the jury decide according to their feelings or their prejudices, and appear to care nothing for the law, and an Alsatian jury is said to be republican. These men were therefore acquitted against the clearest and most undoubted evidence, and their acquittal was hailed as a triumph. It produces considerable annoyance and surprise, but not so great a sensation as I should have expected.

There appears to be something rotten in the state of this country; the system stands on unstable foundations, the people are demoralised, in vain we look for fixed principles or deep convictions. Some are indifferent to the fate of the monarchy because they hate the monarch, others rejoice at attempts on the monarch from aversion to monarchy, and as far as my cursory observation and casual observation instruct me, I see only a confusion and caprice of passions, prejudices, and opinions, which are only reduced to anything like order by the strong sober sense and the firmness of the King, who is by far the ablest man among them.

January 25th.—On the 24th I walked about Paris, dined at the Embassy, and went to Court at night; about fifty English, forty Americans, and several other foreigners were presented. The Palace is very magnificent; the present King has built a new staircase, which makes the suite of rooms continuous, and the whole has been regilt and painted. We were arranged in the throne-room by nations, the English first, and at a quarter before nine the doors of the royal apartments were opened, and the Royal Family came forth. We all stood in a long line (single file) reaching through the

1 [These were the accomplices of Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte in his first attempt made at Strasburg on the 30th of November 1836. The Prince himself was sent off to the United States in a French frigate. His accomplices were tried at Colmar in the ordinary course of law, and acquitted by the jury, who refused to convict them when the head of the conspiracy was not brought to trial.]

two rooms, beginning and ending again at the door of the King's apartment. The King walked down the line attended by Lord Granville, then the Queen with the eldest Princess under her arm, then Madame Adélaïde with the other, and then the Duke of Orleans. Aston[1] attended the Queen, and the *attachés* the others. They all speak to each individual, and by some strange stretch of invention find something to say. The King is too civil; he has a fine head, and closely resembles the pictures of Louis XIV. The Queen is very gracious and dignified, Adélaïde very good-humoured, and the Duke of Orleans extremely princely in his manners. This morning I went to the Tuileries by appointment, when he received me, kept me for a quarter of an hour talking about race-horses, and invited me to breakfast on Saturday, and to go with him to Meudon to see his stud.

Then I went sight-seeing; to the Invalides, the Pantheon, and the Madeleine. The former is very well worth seeing, and nothing is more remarkable than the kitchen, which is the sweetest and the cleanest I ever saw. The Chapel is fine, with no remarkable tombs except those of Turenne and Vauban. The Pantheon is under repair; there are the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau. The interior of the Madeleine is very rich, but it is inferior to the outside; the simple grandeur of the latter is somewhat frittered away in the minute ornaments and the numerous patches of coloured marble of the Church. However, it will be with all its faults a magnificent building.

I ended my day (the 25th) by going to a ball at the Tuileries, one of the great balls, and a magnificent spectacle indeed. The long line of light gleaming through the whole length of the palace is striking as it is approached, and the interior, with the whole suite of apartments brilliantly illuminated, and glittering from one end to the other with diamonds and feathers and uniforms, and dancing in all the several rooms, made a splendid display. The supper in the theatre was the finest thing I ever saw of the kind; all the women sup

[1] [The British Secretary of Embassy, afterwards Sir Arthur Aston.]

first, and afterwards the men, the tables being renewed over and over again. There was an array of servants in gorgeous liveries, and the apartment was lit by thousands of candles (no lamps) and as light as day. The company amounted to between 3,000 and 4,000, from all the great people down to national guards, and even private soldiers. None of the Carlists were there, as they none of them choose to go to Court. The King retired before eleven; it was said that he had received anonymous letters warning him of some intended attempt on his person, and extraordinary precautions were taken to guard against the entrance of any improper people.

January 26th.—Having seen all the high society the night before, I resolved to see all the low to-night, and went to Musard's ball—a most curious scene; two large rooms in the rue St. Honoré almost thrown into one, a numerous and excellent orchestra, a prodigious crowd of people, most of them in costume, and all the women masked. There was every description of costume, but that which was the most general was the dress of a French post-boy, in which both males and females seemed to delight. It was well-regulated uproar and orderly confusion. When the music struck up they began dancing all over the rooms; the whole mass was in motion, but though with gestures the most vehement and grotesque, and a licence almost unbounded, the figure of the dance never seemed to be confused, and the dancers were both expert in their capers and perfect in their evolutions. Nothing could be more licentious than the movements of the dancers, and they only seemed to be restrained within limits of common decency by the cocked hats and burnished helmets of the police and gendarmes which towered in the midst of them. After quadrilling and waltzing away, at a signal given they began galloping round the room; then they rushed pellmell, couple after couple, like Bedlamites broke loose, but not the slightest accident occurred. I amused myself with this strange and grotesque sight for an hour or more, and then came home.

January 27th.—Called on Talleyrand and sat with him

for an hour. He talked of England in a very Conservative strain. I called on the Duc de Broglie, Mesdames de Marescalchi and Durazzo, dined at the Embassy, then to Madame de Lieven's and Pembroke's concert. Not a profitable life, but not dull, and the day glides away.

February 2nd.—Nothing worth noticing for the last three or four days. Dined the day before yesterday with the Duc de Poix, and went to Hope's ball; his house is a sumptuous palace in miniature, all furnished and decorated with inconceivable luxury and *recherche*; one room hung with cachemires. Last night to a small ball at Court. Supper in the gallery de Diane—round tables, all the ladies supping first; the whole thing as beautiful and magnificent as possible, and making all our fêtes look pitiful and mean after it.

Our King's speech was here before seven o'clock yesterday evening, about twenty-nine hours after it was delivered; a rapidity of transmission almost incredible. Lord Granville had predicted to me in the morning that they would be very angry here at no mention being made of France, and so it was. I heard the same thing from other quarters, and he told me that he had found himself not deceived in his expectations, and that the King had himself complained. The French Government had taken such pains latterly to conciliate ours, by their speeches in the Chambers, and by applying for votes of money to enable them to employ more custom-house officers for the express purpose of preventing the transmission of arms and stores to the Spanish Pretender; in short, giving us every proof of goodwill; that Lord Granville was desirous of having some expressions of corresponding goodwill and civility inserted in the speech, and said as much to Lord Palmerston; but he refused, and replied that as they could not speak of France with praise, it was better not to mention her at all. I have been riding with Lord Granville the last two days, when he talked a good deal about France and French affairs. His own position here is wonderfully agreeable, because all the business of the two countries is transacted by him here, and Sebastiani's is little more than a nominal embassy. This has long been the case,

having begun in Canning's time; then the great intimacy which subsisted between the Duc de Broglie and Lord Granville confirmed it during his Ministry, and the principal cause of Talleyrand's hatred to Palmerston was the refusal of the latter to alter the practice when he was in England, and his mortification at finding the part he played in London to be secondary to that of the British Ambassador in Paris.

The Duc de Broglie seems to have been the most high-minded and independent of all the Ministers who have been in place, and the only one who kicked against the personal supremacy of the King in the conduct of affairs. He looked to constitutional analogies, and thought it incompatible with Ministerial responsibility. The King appealed to the example of William III., and said to Lord Granville, 'King William presided in person at his council board, after your revolution?' It was Broglie's scruple (for it hardly ever amounted to resistance) on this head that made the King dislike him so much. It is certainly true that the present state of things is an anomaly, but France is in its infancy as to constitutional practice, and the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility, with all its indispensable consequences, is not understood. Nothing can exemplify this more than the recent case of a man which was agitated in the Chambers, and passed off so easily. He was one of the French refugees in Switzerland, and Montalivet, Minister of the Interior, the man most in the King's confidence, engaged him in his service to act as a spy on the other refugees, but without letting Thiers (President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs) know that he had done so. Accordingly Thiers demanded, through the French Ambassador, the Duc de Montebello, that this man (with the rest) should be expelled from Switzerland, he being at the time the agent of Thiers' own colleague. In the course of the subsequent discussions this fact came out, when Thiers declared he had been ignorant of his employment, and Montalivet merely said that he had acted as he deemed best for the interest of the country, and this excuse was taken and nothing more said. Thiers took it more

quietly than he would otherwise have done, because he had committed himself in his correspondence with Montebello, and it would not have suited him to have his letters published. At that time the Duke of Orleans was gone to Vienna, and Thiers was in all the fervour of his hopes of obtaining one of the Archduchesses for the Prince, and he was therefore the humble servant of Austria, and endeavouring to court her favour in all ways, especially by truckling to her views in the affair of the refugees.

I asked Madame de Lieven what was the reason that the great Powers would not let the Duke of Orleans find a wife, and why especially the Emperor Nicholas (who, it was to be presumed, desired the continuance of peace and order in France, and therefore of this dynasty) took every opportunity of showing his contempt and aversion for the King, being the only Sovereign who had never congratulated him by letter on his various escapes from assassination. She replied that it was not surprising that Sovereigns and their families should be indisposed to send their daughters to a country which they looked upon as always liable to a revolution, and to marry them to a prince always in danger of being expelled from France, and perhaps from Europe; and that the Emperor (whom she did not excuse in this respect) could not bring himself to write *Monsieur mon Frère* to Louis Philippe, and for that reason would never compliment him but through his ambassador; *au reste*, that the Duke of Orleans would find a wife among the German princesses. It is, however, very ridiculous that second and third-rate royalties should give themselves all sorts of airs, and affect to hold cheap the King of France's eldest son, and talk of his alliance as a degradation. There are two Wurtemberg princesses, daughters of the Duchess of Oldenburg, who talk in this strain; one of them is good-looking, and the Duke of Orleans in his recent expedition in Germany had the curiosity to travel incognito out of his way to take a look at them. The King their father, who heard of it, complained to Madame de Lieven of the impertinence of such conduct; but the girls were enchanted, and with all their pretended

aversion and contempt for the Orleans family, were in a flutter of excited vanity at his having come to look at them, and in despair at not having seen him themselves.

London, February 7th.—Left Paris on Friday at five o'clock, and got to Boulogne at half-past one on Saturday; passed the day with my cousin Richard, and walked all over Boulogne, the ramparts and the pier.

February 22nd.—An unhappy business not to be recorded here has so completely absorbed my attention that I could not think of politics or of anything else that is passing in the world. The Session had opened (before I arrived) with a reconciliation, as usual, between the Whigs and Radicals, but with a general opinion that the Government was nevertheless in considerable danger. In a long correspondence which I had with Tavistock I urged that his friends ought to give up the appropriation clause, and propose poor laws and payment of the Catholic clergy. The first two they have done, and the last probably they really cannot do. As I have all along thought, it will be reserved for Peel to carry this great measure into effect. Caring much for the measure and nothing for men of either party, I shall rejoice to take it from anybody's hands.

February 25th.—I was interrupted while writing, and since I began, the division of eighty in favour of the Irish Corporation Bill appears to have settled that question, and at the same time those of dissolution and change. At the beginning of the Session the Tories were (as they are always ready to be) in high spirits, and the Government people in no small alarm. The elections had generally gone against them, and there were various symptoms of a reaction. In Scotland the Renfrewshire election was attributed to Peel's visit and speech, and old Lauderdale wrote word that it was the most remarkable proof of a change there which had occurred since the Reform Bill. Nothing was talked of but a dissolution, of Peel's taking office, and many people confidently predicted that new elections would produce a Tory majority. Besides, it was argued that the same spirit which turned out Peel in 1835 could not be roused again, and that

several moderate Whigs would give him their support if he endeavoured to go on with this Parliament. In the midst of all these speculations this debate came on. It was exceedingly feeble on the part of the Opposition. [illegible] Graham, and Peel successively spoke, and none of them well; the latter was unusually heavy. The best speeches on the other side were Charles Buller's and [illegible] and Howick's. Sheil made a grand [illegible] chiefly remarkable for the scene it produced, which was unexampled in the House, and for its [illegible] such as never will occur again. There was a [illegible] in it which would have disgraced the National Convention or the Jacobin Club. Lyndhurst was sitting under the gallery, and Sheil, turning to him as he said it, [illegible] of his vehement sentences against the [illegible] and unlucky expression of 'aliens.' The [illegible] was taken up by his adherents, [illegible]. Then arose a din and tumultuous and [illegible], such as the walls never echoed to before; they [illegible] turning to Lyndhurst, and they hooted and [illegible] with every possible gesture and [illegible]. It lasted ten minutes, the Speaker in vain [illegible] moderate the clamour. All this time Lyndhurst [illegible] unmoved; he neither attempted to [illegible] muscle of his countenance. [illegible] there was a majority of eighty [illegible] same question last year.

The next morning [illegible] and I found that they [illegible] defeat. He said that [illegible] usual casualties, sickness, [illegible] people could *not* be [illegible] cases of lukewarmness [illegible] mained in the House [illegible] bed; Lord John [illegible] of the division, [illegible] where; and [illegible] *this question*, [illegible]

Dublin, and turned back from the steamboat because it blew hard, and he said his mother would be alarmed for his safety. Wharncliffe told me that Peel is very much disgusted at such coolness, and that, while he is slaving body and mind in the cause, he cannot even depend upon the corporeal presence of his idle and luxurious followers, who will sacrifice none of their amusements for the cause which they pretend to think is in such danger. On the other hand, the rash and foolish (no small proportion) are dissatisfied with his caution, and the prudence which they call timidity; they are always for doing something desperate. Lyndhurst last year in the House of Lords was the man after their own hearts, and they were quite willing to depose the Duke from his leadership of the party, and put themselves under the guidance of Lyndhurst. When we recollect who and what Lyndhurst was and is, it is curious to see the aristocracy of England adopting him for their chief; scarcely an Englishman (for his father was an American painter[1]), a lawyer of fortune, in the sense in which we say a soldier of fortune, without any fixed principles, and only conspicuous for his extraordinary capacity, he has no interest but what centres in himself, and is utterly destitute of those associations which naturally belong to an aristocracy. There is probably not a man of the party who is not fully aware of Lyndhurst's character, and they have already experienced the results of his political daring in his famous attempt to interrupt the Reform Bill by the postponement of Schedule A; and with this knowledge and experience they follow him blindly, lead them where he will. Wharncliffe owned to me that he saw no alternative but the compromise, but that he did not know whether his party would be brought to consent to it. I told him that they could not help themselves, and must consent; besides that, if the Tithe Bill is passed they will have got the security for the Church which they require, and the ground of objection to the Corporation Bill would be cut

[1] [He was entirely an Englishman, for he was born at Boston before America was separated from England, and his whole family came to this country when the war broke out.]

from under their feet. It is remarkable, and rather amusing to a neutral like me, to hear what each party says of the concessions of the other. I see in the 'Examiner' this day that 'the Lords cannot now pass the Bill if they would, without disgracing their party in the House of Commons,' and Wharncliffe said that 'the Government could not give up the appropriation clause in the Tithe Bill without covering themselves with disgrace.' In my opinion the disgrace is not in making concessions which reason and expediency demand, and which are indispensable to the peace and tranquillity of the country, but in ever having pledged themselves to measures for party purposes, or to accomplish particular ends, without calculating the consequences of such pledges, or estimating the degree of power that they would possess of giving effect to the principles they avowed. This applies more strongly a great deal to the Whigs about the Tithe Bill than to the Tories about the Corporations; but it does apply to both, and it is a national misfortune when two great parties so commit themselves that no adjustment of the question at issue between them is possible without some detriment to the credit and character of both.

March 18th.—Three weeks, and nothing written. The dejection of the Tories at the division on the Corporation Bill has been since relieved by that on the Church-rates, which they consider equivalent to a victory; and so it is, for the probability is that the Bill will not pass the House of Commons. The debates have been good upon both these matters. Just before the question came on, the Bishops made a grand *flare-up* in the House of Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley), with as much venom as so mild a man can muster, attacked the Bill. Melbourne replied with some asperity, and the Bishop of London (Blomfield) retorted fiercely upon him. The Tories lauded and the Whigs abused the Bishops, both vehemently. I don't admire their conduct, either as to temper or discretion. The Church had better not be militant, and to see the Bench of Bishops in direct and angry collision with the King's Prime Minister is a sorry sight.

The angry debate which took place was not contemplated by the Bishops. It had been settled that the Archbishop should make his declaration against the measure in the name of his brethren, which he did in a speech (for him) remarkably good, for he is a miserable speaker at all times. Melbourne's severe remarks provoked the Bishop of London (Blomfield), who had not intended to speak, and he said to the Archbishop, 'I must answer this,' who replied, 'Do.' His abrupt and animated exordium, 'And so, my Lords,' was very much admired.

This Church rate Bill, however, is a bad Bill; it gives little satisfaction to anybody except to the Dissenters, who have no right to require such a concession to what they absurdly call their scruples of conscience. One of the underwhippers of Government dropped the truth as to the real cause of such a measure, when he said that, 'if they had proposed Althorp's plan, they should have had all the Dissenters against them at the next elections.' The question, originally one of considerable difficulty, is now doubly so, and its solution will not be easy, especially by this Government; but nothing can prevent its being settled. It is strange that no experience can open the eyes of inveterate Tories and High Churchmen, and that successive defeats have not demonstrated to them the futility of their expectations of being able to resist the passing of measures which great interests support, and which are congenial to public opinion. There is, however, something discreditable in the conduct of Government, and which shows the compromising, half-cunning, hand-to-mouth way in which they are compelled to scramble on. Upon the ballot the 'Times' published a list of at least twenty members of the Government who stayed away, leaving the Tories to fight the Radicals and make the majority, and such a measure as this Church-rate Bill is utterly inconsistent with Lord John Russell's declarations last year. This division has again revived the question of dissolution and change of Government, and made a great deal of speculation. If the Lords dare throw out the Corporation Bill, the Government must

go out, though not else; but it is next to impossible they should venture on this.

March 31st.—So I thought upon the 18th of March, but so I do not think now. In the first place, I hear from those who are well informed that the Lords have made up their minds to throw out this Bill. Lord John Russell has made up his to resign if they do, and in that case Peel has made up his to come in. It does not appear, however, that the great body of the Whigs are at all prepared to go out. Some doubt the Lords rejecting the Bill, others that the Tories would take office, or that Melbourne and his friends would so certainly resign it. Lord Spencer wrote to John Russell, and told him that if the Lords did throw out the Bill, he thought that (being still supported by a majority of the Commons) he ought not to resign, but Lord John wrote him back decisive and convincing reasons why his retention of office under such circumstances would be impossible. The fact is that there is a great change in the face of affairs. The small majority on the Church-rate Bill, the unpopularity of the measure, and the discredit which attends our foreign relations (since Evans's defeat in Spain more especially), have had a material effect upon the moral efficacy of the Government. It is now known that Government have abandoned the appropriation clauses in the Tithe Bill, and this has grievously offended many of their violent, thick and thin supporters, more especially as it was the particular question on which they turned Peel out; and the grand principle, therefore, on which the Government was bound in honour and consistency to stand. The Ministers none of them possess any public confidence in their individual or official capacities; the King detests them, the country does not care for them, and the House of Commons supports them in a lukewarm spirit. If they do resign there will be no repetition of the scenes of their former expulsion and triumphant return to power. The same enthusiasm could not be raised, nor the same union brought about. I hear men in office talk of Peel going on without a dissolution, and the most interested adherents of Government (Tavistock for example) of a fair

Knights of the Bath), and made them come up, and stand one on each side of Aylmer, that they might not lose a word of his oration, and then he began. He told them that he wished to take that, the most public opportunity he could find, of telling him that he approved most entirely of his conduct in Canada, that he had acted like a true and loyal subject towards a set of traitors and conspirators, and behaved as it became a British officer to do under such circumstances. I forget the exact expressions, but it was to this effect, to the unspeakable satisfaction of Aylmer, and to inflict all the mortification he could upon the Ministers whom he had lugged up to witness this ebullition.

Another circumstance will facilitate the change of Ministry, which is, that the question is not argued as if it were a struggle for authority between the Lords and the Commons, for the notion of such a struggle would be well calculated to excite a constitutional jealousy. The Lords, however, pretend that their support of the Protestant interest is not only in itself constitutional, but more in accordance with the sentiments of the nation than the measures of the Government are. The two parties are pretty evenly balanced, but the strength of the Opposition lies in the Lords, and it is altogether a question of party tactics, and not of constitutional principle. Of all men, Peel is the last to favour any attempt to question the virtual supremacy of the House of Commons, and if he becomes Minister, and has a majority (as of course he must, to stay in), the high tide of the Lords will begin to ebb, and everything will be seen to settle down into the usual practice. If a victory is achieved, it will not be that of the Lords over the Commons, but of the Conservatives over the Whigs and Radicals.

The late dispute between Sydney Smith and the Bishop of London, which gave birth to his pamphlet,[1] has been hushed in an interview sought by Sydney and accorded by the Bishop, when they are said to have discussed the matter in dispute with temper and candour, and to have parted un-

[1] The well-known letter of Sydney Smith to Archdeacon Singleton in defence of Deans and Chapters.

she assured them that everything was destroyed, and if after her death any pretended letters or documents were produced, they might give the most authoritative contradiction to their authenticity.

May 13th.—I have been six weeks without writing a line, and though no great events have occurred, the aspect of affairs has been continually shifting and changing. About a month ago it was supposed the fall of the Government was at hand, and when the crisis was over it was found that they had really been in danger. The Duke of Wellington called a meeting at Apsley House just before the Corporation Bill came on in the House of Lords, and a great point was made of the resolution of the Tory Lords being kept secret till the last moment. The mystery excited some curiosity, but after all it only turned out to be what everybody had long before talked about, the postponement of the Committee. This was done by the Duke in a very bad speech, so bad that Fitzgerald and others were obliged to try and do away its effect by making out that he did not mean what he said. On the division the Government had greater numbers than usual. It then remained to be seen what Lord John Russell would do, and it was reported that he meant to retaliate by postponing the Tithe Bill, but he did no such thing. He came down and declared that they would regularly go on with all their bills, and moreover, that while they retained the confidence of the House of Commons they would not resign; so again it seems likely that the compromise originally anticipated will take place at last, and there will be no change. This declaration of Lord John's is at variance with his former resolution, and so I told Tavistock it would appear to be. He admitted that it would, but said that John claimed for himself to judge of the fit moment for his resignation; that whenever he was satisfied that he had no reasonable prospect of carrying his measures, he should retire, but not till then; and that one defeat ought not to make him throw up the game. However, he owned that this qualification ought to have formed part of his original declaration, in order to obviate all misrepresentation.

During the last week the Westminster election[1] has absorbed everything else. Though the Government were by way of taking no part, all Brooks's moved heaven and earth for Leader, and until the day of nomination they were confident of his success. Bets were two to one in his favour, and a great deal was lost and won. On the other hand the Tories worked hard for Burdett. He appeared on the hustings at the nomination, and was received quite as well as his opponent, and the show of hands was in his favour. This reduced the betting to even, but nobody was prepared for the great majority by which Burdett won. It was certainly a great triumph to the Conservative cause, and a great disappointment to the violent Whigs, and still more to the Radicals. The Government affect to make light of it. Melbourne is probably sincere when he says he is very glad of it, and for this reason, 'that the Radicals are very *difficult to manage as it is, and if they had carried this* election there would be no doing anything with them.' A great many people on both sides would not vote. I would not, for one. I hate Leader's politics, and don't like Burdett's; nobody can tell what he is, for his answers and explanations are of a shuffling, ambiguous character, and he disgusted me by throwing over the new Poor Law, which was a base compliance. However, though I would not vote, I was rather glad he came in, and somewhat like Lord Grey, who said last night, 'he was glad at Leader's defeat, and sorry for Burdett's success.'

May 23rd.—There was great triumph among the Conservatives at Burdett's success, raised to a higher pitch by that of Broadwood at Bridgewater, which makes the whole thing very complete, Leader having fallen between the two stools, and now they expect to get Glasgow, if they succeed in which there will be no bounds to their exultation. Then

1 [A contested election in Westminster between Mr. Leader (Radical) and Sir Francis Burdett (Conservative). Burdett was returned by a majority of 515. It was a chivalrous contest. Burdett had resigned his seat voluntarily to test the feeling of his constituents, and Leader resigned a seat for Bridgewater solely to meet Burdett in Westminster.]

Kensington (where Conroy received him) and asked to be admitted to the Princess. Conroy asked by what authority. He said by his Majesty's orders. Conroy went away, and shortly after Conyngham was ushered into the presence of the Duchess and Princess, when he said that he had waited on her Royal Highness by the King's commands to present to her a letter with which he had been charged by his Majesty. The Duchess put out her hand to take it, when he said he begged her Royal Highness's pardon, but he was expressly commanded by the King to deliver the letter into the Princess's own hands. Her mother then drew back and the Princess took the letter, when Conyngham made his bow and retired. Victoria wrote to the King, thanking him and accepting his offer. He then sent to say that it was his wish to name the person who should receive this money for her, and he proposed to name Stephenson. Then began the dispute. The Duchess of Kent objected to the arrangement, and she put forth her claim, which was that she should have 6,000*l.* of the money and the Princess 4,000*l.* How the matter had ended Adolphus did not know when I saw him. [It never was settled.]

The Duchess of Northumberland had been to Windsor and resigned her office of governess a few days before.

On Wednesday it was announced for the first time that the King was alarmingly ill, on Thursday the account was no better, and in the course of Wednesday and Thursday his immediate dissolution appeared so probable that I concerted with Errol that I should send to the Castle at nine o'clock on Thursday evening for the last report, that I might know whether to go to London directly or not. On Wednesday the physicians wanted to issue a bulletin, but the King would not hear of it. He said as long as he was able to transact public business *he would not* have the public alarmed on his account; but on Friday, nevertheless, the first bulletin was issued.

It is in this state of things, with the prospect of a new reign and a dissolution, and in complete uncertainty of the direction which affairs would take under a new influence,

when it is peculiarly desirable that moderate and healing counsels should prevail, that Lyndhurst comes down to the House of Lords and fires off one of his violent speeches, and at his bidding the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill has been again postponed. All this is very disgusting to me, and I am at a loss to comprehend why such men as the Duke and Peel lend themselves to such courses. In the House of Commons John Russell took a very different line, for he made a strong Conservative speech in answer to an omnium gatherum Radical tirade of Roebuck's; just such a speech as a Minister ought to make. Denman was persuaded to give up his design of bringing before the House of Lords the question of privilege, on which he is at issue with the House of Commons, and there seems luckily a disposition to deal with it calmly; in fact, it is no party question. The Judges are all with their colleagues, but Peel has taken a strong part with the House of Commons, and made a very good speech upon it the other night.

I met Melbourne in the Park, who told me he thought the King would not recover. Lord Harrowby was very much astonished as well as annoyed at Lyndhurst's speech the other night, it having been previously agreed upon that all violence and everything offensive should be avoided. They had resolved to postpone the Committee on the Bill as before, but it was to have been done in the most conciliatory way, and they were not prepared for this outbreak of Lyndhurst's.

June 13th.—Bad accounts of the King yesterday. Melbourne desired I would get everything ready *quietly* for a Council. He has been busily occupied in examining the precedents in order to conduct the first ceremonies properly, and the first questions have been whether the Duchess of Kent could come into Council with her daughter, and whether the Duke of Cumberland (King of Hanover as he will be) should be summoned to it.

June 16th.—On Wednesday the King was desperately bad, yesterday he was better, but not so as to afford any hope, though Chambers says his recovery is not impossible. Although the bulletins tell so little, everybody is no

of his Majesty's state. He dictates these reports himself, and will *not* allow more to be said; he continues to do business, and his orders are taken as usual, so he is resolved to die with harness on his back. Yesterday Lord Lansdowne sent for me to beg in the first place that everything might be ready, and in the next to say that they were perplexed to know what steps, if any, they ought to take to ascertain whether the Queen is with child, and to beg me to search in our books if any precedent could be found at the accession of James II. But they had forgotten that the case had been provided for in the Regency Bill, and that in the event of the King's death without children, the Queen is to be proclaimed, but the oath of allegiance taken with a saving of the rights of any posthumous child to King William. They ought to have known this, but it is odd enough that there is nobody in office who has any personal knowledge of the usual forms at the first Council, for not one of these Ministers was in office at the accession of William IV. My colleague, Buller, who was present as Clerk of the Council, is dead, and I was abroad.

In the morning I met Sir Robert Peel in the Park, and talked with him about the beginning of the new reign. He said that it was very desirable that the young Queen should appear as much as possible emancipated from all restraint, and exhibit a capacity for the discharge of her high functions; that the most probable as well as the most expedient course she could adopt, would be to rely entirely upon the advice of Melbourne, and she might with great propriety say that she thought it incumbent on her to follow the example which had been set by her two uncles, her predecessors, William IV. having retained in office the Ministers of his brother, and George IV., although his political predilections were known to lean another way, having also declined to dismiss the Government of his father. Peel said that he concluded King Leopold would be her great adviser. If Leopold is prudent, however, he will not hurry over here at the very first moment, which would look like an impatience to establish his influence, and if he does, the first result will be every sort of jealousy and

discord between him and the Duchess of Kent. The elements of intrigue do not seem wanting in this embryo Court. Besides the Duchess of Kent and Leopold, and Conroy of course, Caradoc[1] is suspected of a design and an expectation to become a personage; and Lord Durham is on his way home, and his return is regarded with no little curiosity, because he may endeavour to play a great political part, and materially to influence the opinions, or at least the councils, of the Queen. What renders speculation so easy, and events uncertain, is the absolute ignorance of everybody, without exception, of the character, disposition, and capacity of the Princess. She has been kept in such jealous seclusion by her mother (never having slept out of her bedroom, nor been alone with anybody but herself and the Baroness Lehzen), that not one of her acquaintance, none of the attendants at Kensington, not even the Duchess of Northumberland, her governess, have any idea what she is, or what she promises to be. It is therefore no difficult matter to form and utter conjectures which nobody can contradict or gainsay but by other conjectures equally uncertain and fallacious. The Tories are in great consternation at the King's approaching death, from the advantage which they foresee their opponents must derive from it as far as the extension of their term of power is concerned, and they prognosticate, according to their custom, all sorts of dismal consequences, none of which, of course, will come to pass. *Nothing* will happen, because, in this country, *nothing* ever does. The Whigs, to do them justice, behave with great decency; whatever they may really feel, they express a very proper concern, and I have no doubt Melbourne really feels the concern he expresses. The public in general don't seem to care much, and only wonder what will happen.

June 17th.—Yesterday the King was better, so as to promise a prolongation of his existence, though not his recovery. An intimation came from Windsor, that it was desired prayers should be offered up in the Churches for him; so the Privy

[1] [Colonel *Caradoc, afterwards Lord Howden: died in 1873.*]

Council assembled to order this, but on assembling the Bishop of London objected to the form which had been used *upon the last* and other occasions (an order made by the Lords to the Archbishop of Canterbury to prepare a form of prayer), asserting that *the Lords* had no power to make such an order, and it was even doubted by lawyers whether the King himself had power to order alterations in the Liturgy, or the use of the particular prayers; and admitting that he had, it was in virtue of his prerogative, and as Head of the Church, but that *the Lords of the Council* had no power whatever of the kind. They admitted that he was correct in this view of the case, and consequently, instead of an order to the Archbishop, his Majesty's pleasure that prayers should be offered up was conveyed to the Council, and a communication to that effect was directed to be made to the Archbishop. The King's pleasure being thus conveyed, it is his duty to obey, and the Bishops have power to direct their clergy to pray for the King. The Bishop of London would have preferred that a prayer for his recovery as for a sick person, but mentioning him by name, should have been adopted, but the Archbishop was prepared with his form of prayer, and it was directed to be used.

June 18th.—The King lingers on; yesterday he sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury to administer the Sacrament to him.

An attack (but a feeble one) was made upon Palmerston the other night, about Sir Charles Vaughan's appointment to relieve Lord Ponsonby at Constantinople, to which he made, as usual, a feeble and inefficient answer, but the real story did not come out. The whole history of Lord Ponsonby is a remarkable example of what a man in favour or with powerful protection may do with impunity, and it is the more striking because Palmerston is the most imperious of official despots, and yet has invariably truckled to Lord Grey's brother-in-law. When Ponsonby was appointed Ambassador at Constantinople, the affairs of the East were in a most critical state, notwithstanding which nothing would induce him to repair to his post, and he loitered away several months at Naples, while

Russia was maturing her designs upon Turkey, and when the presence of an English Ambassador was of vital importance. This was overlooked, because to Lord Grey's brother-in-law everything was permitted. The appointment of Mr. Urquhart as Secretary of the Embassy at Constantinople greatly displeased Lord Ponsonby, who resolved to hold no communication with him, and accordingly the Chancellerie at Constantinople has presented the amusing spectacle of an Ambassador and Secretary of Embassy who do not speak to each other, and the latter of whom has had no functions whatever to discharge. A short time ago Lord Ponsonby applied for leave of absence, which was given to him, and the Government here hoped that when he came home he would not think of returning, and secretly resolved that if they could help it he should not. But as Mr. Urquhart had been placed in this strange position, and besides, since his appointment, they had found reason to doubt whether he was altogether fit for such a trust, it was impossible to leave him at Constantinople as *chargé d'affaires* during his chief's absence, so they got Sir Charles Vaughan to go out on what was called a special mission, though there was nothing more in it than to meet this difficulty. Sir Charles was directed to proceed to Malta, and from thence to send a steamer to Constantinople, which was to announce his arrival and bring back Lord Ponsonby. Sir Charles, accordingly, sent his Secretary of Embassy to announce him, who, when he arrived off Constantinople, was met by an absolute prohibition from Ponsonby to land at all, and a flat refusal on his part to stir. The Secretary had nothing to do but to return to his principal and report his reception, and he in his turn had nothing to do but report his ridiculous position to his employers at home, and await their orders. The result has been that Sir Charles is ordered home, and Lord Ponsonby remains, so that Palmerston has knocked under. Ponsonby has carried his point, and Vaughan has had a *giro* to Malta and back, for which the public has to pay.

June 19th.—Yesterday the King was sinking fast; the Sacrament was administered to him by the Archbishop of

Canterbury. He said, 'This is the 18th of June; I should like to live to see the sun of Waterloo set.' Last night I met the Duke, and dined at the Duchess of Cannizzaro's, who after dinner crowned him with a crown of laurel (in joke of course), when they all stood up and drank his health, and at night they sang a hymn in honour of the day. He asked me whether Melbourne had had any communication with the Princess Victoria. I said I did not know, but thought not. He said, 'He ought. I was in constant communication with the present King for a month before George IV. died. George IV. was for a month quite as bad as this King, and I sent the Duke of Clarence the bulletins every day, and besides wrote to him the private accounts I received, and what is very odd, I had a quarrel with him in the course of this. He constantly wrote to me, and in one of his letters he told me he meant to make me his Minister. I felt this was a very awkward subject for me to enter upon, and that I could not, being the Minister of the King, with any propriety treat with his successor, so I resolved to take no notice whatever of this part of his letter, and I did not. He was very indignant at this, and complained to his friends (to Lord Cassilis, for instance) that I had behaved very rudely to him. When I met him—for I met him constantly at Windsor, and in the King's room—he was very cold in his manner, but I took no notice, and went on as before.'

June 21st.—The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose

Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the Great Officers of State, but she said she would come in alone. When the Lords were assembled the Lord President informed them of the King's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event, and that their Lordships were assembled in consequence; and accordingly the two Royal Dukes, the two Archbishops, the Chancellor, and Melbourne went with him. The Queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two Royal Dukes[1] first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the Ministers

[1] The Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex. The Duke of Cambridge was in Hanover.

and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room. Lord Lansdowne insisted upon being declared President of the Council (and I was obliged to write a declaration for him to read to that effect), though it was not usual. The speech was admired, except by Brougham, who appeared in a considerable state of excitement. He said to Peel (whom he was standing near, and with whom he is not in the habit of communicating), '*A*melioration, that is not English; you might perhaps say *mel*ioration, but improvement is the proper word.' 'Oh,' said Peel, 'I see no harm in the word; it is generally used.' 'You object,' said Brougham, 'to the sentiment, I object to the grammar.' 'No,' said Peel, 'I don't object to the sentiment.' 'Well, then, she pledges herself to the policy of *our* Government,' said Brougham. Peel told me this, which passed in the room and near to the Queen. He likewise said how amazed he was at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. It was settled that she was to hold a Council at St. James's this day, and be proclaimed there at ten o'clock, and she expressed a wish to see Lord Albemarle, who went to her and told her he was come to take her orders. She said, 'I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St. James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion.' Accordingly, he went and fetched her in state with a great escort. The Duchess of Kent was

in the carriage with her, but I was surprised to hear so little shouting, and to see so few hats off as she went by. I rode down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by her Ministers, and curtsied repeatedly to the people, who did not, however, hurrah till Lord Lansdowne gave them the signal from the window. At twelve she held a Council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life, and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the Council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well, and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. After the Council she received the Archbishops and Bishops, and after them the Judges. They all kissed her hand, but she said nothing to any of them, very different in this from her predecessor, who used to harangue them all, and had a speech ready for everybody.

Conyngham, when he came to her with the intelligence of the King's death, brought a request from the Queen Dowager that she might be permitted to remain at Windsor till after the funeral, and she has written her a letter couched in the kindest terms, begging her to consult nothing but her own health and convenience, and to remain at Windsor just as long as she pleases. In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense, and as far as it has gone nothing can be more favourable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do, though it would be rash to count too confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters. No contrast can be greater than that between the personal demeanour of the present and the late sovereigns at their respective accessions.

William IV. was a man who, coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation, that he nearly went mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks; and though he was shortly afterwards sobered down into more becoming habits, he always continued to be something of a blackguard and something more of a buffoon. It is but fair to his memory at the same time to say that he was a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-meaning man, and he always acted an honourable and straightforward, if not always a sound and discreet, part. The two principal Ministers of his reign, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey (though the former was only his Minister for a few months), have both spoken of him to me with strong expressions of personal regard and esteem. The young Queen, who might well be either dazzled or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seems neither the one nor the other, and behaves with a decorum and propriety beyond her years, and with all the sedateness and dignity the want of which was so conspicuous in her uncle.

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